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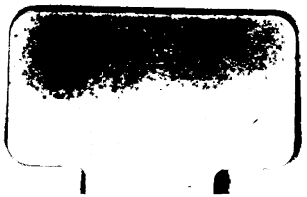

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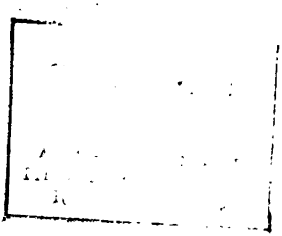

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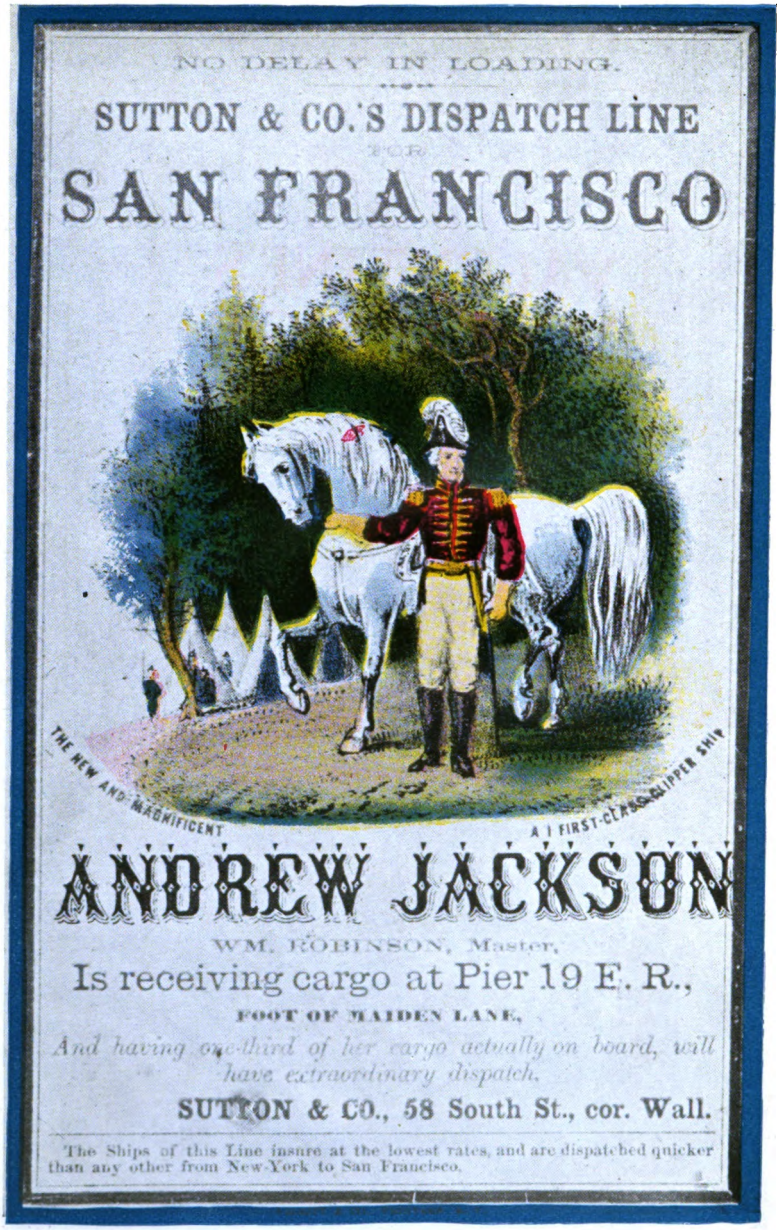

1850. Advertising card in colors which created the craze for "chromo cards" that raged in New York in the 80s.

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VOLUME III NEW SERIES

1919.

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HENRY COLLINS BROWN.

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To the
Merchants and Mariners
of Old New York
this volume is affectionately
dedicated

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PARK ROW PRESENT SITE OF WORLD BUILDING

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Vol. III NEW SERIES 1919

VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK

: : RETROSPECTIVE : :

IN a recent entertaining volume on "American Historians of the Middle Period," a most interesting glimpse is given of the actual physical labor involved in the compilation of a standard historical work and also some very intimate figures concerning the monetary reward—or lack of it—enjoyed by the authors. The account of Bancroft's "History of the United States" contained one reference which to us was of more than passing interest. When the first volume of this work was offered to the public, it was received with comparative indifference; when the second volume appeared, a few years later, it seemed to revive interest in the undertaking, but with the appearance of the third volume, the sales of the two preceding numbers were greatly accelerated and the success of the book was fully assured.

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With this number of the Manual, we face a similar crucial period in our own work. The second issue appeared when our country had engaged in a world war of unparalleled magnitude and the thoughts of our friends were centered not on old New York, but on the battle fields of France. The sales of the Manual were, therefore, somewhat curtailed. Nevertheless we successfully weathered the gale and our advance sales for the third number, to our great delight, assures us that the lack of interest in our work was merely temporary, and that the New Yorker is still interested in his city and in the countless valuable memorabilia which we are collecting.

Time passes so rapidly that in a few years subscribers to the Manual will be amazed at the amount of valuable material concerning New York which will be in their possession. No single volume can adequately show the extent of the work, but when a dozen issues have been completed we think our friends will be more than pleased with the result of the investment. Interest in New York is growing with every passing day, and after the War it will be even greater than ever before.

The present management of the Manual does not look upon it as a private venture; it is more in the nature of a public enterprise. We sometimes regret the lack of support by our Municipal authorities, even in a modified degree. On the other hand, we enjoy a measure of editorial freedom which must in the end tend to the advantage of the Manual, as it enables us to select such material as commends itself to our judgment with no obligation from any quarter.

* * * * * * * * *

The City of New York, always of first importance in the new world, has within the past year or two suddenly

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assumed the leading position among the capitals of both Europe and America. There is a quickening interest in all its annals, and in the course of a few years these volumes should become a veritable storehouse of antiquarian lore concerning its origin and progress. We think our readers will agree with us that each number so far has been an improvement upon its predecessor, and that will ever be the policy under the present management. We sometimes feel that we deprive ourselves of many things in this life that are really worth while simply because they do not pay. The time, labor and expense involved in obtaining even material for one number of the Manual is very considerable. It must be always local in its interest and in spite of the great population, it appeals to merely a limited number. Its value to posterity, however, so we are informed by competent authorities, is incalculable. We had an amusing experience of the truth of this fact at the Crimmins sale in March, when a copy of the second number brought $17.00 at auction. In view of the fact that we were advertising and using every exertion to notify the public that this book was a current number and could be purchased for $10.00, it was rather discouraging to find it so little known that it was eagerly purchased at 70 per cent. over our subscribers' price. Perhaps our advertising department is at fault; perhaps some of our readers can tell us how to improve this defect. Not having the opulent city of New York at our back, as was the case with our distinguished predecessor, we are naturally circumscribed in our methods of publicity. For some time to come we shall be obliged to depend upon the formula prescribed by Governor Stuyvesant, whose public proclamations invariably ended with

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the solemn injunction that "each one should tell the other."

* * * * * * * * *

That the Manual is slowly making its way into the affections of the people of New York is evidenced in many directions. In spite of the war we have frequent orders from London, Paris and other European points. The sale outside of New York is confined to no single state in the Union, but numbers a friend in almost each one. We are also painfully conscious that our own efforts do not realize our expectations as yet, but as our acquaintance expands and our ramifications become wider, we are confident that many treasures of old New York will ultimately find their way to the public through the pages of the Manual. The volume of our correspondence grows daily and in normal times we think the sale of the Manual would be greatly increased.

We consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in being able to present to our readers in this number, through the courtesy of Mr. Simeon Ford, a splendid colored supplement showing the afternoon promenade at the Battery, from the only perfect known copy of this lithograph published by Thos. Thompson in 1829.

At the time our picture was taken the population of New York was 129,000—considerably less than Philadelphia, which was still the first city in the Union. Fifteen years were yet to elapse before running water would be introduced into the houses, the supply still being obtained from pumps at the street corners and in the middle of road ways. Anthracite coal, or as it was called, "sea coal," was yet unheard of and illuminating gas while discovered, was not yet in general use. Pigs were still the most important branch of the Street Cleaning

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"The Green" and City Hall, 1840, showing the steeple of the old Brick Church.

Why not remove the now superseded Post Office and erect thereon
Columns of Victory to denote the part played by
New York in the Great War for Liberty?

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Department and together it was a strangely different city from the one of today. The costumes are delightfully quaint and represent quite a radical change from the colorful dress of Colonial days. The trousers had finally been stretched below the knee and caught with a strap on the instep of the foot. They were skin tight. The coats and vests still rivaled Jacob's garments in their various hues and brilliancy. Huge brass buttons shone conspicuously and the high stocks of mufflers served to impart an imposing appearance to the wearer. The tall and somewhat ponderous beaver hat was a radical departure from the three cornered cockade and had not yet assumed the smartness which it subsequently achieved. In fact the high hat seemed to have bothered our grandfathers quite considerably, and relics are still found in our attics measuring eighteen inches in height, several inches in the brim and covered with a coat of long beaver. Strange to relate the dress of the women was still suggestive of the Colonial dame, although the beginning of hoop skirts was plainly indicated. The old time poke bonnet, much ridiculed in our day, was still an effective attribute of the woman of fashion of 1830. Her shawl was of exquisite fineness, being largely imported from China and the far East, and made of the most exquisitely soft materials. One can imagine the excitement which would be created in a group of this character by the sudden appearance among them of a modern woman dressed in the height of the present fashion.

* * * * * * *

The structural features of the Battery, as it then existed and which have long since disappeared also command our attention. It is quite apparent that there was a boardwalk built over the shore line which extended from

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Pier 1 to South Ferry. At the time this drawing was made the shore line skirted along what is now Battery Place, following State Street within fifty feet of the houses and ended in front of the Eagle Hotel, opposite Hamilton Ferry. What is now the Aquarium was then Castle Clinton and was a substantial fortification erected prior to the War of 1812. It was not until 1854 that the land was filled in to conform to the present appearance of Battery Park. (We printed a picture of the filling in process in Vol. II—one of the earliest outdoor photographs of the city known to exist.) When this filling in was completed, Castle Clinton became part of the main land. It was formerly reached by a bridge and stood some two hundred feet from the shore. The present sea wall and some slight additions to the land have been made quite recently, so there has been a very radical change in the old Battery since the time of this quaint lithograph. Governor's Island and Castle William to the left was still seen in their original formation. The present aviation field and the numerous additions made to the island in the last fifty years have more than quadrupled its original size. The old fort, however, remains as it was, with the difference, however, that as a fort today it is of no more use than a band box. Bedloe's Island, now adorned with the Statue of Liberty, shows as merely a very small obstruction, one might say, and in no wise resembles the substantial island of today. To the left is Ellis Island with a single building upon it, which was later used as a powder magazine. It seems very much smaller than our present Emigrant Station, but that also is due to the additions made to it in the years that have intervened. A vast amount of dredging work has always been conducted in the harbor and the deepening of the

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Channel has provided abundant material for the addition to these islands which originally were very small.

* * * * * * * * *

But the most interesting feature of all is the animated marine picture in the Bay itself. The three-masted ship to the extreme left with the black ball on the sail is one of the famous Black Ball China tea ships, making harbor after a voyage from the Orient. The other ships in the picture are distinguished members of our long lost merchant marine—Red Cross, Swallow Tail and other packet lines—which made regular sailings to Liverpool and Australian ports. A notable feature of these ships is the fact that they are beating their way up the Bay under their own sail. In those days no tugs or other assistance was available. The ships came out of the ocean and made their way to their berths unaided, and with naught but the skill of the captain to guide them.

The persons shown are supposed to be from the ranks of the most fashionable society of the day. This section of New York was easily the most exclusive at the time and corresponded with our present Fifth Avenue east of Central Park. There is still no more animated picture in the world than the view from this selfsame Battery and it is the delight and admiration of strangers from everywhere. Apparently we who live in the City do not appreciate the many attractions of this spot, otherwise the Battery would be thronged of a summer evening, as it was in the olden time. This rare lithograph is just one more reminder of the vast changes which have occurred in our city in a comparatively brief period. It is a highly important contribution to the annals of old New York and too much cannot be said of Mr. Ford's generosity in placing it at the disposal of our readers. We regret ex-

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ceedingly to be unable to give more details of the firm which published this remarkable picture. Beyond the fact that the name was Thos. Thompson and that the sketch was drawn on stone by Thompson himself, we have no other details. It would be interesting to know more about this man and his work. If any of our friends should be in possession of information that would enlighten us on this subject, it would afford us pleasure to place it on record.

We are glad to note that the proposed use of Battery Park by the Federal Government has been abandoned in deference to the protest lodged by the Women's Auxiliary of the American Defense Society. Miss Elisabeth Marbury sent a stirring appeal to the City and Government on the subject with this splendid result.

Good work! Now will Miss Marbury please lend her aid to remove the old post office and restore the City Hall Park to its original dimensions?

A column of Victory in place of this old building would be a great improvement. We hope to work on this project during the coming year and invite suggestions from our readers.

* * * * * * * * *

Another view of extraordinary interest is the panoramic supplement, showing both sides of Broadway from the Battery to Rector Street. With painstaking care the artist has pictured every building as it then stood, exactly as it appeared in 1848. We still see the private residences which lined State Street and which were among the very earliest erected under American auspices. The three houses shown on this block were occupied respectively by Robt. Lenox, J. B. Coles and Moses Rogers. Directly facing us is the end of the row of houses

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Sovereign of the Seas 1852

Perhaps the most celebrated of all the California clippers and among the largest, 2,421 tons. She was commanded by Capt. Lauchlan McKay, brother of Donald McKay the builder. Some idea of the profits of the California trade may be gauged from the receipts of her first voyage, $84,000.

She returned by way of Honolulu and hung up the remarkable run of 1,478 miles in four days or an average of 378 miles per day. Her best day's run, March 18th, 1853, was 411 miles and for 11 days she averaged 330 miles steady or 13¾ knots per hour. Allowing for difference in latitude and longitude her run of 411 miles was actually 424 miles land measure. She was a remarkable ship whose memory still lingers in New York.—*Collection of Mr. M. Williams.*

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which stood on Battery Place where the Custom House now is, and which in later days was known as "Steamship Row." Opposite State Street is a view of the Bay and old Fort Clinton, now changed into an emigrant receiving station, Castle Garden, and known to probably more men and women than any other building in the country. Through its portals passed all immigrants who landed on these shores between 1855 and 1891. It will thus be seen that our statement, which may surprise many, that it is the best known building in the United States has a firm foundation of truth. Not alone have millions of men and women passed through this building, but they have described it and spoken of it to their children and thus increased its fame throughout not only New York but all the cities of the West. If corroboration of this remark is needed, inquire among the post card men and view makers of New York and also of the Inquiry Department in our various Historical Societies and they will all state that the most in demand of all the buildings in New York City is old Castle Garden.

Beginning at No. 1, west side, each building is shown in numerical order. On the east side it starts at Beaver Street with the old Adelphi Hotel and follows the same arrangement as the other. In many instances the owners of the buildings paid for their insertion and some tenants paid for their signs which appeared on the building. We may therefore conclude that the drawings are absolutely correct and as a result we have a most extraordinarily valuable picture of our principal street at the time when it was just beginning to emerge from a residential thoroughfare into the most important commercial artery of the leading city of the new world.

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The publishers were apparently among the first lithographers in the city of New York. They had their shop at 128 Fulton Street, which appears to have been the favorite location for this new business, as we find the imprints of several other lithographers also in this neighborhood—Endicott & Co., N. Currier and several others whose work appears in the original Manual.

Jones and Newman made a serious attempt to portray every important street in the City of New York at that particular time. In addition to the Broadway views, there is known to be a set depicting William Street, Maiden Lane and Fulton Street. It is also said that Broadway was continued north from the Hospital which was then at Worth Street, clear up to Grace Church. Whether or not this statement was true cannot now be determined. These views were originally in pamphlet form and the size was 8x11 inches. The workmanship is crude as is shown in our reproduction, which is an exact facsimile, but was considered good at that time. They sold at a very modest price—25c. per copy. Most of the revenue was apparently obtained from the advertisements, the covers of the pamphlet being filled with the names of the various merchants whose stores and shops were shown in the illustrations. On account of their cheapness, it is quite evident that most of the copies were not highly prized, as few of them are now in existence. Their importance today, however, is of the highest, and a complete set of these little pamphlets, which could have been purchased for $1.00 in 1848, is now considered cheap at $600.00. This is only one more illustration of the fact that historically speaking "the trash of today becomes the treasure of tomorrow." It is quite impossible to state the sum of money that would be given today for the con-

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tinuation of Broadway; for Wall Street and for other important streets, such as Pearl Street, then the leading retail section, which might thus have been preserved to posterity. We are indebted to the New York Historical Society for the privilege of presenting these views in the Manual. We have reproduced them with every fidelity to size, color and form. There are three additional pamphlets in the set and these will be duly presented in succeeding issues of the Manual. Our readers will then have a complete set of what is conceded to be one of the most interesting items of old New York views.

Views of Wall Street, such as this one of Broadway of this period, are extremely rare. Sections of certain localities, notably at the corner of Broad and Wall, are occasionally encountered, but an entire prospective from Broadway to the East River does not apparently exist. We have, however, closely examined the pencil sketch drawn by Reinagle about 1825, which adorns the margin of a view of Wall Street, looking from Broadway. In a note on this lithograph the artist states that he has "drawn in the margin each house as it then appeared and every building (at that time standing), is represented." Upon close examination, we are glad to state that the artist is quite correct in his statement. There are, however, one or two spots which seem to be incorrectly rendered, but which no doubt could be readily supplied from other data. We are now at work upon this interesting discovery and in an early number of the Manual we shall present a redraft of this drawing, which we are sure will be greatly enjoyed by our readers.

* * * * * * * * *

Our third supplement shows a view of New York looking south from Forty-second Street. This admirable

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drawing is the work of John W. Hill, evidences of whose talent are found in several directions, notably in the view of Broadway looking north from Canal Street, which is familiar to most of our readers. Mr. Hill, it appears, came from England, commissioned to make the portraits of most of our distinguished citizens, but no record of his portraiture has survived. He found employment, however, in various enterprises, in which his ability as an artist was used to good effect. He was also a colorist of rare skill and his view of New York from Brooklyn Heights gives abundant evidence of his talent in this direction. He was an experienced workman in the production of aquatints, a process of engraving which is now obsolete. Many of the color prints of this period were produced by this method and there is a singular softness and charm in them which is not obtained by present day methods. Impressions were taken from a copper plate which could be printed either in black or in colors at the artist's discretion. It was evidently a slow and laborious process, the entire subject having to be painted by the artist in colors directly on the copper. Notwithstanding the number of colors used in the process, they were all printed at one impression. This is in striking contrast to our present methods, which call for the superimposing of one color over another, the final result being the blending of all of the other colors in proper register. These aquatints of Hill's have gained much renown and are extremely valuable, the Broadway view being held at $400.00 to $500.00, according to condition. Mr. Hill was also employed in the production of the Hudson River portfolio of views and is said to have collaborated with Benson J. Lossing in the many illustrations which embellished his *"Field book of the Revolution."* He is,

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Broadway south from Houston Street (1860). Old St. Thomas' Church in the foreground. Note the awnings, the stages and the trees. Collection of Mr. Theo. H. Schneider.

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however, chiefly remembered by the plates depicting New York; and the example which we have reproduced, by reason of the extent of the view and the importance of the territory represented is becoming one of his most valuable contributions. It was made at the time of the opening of the Crystal Palace (which was the forerunner of all the World's Fairs), which was located in Bryant Park on Sixth Avenue from 40th to 42nd Streets. The other part of this square extended to Fifth Avenue and was occupied by the Croton Aqueduct, which at that time was the eighth wonder of the world, in our eyes.

Directly opposite the Crystal Palace, on the north side of 42nd Street had been erected a towering structure named after its designer, Latting's Observatory. It was the Eiffel Tower of its day. Visitors to the Exposition were wont to ascend this Observatory to the top floor, thus gaining a comprehensive view of the Metropolis stretching out from its base. The corner, now occupied by the Astor Trust Company, was then a vacant lot. It was valued at about $1,500. On the next block is a private residence surrounded by a garden of roses, and on the corner of 40th Street, where Arnold Constable & Company is, stands the Croton Cottage, the only building approaching a hotel in the neighborhood. It was possible to obtain refreshments for man and beast at this hostlery and also to remain over night if desired. The luxuriant trees which lined Fifth Avenue in those days are still plainly seen and in the neighborhood of Thirty-fourth Street are the first evidences of the approaching city. There are still a number of the houses with ample yards, extending half way toward Madison Avenue. Below Thirty-fourth Street begins the monotonous array of brown stone fronts, so characteristic of New York.

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When the Crystal Palace was first opened, its location was considered quite far out of town and the Sixth Avenue street car line had to be extended to complete communication. The entire neighborhood from river to river, as will be seen, was sparsely populated, many of the most densely populated squares of today being then open lots. The Harlem Railroad with its wood-burning locomotives came down Park Avenue on a single track to Madison Square Garden, where the engine was dropped and the remainder of the journey to City Hall was continued by means of horses. The Hudson River Road had its station at Thirtieth Street and Eleventh Avenue and likewise continued its journey to its main depot at Chambers Street and West Broadway by horse power. By reference to this old drawing and a comparison with the many storied structures which now cover the same section, a striking contrast is presented. This old drawing of Hill's, therefore is of rare interest, rendering as it does a contemporaneous birdseye view of our great city up to its most northern limits as it appeared sixty years ago. In this connection, it is somewhat pathetic to recall the remark of the architect of the Croton Reservoir who died in the firm belief that no matter what else might happen he had left an enduring monument to his memory, in the Egyptian structure which housed the city's water supply at the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, and of which he was the designer.

* * * * * * * * *

This great world war has brought many changes, not the least of which is the revived interest in shipping. In another chapter we have tried to tell briefly the glory of New York in the days of the Clipper. These old ships will be affectionately recalled by many old New Yorkers,

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as they were a picturesque feature of this busy port for nearly a century. As we have said before New York is fortunate in possessing written records or tangible evidences of many of her most important developments. The first Dutch settlers, as we know, were scarcely allowed to draw breath without a specific order from the State's General, with the result that no city enjoys a more complete record of its early days. To a very great extent this is also true of her shipping. It is quite impossible at the present day to reproduce the spirit and the atmosphere which clustered around these fliers of the "roaring forties." The affection of a man for a ship may be likened to the same feeling which he has for a horse. To this personal liking for those old ships we no doubt owe the fact that many of the favorites of the day enjoyed the honor of being lithographed and sold to their admirers. This honor, however, was reserved only for the more famous of the group, yet there exist many paintings equally authentic and likewise contemporaneous of many vessels which never reached the dignity of publication. It would not be wholly impossible, were it deemed necessary, to secure an almost complete collection of 150 or more clipper ships hailing from the Port of New York.

It is our great pleasure to commence this collection with this volume. We have presented twelve of the best known craft of their day, together with some of the fancy colored cards which used to be distributed to shippers by Hussey's Post. There are still many men living in New York who as boys played on their decks and climbed their masts. It was the golden age of our maritime commerce and the like of our square rigged beauties may never be seen again. The renaissance of

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our merchant marine is nevertheless a strong probability. At the close of the war, our Navy will have been augmented to incredible numbers, both in men and ships. The importance of sea power has never before been brought home so strikingly as it has in the past year or two. Small wonder is it, therefore, that our Government should be giving serious thought to the development of her long lost supremacy on the high seas.

Another installment of these famous old ships will follow the first and be continued until the series is completed. It will embrace practically every well-known ship sailing from this port up to the outbreak of the Civil War and the opening of the Suez Canal, which marked the end of a period forever glorious in the history of American ships.

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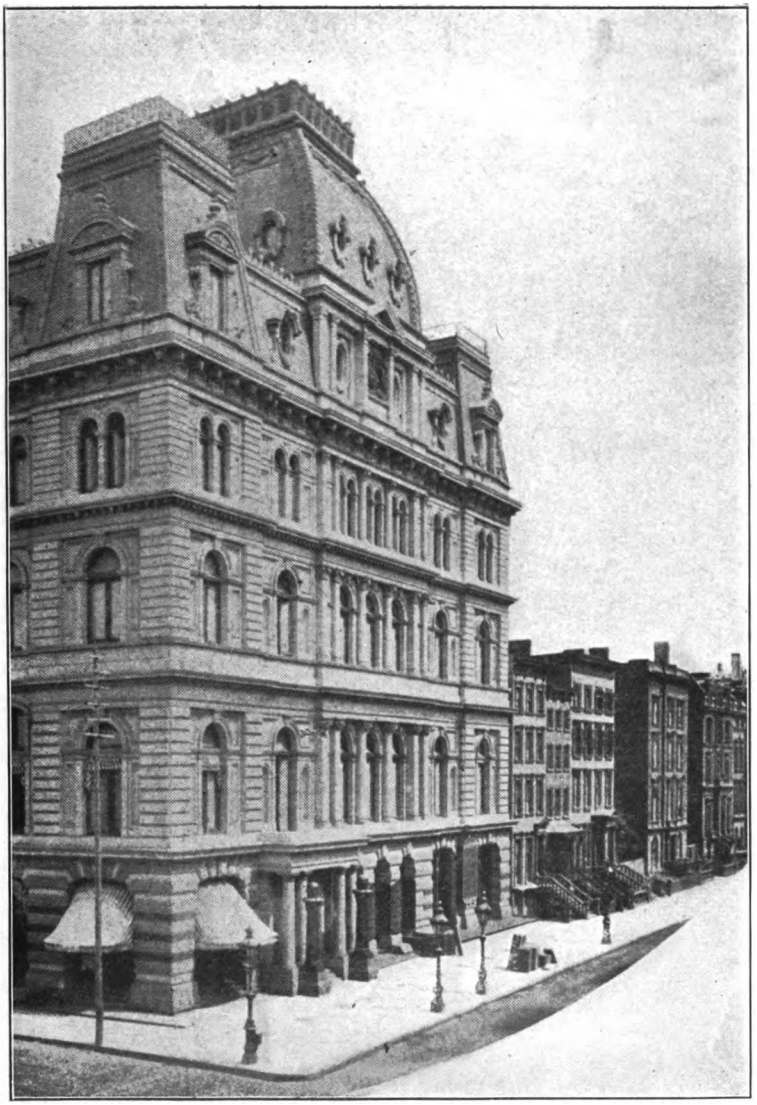

The Masonic Temple at Sixth Avenue and 23rd Street, 1876. The Dows residence, the fourth house above, was the site of the Eden Musee.

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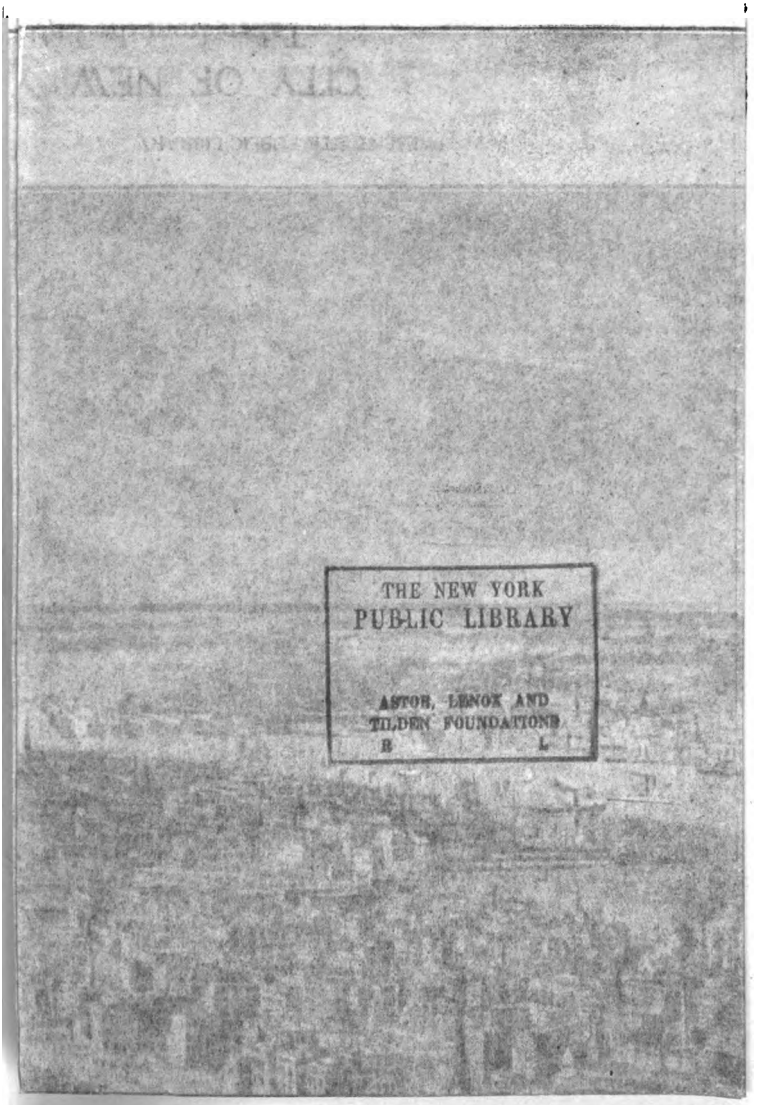

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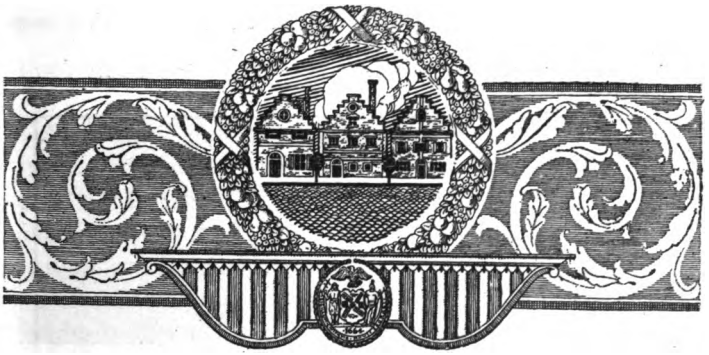

MEMORIES OF OLD NEW YORK : : BY MEN STILL LIVING : :

Recollections of Old Sixth Avenue

WALTER C. REID

"Dear to my heart are the
Scenes of my Childhood"

IT is difficult to realize the wonderful changes in our great city during the past fifty years until we look over publications such as this. Without such corroborative evidence, the stories of the early days that we "to the manner born" are fond of repeating, are open to suspicion as it seems hardly possible that such great changes could occur in so short a period.

In the Manual for 1916 was shown a cottage that stood at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street at the rear of which in my boyhood days I have picked sickel pears, and I am not yet sixty. My grandfather had greenhouses on Thirtieth Street between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with adjoining city lots covering a space 250 x 100, for which at one time he paid only the taxes as rent.

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I was born in a house on Sixth Avenue, and many fond recollections center around that thoroughfare. That rapid transit decreed that its beauty should be marred by the elevated railroad has always been a cause of regret.

The Avenue never developed as fully as it might have done had it been a direct artery from down town, but was handicapped almost as much as Seventh Avenue has been, by entrance from Canal Street and the South by Varick Street and its extension Carmine Street. Coming North, as you leave Bleecker Street at Carmine, you enter Sixth Avenue, and your view is immediately met by the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road as it turns in from West Third Street, formerly known as Amity Street. The old Avenue here is almost as it was fifty years ago.

The firm of J. & R. Lamb had its warerooms for church furniture a short distance above on the left. There were the usual sprinkling of grocery stores and butcher shops with the liquor saloons placed, as now, on prominent corners. The grocers were usually Germans who also sold garden truck and at any of them you might buy a penny pickle if you preferred that to candy. In those days the grocers sprinkled their floors with sea sand, and the butchers theirs with saw dust. Why the difference, I never knew. The butchers in those days made their deliveries in two-wheeled carts drawn usually by a fast horse, which horse in the afternoon was used by the owner for racing purposes in Harlem Lane. The butchers and grocers both displayed half their wares on the sidewalk, and the fronts of their stores were protected by tin sheds extending to the edge of the walk.

I was born over a "Dutch" grocery. My father was in the provision business across the Avenue. I was a convenient receptacle for spotted bananas, which in those

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days were red, not yellow, and occasionally a luscious orange. My first recollection of a Sixth Avenue horse car was when, as a little chap in kilts, I dropped one of said oranges while running across to avoid being run over, and my dear orange was smashed into pulp. These first cars were shaped like the old Fifth Avenue busses, except that they were on car wheels, and were drawn by one horse. The driver sat on top, and there was no conductor. You passed your fare up through a little hole to the driver. The fare was six cents.

While we did not live long at this place, nearly all my life up to my twentieth year I lived on or near Sixth Avenue. Living as I did above Twenty-third Street, my recollections of lower Sixth Avenue forty to fifty years ago are not very clear.

The chief buildings that I recall South of Twenty-third Street are the old Catholic Church on the Northwest corner of West Washington Place; the Greenwich Savings Bank at the Southwest corner of Waverly Place, a modest but massive building that made you feel that your money there deposited was safe; Jefferson Market at the triangle made by Sixth Avenue, Greenwich Avenue and West Tenth Street (the entire triangle was covered by the market in those days, with a story above in which Court was held. This is now taken up largely by the brick court house); at Twelfth Street there was a saloon over the door of which there was an immense bunch of gold grapes. This was called "The Grapevine" (the title may have been suggested by the steps of the departing guests); at Thirteenth Street, just off the Avenue, was old Gram mar School No. 35, at which Thomas Hunter (later of the girls' Normal School or Hunter College, as it is called now) presided; Shepard Knapp, the carpet man, had a

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store on one corner; Silsbee's oyster saloon was half way up the block; across the Avenue at Fourteenth Street was the beginning of R. H. Macy & Co., operated by Webster & Wheeler in three small stores, each 25 x 100, with the accompanying basements.

On the Northerly corner across from Macy's, in the basement, Thorley & Son sold flowers and plants. Thorley Jr., now operates on Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street. Frankfield had a jewelry store on the Northwesterly corner.

The large store with iron front formerly occupied by Altman & Co. at the corner of Nineteenth Street was not in existence at that time, the site being covered by two story buildings with small stores. Altman and his mother had a small store on the block above between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets. A short distance above was Deshler's bakery, the delight of the boys of West Twentieth Street Public School, where they spent their spare change at lunch time.

The Episcopal Church at the corner of Twentieth Street is still there to-day. Several private houses adjoined this. It was here I had my first really painful loss. A dentist residing in one of these removed an aching tooth and I never forgave him. Wall's bakery was on the corner of Twenty-first Street,—a bakery in the days when bakers' mince pie was real mince pie. Diagonally opposite was Jackson's grocery, at that time one of the best uptown.

Stern Brothers occupied a little store just below Twenty-third Street for their dry goods business, and William Moir had a jewelry store on the corner. Booth's Theatre was opposite. The Masonic Temple had not yet arrived, but Roome's Real Estate office and the Excelsior Savings

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Broadway and 34th Street (1900). Now the busiest crossing in New York and a great hotel center. The tower is the old Broadway Tabernacle where the much beloved Dr. Taylor preached until his death.

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Bank were already on the site. The Northwest corner was occupied by Alexander's Shoe Store. The early recollections of a boy are apt to center around a candy shop or a bakery, and I have pleasant recollections of a little candy store on the West side, just above Twenty-third Street, the name of the proprietor of which I have forgotten.

The bake shop of John Crawford adjoined my father's place above Twenty-fourth Street. The recollection of those cream puffs clings to me still. They were so full that your tongue had to play tag with your teeth to prevent that cream from dripping over the edges. And the bath buns, filled with raisins and citron and colored a rich yellow with real eggs, Um! Um! I can taste them now.

Next door to my birthplace on the Westerly side of the Avenue, John C. Devens, who afterwards designed the Pansy Corset and moved to Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, operated a fancy store. Mr. Devens was a brother of General Devens, for whom the military camp at Ayer, Mass., is named.

At the Northeast corner of Twenty-fifth Street was a store occupied by a furniture dealer which subsequently became a headquarters for the Thomson-Houston Electric Light Company. This was in the early days of the arc light, when it was necessary for it to sizz and splutter to show what an improvement it was over gas illumination.

Just north of this store was Mrs. Hopkins' Pie Bakery. Her business was serving groceries with pies, and the wagons used were the first, I think, for carrying pies, arranged with rows of shelves on each side in cabinets, with a passageway down the middle. Mrs. Hopkins furnished a very popular pie.

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I think the old Racquet Club Building on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street has been built more than forty years. Adjoining this was the tailor shop of John Patterson, a leading custom tailor of those days.

Paisley's Shoe Store occupied the Northwest corner of Twenty-seventh Street. This was one of the largest uptown, at the time. Diagonally opposite, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets was and still is the old Knickerbocker Cottage, an old road house, now very much shut in.

Next to Paisley's was Doctor Giles' drug store. Doctor Giles manufactured a liniment that had a large sale, and was advertised on the rocks all around the country.

Between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets was George Finkenauer's Paint Store. This is where we got our putty for our putty blowers, and just above, on the same block, was Davis' Stationery Store, where we bought our school supplies. Mrs. Davis was the boss. She never appeared without her bonnet made of wire covered with brown cloth. It was rumored among the boys that she had no hair. Anyway, she always wore the bonnet.

On the corner above stood Niess' Bakery, with fresh Washington pie and ginger bread in chunks at noon time school recess, pumpkin pie with the tops done brown, currant pie so full of currants that you just couldn't catch it all. What boy that went to old School No. 26 in those days does not remember?

Silsbie's Oyster Saloon was across the way, half way up the block, and adjoining this was a place that had a very varied career, and was the start of making the Twentieth Precinct the tenderloin of New York. It was first a bathing pavilion, then an aquarium, then was known as the Argyle and subsequently the Cremorne Gardens, a

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rather troublesome dancehall. On the block above, a little later, Billy Borst started the Empire Garden, another all night dancehall.

Captain Steers was Captain of the precinct previous to the régime of Captain Alexander Williams, and you had better believe the boys steered clear of his patrolmen, especially when hooking barrels for bonfires on election night. It was a common thing to gather in as many as fifty barrels to send up in smoke.

On the corner of Thirty-second Street was a marble works. The property was owned by R. A. Witthaus, the father of the celebrated poison expert who died a short time ago. This is the property facing Greeley Square. Mr. Witthaus afterwards sold this property at what he considered a high figure to the Union Dime Savings Bank, which erected an imposing building on the site, but long since abandoned by the bank for the present site at the corner of Fortieth Street. The Sixth Avenue side of Greeley Square is now called Broadway as well as the Easterly side, but I will assume for my purpose that it was all Sixth Avenue.

On the upper Northeasterly corner of Thirty-second Street was a two story building used by D. Martin for storage purposes. This was one of the first storage warehouses for household furniture in New York. The building was afterwards torn down and a brick apartment was erected. Rogers, Peet & Co. had their first uptown branch clothing house on this corner.

At the rear of this building were two small English basement houses. In the window of one was the sign "Dr. Mary Putnam." We boys then thought it wonderful that a woman should be a doctor. This lady later became Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, the wife of Dr. Abram

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Jacobi, the celebrated physician, who is still living at a ripe old age. At this time, Dr. Jacobi himself lived in Thirty-fourth Street just West of Sixth Avenue. A little farther down the street on the upperside was a marble yard operated by the man whom it was claimed chiseled the Cardiff Giant, which was subsequently dug up at Cardiff, Missouri, and was supposed to be a petrified giant of a prehistoric age.

Adjoining the Rogers Peet establishment to the North, was a building with a hall upstairs. In this Madame Krause held the first Kindergarten school, I believe, in this country.

Above Thirty-second Street, on the Westerly side, was Bates' Milk Dairy, afterwards, Decker's. For five cents you could get a schooner of real milk with the cream on top, not the blue milk of the present day. Decker was the original Decker of the Sheffield Farms, Slawson-Decker milk combine.

A short time after, a few doors above, was erected the Standard Theatre for William Henderson. This theatre opened with the first performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's H. M. S. Pinafore, which occupied the boards for a long time. Minnie Maddern, now Minnie Maddern Fiske, made her début here. Harrison Gray Fiske was the treasurer for Henderson.

I am forgetting the Southwesterly corner of Thirty-second Street. This was occupied by an unpretentious saloon, with the customary horse watering trough in front, but this was the starting point of the old Manhattanville stage line. In Winter, when snow was on the ground, four horse sleighs were substituted for stages, and these were filled every trip, at ten cents per passenger. Their route was up Broadway to Manhattanville.

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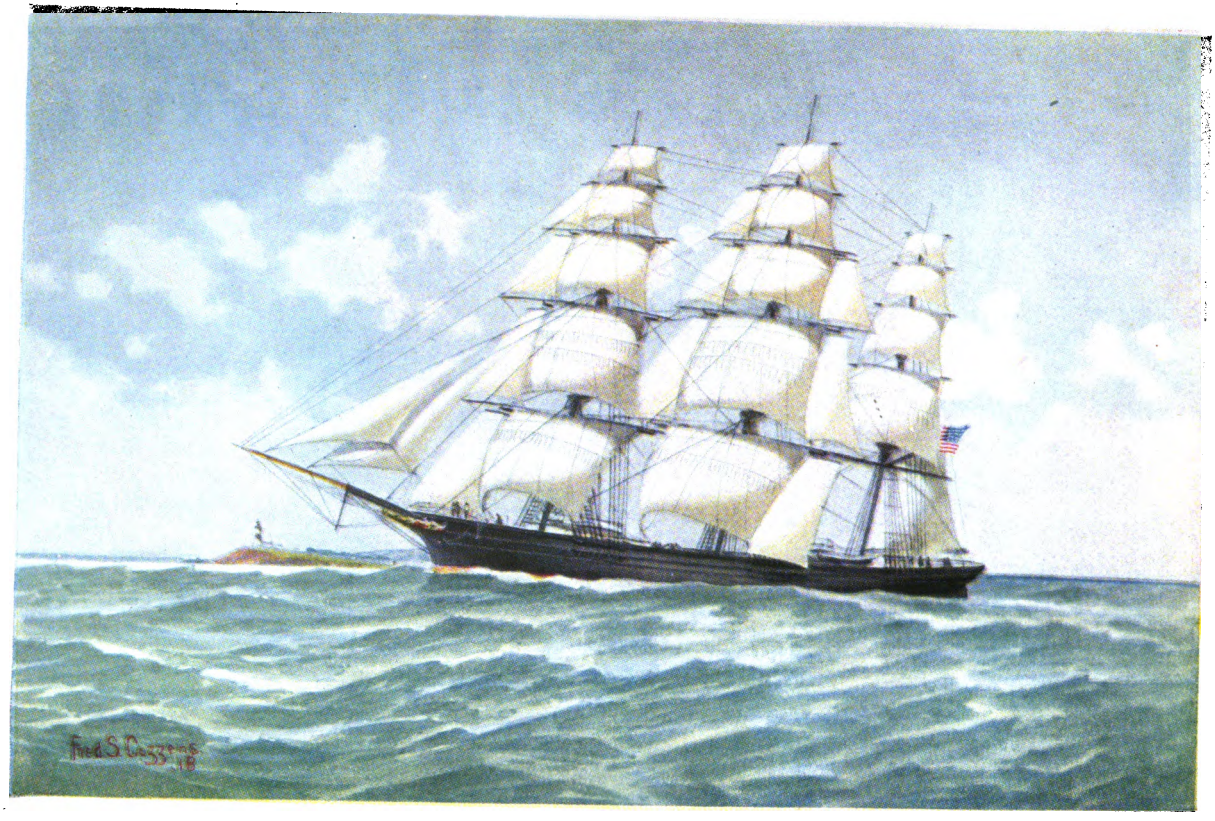

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Young America 1853

One of the most successful clippers ever built by Wm. H. Webb of New York. Commanded by Capt. David Babcock. She made the run from San Francisco to New York in 92 days. Her best performance was her record run from 50° S. in the Atlantic to 50° S. in the Pacific in 6 days. She rounded Cape Horn over fifty times. In 1888 she foundered with all hands while on a voyage from Philadelphia to a European port.

This was one of the famous fleet owned by A. A. Low & Bro., perhaps the leading merchants of New York in the foreign trade. Among other famous ships owned by this firm were the Nat B. Palmer, Houquah, Samuel Russell, Surprise, Contest and others. The late Seth Low was of this family.

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On the West side, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets was L. W. Parker's Restaurant and Hotel, the Parker House, which was quite a popular resort of the sports of the neighborhood.

On the lower Easterly corner at Thirty-fourth Street was a two story building owned by Peter B. Sweeney of Tammany Ring fame. This was later purchased by D. H. McAlpin, and is now part of the site of the Hotel McAlpin. The ground floor was occupied by small stores, the second story by artists and sculptors. Constant Mayer, Beard Minor and Wilson McDonald had studios here. At the easterly end of this building was a dancing academy owned by an Austrian, Hlasko by name, where all the young bloods of the neighborhood were taught the proper use of the light fantastic toe. On the upper Easterly corner was the Broadway Tabernacle of which Dr. Taylor was then pastor.

An interesting place to us boys was a lot on the Northwest corner of Thirty-fifth Street, now Broadway. In the Summer and Fall this was covered by a tent, said tent being used by a horse trainer who for a consideration taught the spectators how to train horses. My father was very proud when he had taught a pony we owned to walk on his hind legs, and stand on top of a cask. This place was as good as a circus to the boys of the neighborhood. This site was afterwards occupied by a cyclorama of the Franco-Prussian War, a combination of wax works and panorama viewed from a central tower.

Where the Herald building now stands was a two story brick building. On the ground floor at the Thirty-fifth Street end, Albro the grocer and the Sixth National Bank at different times occupied the premises. Further up Lewis & Conger had a house furnishing store through

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to Broadway. They have long since moved further uptown. The Colwell-Lead Company, later at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street, occupied the Thirty-sixth Street end. The second story was occupied by the Seventy-first Regiment as their Armory.

Across the street, upstairs, was the training quarters of Professor Judd. Judd was one of the first to take up the challenge of Edward Payson Weston for a six days' walk at Old Madison Square Garden. A few doors above Thirty-sixth Street was Murray's Bellhanging Shop. Murray on the West side and Haggerty on the East side of the town were the first two to invent and install the combination letter boxes, bell pulls and speaking tubes in apartment houses. In the apartments the tubes were fitted with a whistle, and the boys would blow up the tube, sound the whistle, and then would watch the front door mysteriously open, pulled by a wire from upstairs. Many a sneak thief has made good use of this ingenious contrivance.

Hazzard & Massey's Drug Store was for a long time on the lower Easterly corner of Thirty-ninth Street. This was then one of the finest drug stores uptown. At the corner of Fortieth Street, opposite Bryant Park, was the Hotel Royal, operated by Richard Mears, who had previously operated a fancy store in the neighborhood of Nineteenth Street. A terrible fire destroyed this hotel, with much loss of life. On the Westerly side, near Forty-second Street, was Trenor's Lyric Hall, the scene of many a meeting and dance.

From Forty-third to Forty-fourth Streets, on the Easterly side, where the Hippodrome now stands, was the Sixth Avenue Car Barn. At the time, the cars stopped at the car barn. If you wished to go further, you changed

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cars, and an occasional car was run from the barn to Fifty-ninth Street, with only a driver. No fares were collected for this short ride. It was very convenient for the boys who had been at the park skating all day who had spent all of their money for bollivers and such, to ride down for nothing as far as Forty-fifth Street, jump off the car and walk home the balance of the way. It was not deemed necessary to heat the cars in those days. You bedded your feet down in a layer of straw and let it go at that. I do not recall that there was any more pneumococci and other bacteria in those days than there are to-day. Of course, we didn't have so many other kinds of foreigners either.

I have recently read that the verses:

> "Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care,
> Punch in the presence of the passenger," etc.

have been ascribed to Mark Twain. But long before we ever heard of Mark Twain the Sixth Avenue car conductors carried a punch shaped like a large pistol, having a small gong with two or three strips of different colored pasteboard pinned to their coats, and as you paid your fare a hole was punched in the ticket and the gong sounded. Children under twelve were charged half fare. J. B. Bidgood was the Superintendent of this line,—a tall gray man resembling Brother Jonathan. He knew how to run a horse car line. His cars were always clean, and the horses were real horses, well groomed.

Sixth Avenue in these early days above the car barn did not amount to much. About Fiftieth Street you arrived at shanty town with the squatters' shanties on top of the rocks, with one or more goats to each shanty. At Fifty-eighth Street the vacant lots were below the level

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of the street, and in winter the entire block through to Fifth Avenue was flowed over with water and was used as a skating rink, entrance to which was had on payment of a small fee.

At Fifty-ninth Street we entered the Park, as now. The Park was then to us more beautiful than now. Every Saturday we spent all day there. We had a good time. "*Them* was the happy days."

The Beinhauer Garden Farm
Now the Site of the Twin Vanderbilt Houses on Fifth Avenue

WILLIAM S. M. SILBER
HIS GREAT GRANDSON

The group of buildings shown in the annexed engraving represents the homestead of Frederick Beinhauer as it appeared in 1832 at the time of his decease. The entire plot owned by him comprised the present two city blocks on the west side of Fifth Avenue extending to Sixth Avenue from the north side of 51st Street to the south side of 53rd Street. Mr. Beinhauer was a successful garden farmer who was able to create a modest fortune from this area of land now forming a very prominent part of one of the most valuable sections of the old City of New York.

Frederick Beinhauer was born in Marburg, Germany, and arrived in America during the latter part of the 18th century. He was practically penniless when he reached this country, but he cast around to see what opportunity the New World afforded him, and finally decided upon the

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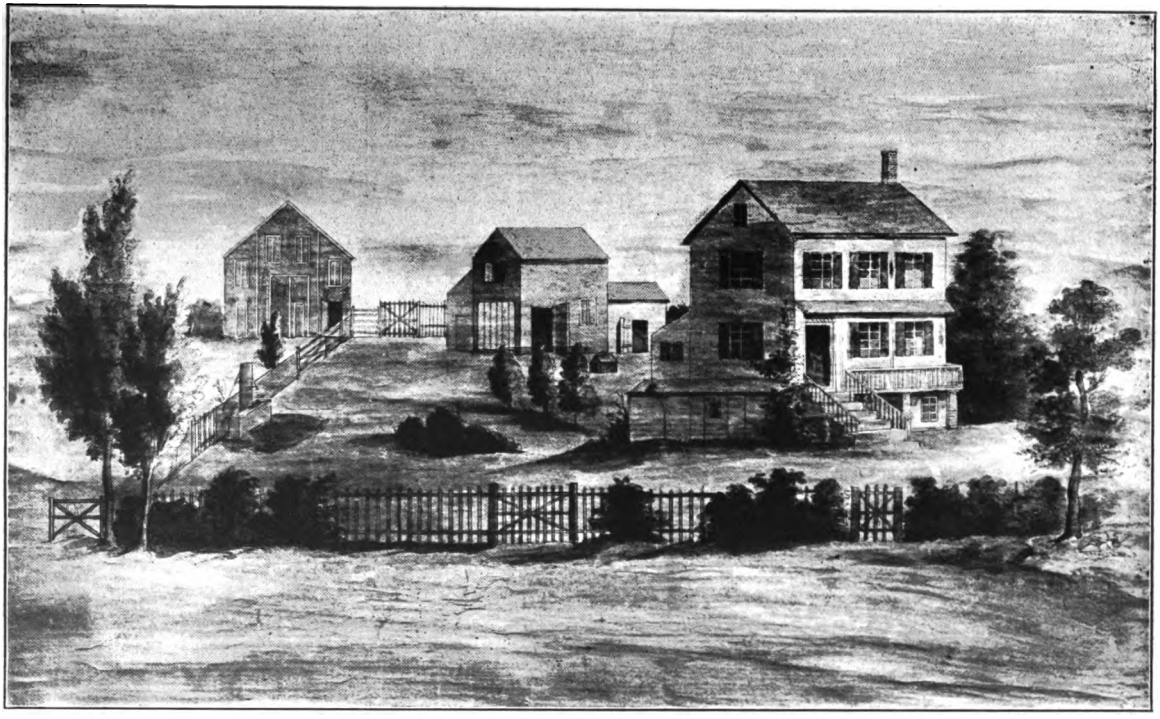

NOW SITE OF THE TWIN VANDERBILT HOUSES.

The Frederick Beinhauer Homestead, northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 51st Street, 1833. From the original painting by J. J. Sawyer. By permission of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Lester, Newark, N. J.

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production of vegetable food products. For several years he found employment with the market gardeners of the fertile lands of Kings County during which time he carefully studied the metropolitan market and, with characteristic German thrift, diligently accumulated his savings for bolder flights.

Mr. Beinhauer finally decided that Manhattan Island offered better prospects for a market as well as greater rewards for patient industry and enterprise, besides giving more direct access to a larger number of consumers. Shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War a considerable tract of unoccupied land formerly belonging to the Colony and lying generally between the Boston Post Road on the east and the Bloomingdale Road on the west was vested in the City of New York, and was in due course offered for sale or lease to buyers. This tract was designated on the maps of that period as "The New York Common Lands." Mr. Beinhauer secured the lease of a section of this land and proceeded to devote it to his chosen occupation. The boundary line of the plot so occupied began at the southwest corner of the present Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, and ran due west several hundred feet. It then turned diagonally to the south and ran due west to the Bloomingdale Road, passing over the road-bed of the present Sixth Avenue. The plot was irregular in size and quite wide in certain portions. The boundary line ended on the east in the middle of the present Fifth Avenue, and returned from that point in a diagonal direction to the place of beginning. The plot thus covered a large portion of the site now occupied by the Public Library and Bryant Park. It was regarded as a very valuable concession, but the terms of the lease are not now available.

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While located there Frederick Beinhauer married Sophia Wilhelmina Christina Zeiss, a daughter of John William Zeiss, M.D., a prominent physician and surgeon of that period. Dr. Zeiss lived on the lower east side, and was a large land owner, and a trustee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons from 1808 to 1811. His daughter had been educated in Europe, and was esteemed a woman of marked talent and ability.

In 1800 Mr. Beinhauer acquired the site on which his homestead was situated. It was part of the Common Lands, and was known as Lot No. 66. The plot was located on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 51st Street, a short distance north of his original location on Manhattan Island. The purchase price was £430, equivalent to about $2100.00, and included some of the buildings shown in the illustration. The sale was made subject to a curious incumbrance in the form of a quit-claim reservation that had survived from Colonial times. This required the payment to the City authorities of an annual quit-rent "of four bushels of good, merchantable wheat on the first day of May in each and every year" under penalty of drastic action at law in the event of non-compliance. This reservation was finally commuted and discharged in 1816 by the payment of $133.33.

Additional land was soon required for Mr. Beinhauer's operations and in 1803 he leased from the City the plot immediately adjoining his original purchase on the north and known as Lot No. 67, at the rental of $10.00 per annum. This lease expired in 1823 and was renewed for an annual rental of $25.00. The plot as originally laid out was purchased outright in 1825 for $1500.00.

Ten years subsequent to the date of this lease and twelve years before its purchase Mr. Beinhauer rounded

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out his holdings on the above plot by the purchase of about half an acre on the west end which brought the western boundary up to the present Sixth Avenue line. It was purchased from Cornelius Harsen who sold it in 1813 to Frederick Beinhauer for $678.23. The southern plot was allowed to keep its original length and a trace of the difference in size is still found on the maps.

This last purchase gave Mr. Beinhauer a frontage of 520 feet on Fifth Avenue. The cross streets were not cut through, but the right of way for them was reserved to the City and the adjoining owners had the use of the additional space while the domain rights were not exercised. In Mr. Beinhauer's farm the width of 200 feet in each plot plus the reserved width of 60 feet each for 51st, 52nd and 53rd Streets, gave him a uniform frontage on both Fifth and Sixth Avenues of 520 feet. He thus had an acreage, subject to modification as above, of over ten acres. The total cost of this compact little garden farm was slightly over $4400.00. It was held in fee simple, unencumbered, and had been all purchased by the proceeds of the sale of garden produce, grown in the City of New York, and on Fifth Avenue lands, besides. From this now prominent and centrally located plot the market wagon made its daily trip to Washington Market and the "Fly" Market, and sold Manhattan produced vegetables in competition with the farmers of Long Island and New Jersey.

Mr. Beinhauer's holdings were bounded on the north by property owned by Thomas Addis Emmett; the land of the heirs of the Cozine, Horn, Harsen and Hopper families bordered on the west, and to the south lay the plot donated by Dr. Hosack to the Botanic Gardens, now a Columbia University leasehold.

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The Fifth Avenue frontage of the Beinhauer garden farm between 51st and 52nd Streets is now occupied by the twin Vanderbilt houses. The dwelling house stood at a point that was exactly in front of the court that formerly divided the two buildings, and it remained standing after all the other farm buildings had been removed, and until the contractors began excavating for these modern palatial residences. The block fronting between 52nd and 53rd Streets contains the residences of William K. Vanderbilt and his son.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is diagonally opposite the old plot, and the Union Club, the residence of Captain W. B. Osgood Field and several fine business buildings front it on the east side of Fifth Avenue. The streets cut through it are filled with elegant private residences, and the imposing Church of St. Thomas and part of the residence of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., are opposite the northern boundary of the plot on 53rd Street.

Mr. Beinhauer and his wife were devout members of the Lutheran Church. They regularly rode in the old family gig to and from their homestead to service on Sunday in the church of their choice, and stopped at the homes of their children in turn on the way home for the noonday meal of the rest day.

Mr. Beinhauer died on August 23rd, 1832, from an attack of cholera, which was then epidemic in the City, after an illness of only a few hours. He is buried in The Greenwood Cemetery. Mrs. Beinhauer died in 1829, and is buried in the same plot.

Mr. Beinhauer's heirs were his eight surviving daughters, and several grandchildren, among them the children of his widowed daughter Susannah Loss. His other children were: Catharine Harsen, Elizabeth Loss, Sophia

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Fifth Avenue, north from 18th Street (1885), showing Chickering Hall, South Church (Reformed) and Union Club.

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Silber, Margaret Shrady, Ann Eliza Feitner, Louisa Metzler and Maria Sakmeister. An only son died in infancy.

The estate was settled under the administration of John Shrady by private sale. The plot that was accumulated at a cost of slightly over $4400.00 was sold for about $21,000.00, and is now worth more than that many millions. A large part of the land was bought by Benjamin Stephens in 1834.

THE VILLAGES OF OLD NEW YORK

Old Chelsea

ROBERT HALL

Beginning at the north side of Fourteenth Street directly opposite the boundary of Greenwich village is the next of the two villages of Old New York, which retains to this day some of its old individuality, though perhaps in a less degree than its more famous neighbor to the south.

Like Greenwich it too was founded by an English seafaring man and like his friend Admiral Warren, Capt. Clark named his estate after another English village—Chelsea; and so to these two Englishmen we owe the perpetuation on Manhattan Island of these well known towns of the mother country.

The very early history of Chelsea village is not within the province of the present article. I am to write merely my own recollections of the place where I was born and where I spent perhaps the happiest years of my life. If

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I can recall to absent friends of the old village some pleasant memories of other and now half forgotten days, I shall feel richly rewarded. For many men of distinction were born and reared in the Sixteenth Ward but fate has a curious way of scattering them and they seldom revisit the scenes of their childhood. When they do they find that the old houses and the gardens and the trees have all disappeared and nothing remains to remind them of the days that are no more.

The village ended at the south side of Twenty-seventh Street. Seventh Avenue and the North River completed its boundaries. Mayor A. Oakey Hall lived on Fourteenth Street close to Ninth Avenue in the hey-dey of his power. The two lamps that are always placed in front of the residence of the citizen elected to this high office may still be seen. No hint of the ruin and disgrace that afterward engulfed the Tweed ring was present in the days when Oakey Hall lived in Chelsea.

Some time ago my attention was called to a series of articles in the *Sun* on old New York, and being interested in the subject I made bold to ask the editor if he would inform me of the author's name. A few days later a tall and rather poorly clad gentleman entered my office bearing in his hand my letter to the *Sun*. It was self-explanatory of his visit and I spoke warmly in praise of his work and offered to engage him to complete a series of similar reminiscences. The conversation drifted from one thing to another and the longer I talked the more I was impressed with my new found friend's ability to furnish me with just such manuscript as I wanted. I stumbled once or twice in addressing him, as the letter he had was addressed to the *Sun*. I thought nothing of his failure to mention his name, but as he rose to go I pre-

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pared to make a note of his name and address. He paused a moment and a look of sadness came to his face as he said quietly, "I am Oakey Hall."

The two banks which face each other on the southwest and the northwest corners of Eighth Avenue and Fourteenth Street—the New York Savings and the New York National Banks—once figured in as sensational a robbery —or near robbery—as ever was recorded. A gang of professionals hired the house on Eighth Avenue adjoining the banks. Both were then in the one building—one in the basement, the other upstairs, one flight. The Eighth Avenue house had an ell that opened on Fourteenth Street. The bank was therefore completely surrounded. The Fourteenth Street building was used as a pool room and a dance hall. The undulating floor was put in the latter place—a very new idea, the floor swaying gently to the rhythm of the dancers. The pool room added to the noise. Under cover of the natural noises and disturbances the burglars had worked for weeks tunnelling to the safes of the bank. All the debris coming from this operation—dirt, brick, mortar, etc., was raised by a pulley and dumped on the second floor of the Eighth Avenue building and there was almost enough weight to sink the floor.

Plans were made to blow open the safes on the night of the Fourth of July. Arrangements had been made also to create such a racket on the street with cannons, pistols and fire crackers that the noise of blowing open the safes would be drowned. It was a carefully planned scheme and came very near being successful. The tip-tap of the drill however had reached the ear of the janitor and aroused his suspicions. He walked around to the Twentieth Street Police Station and reported what he

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suspected. A force of men was dispatched, the building completely surrounded and the entire gang arrested. I think the leader's name was Gilmore. They all received heavy sentences, as they were old offenders. The great ingenuity they had displayed in carrying out the plan showed them to be an unusually dangerous gang and the banking interests saw to it that they got the full penalty of their crime.

On Ninth Avenue on the west side where the National Biscuit Company's building now stands there was a fine old house standing in the middle of what must have been the remains of an old country estate. It was of considerable size—extending from Ninth Avenue to the river. There were beautiful large trees on it and a fence all around. The occupant was said to be feeble-minded and was always in charge of an attendant. He was said to belong to a well known family. It is about the earliest recollection I have and I can only remember that any one so afflicted appealed to my boyish mind as something ghostly and I never cared to go very near the place. The old house seemed to disappear quite suddenly, for I do not recall any particular circumstance connected with its demolition.

On Fifteenth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues there was a very well liked Catholic institution known as the Sisters' Home. It was a prominent building in those days. It is there yet, but somewhat overshadowed by its tall neighbors. But they can never dwarf what those splendid sisters have done, which after after all is the important thing. On this same street is a row of red brick houses with white marble trimmings. They were all private residence houses in those days. They were built in the 40's by the Astors and are nice

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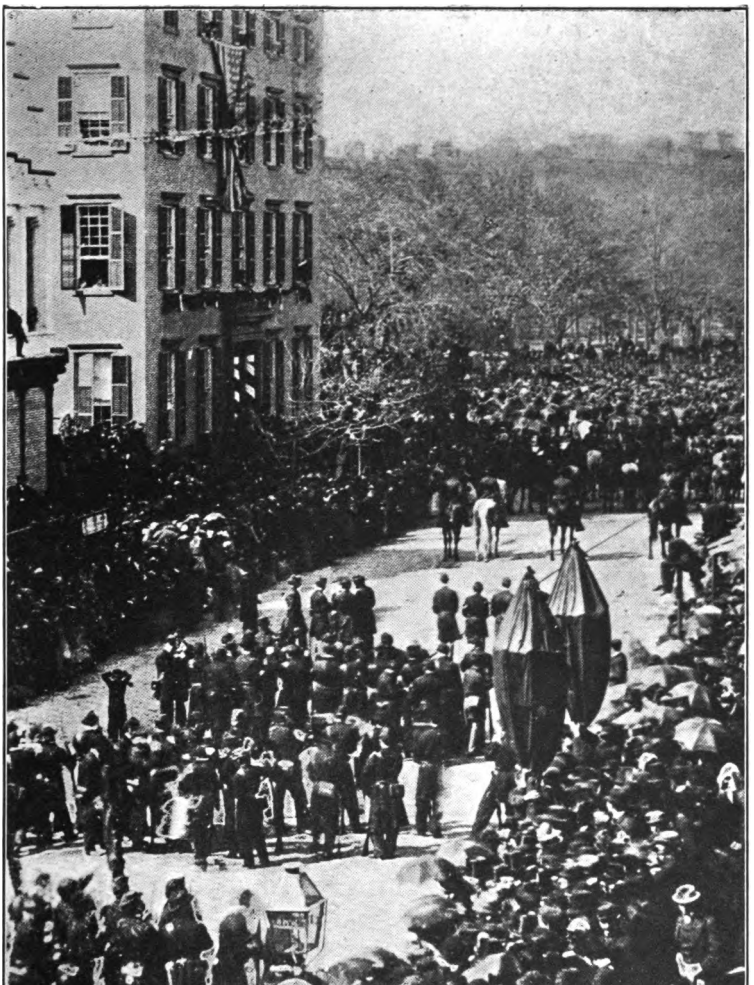

Lincoln's funeral, 1865. Part of the procession at Broadway and 14th Street. The large house on the corner was the home of ex-President Roosevelt's uncle, Cornelius Roosevelt. Collection of Mr. Theo. H. Schneider.

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looking houses today. They are quite different from what we are accustomed to nowadays, but they still charm us.

On Sixteenth Street there still remains the old Baptist Church, Dr. Michael, minister. Its congregation changes but it always houses a considerable audience. As if to emphasize the old saying, "the nearer to church the further from grace," we might record that the well known dance hall keeper Billy McGlory lived in the block below. But that was before he adopted the career which made him so unfavorably known.

The old Weber piano buildings are still standing on Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street. They were built long before I was born; and pianos were made in them for years and years. I remember that Mr. Weber was highly spoken of and his piano was considered by musicians one of the best in the country. We took a great deal of pride in this reputation and considered the factory one of the important buildings of New York.

Down from Weber's on Eighth Avenue between Seventeenth and Nineteenth Streets was the funeral establishment of Stephen Merritt. He buried General Grant and that was a very high honor, I always thought. But then Stephen Merritt was no ordinary undertaker. He was a regularly ordained preacher and held services every Sunday for years in the old Methodist Church on Eighteenth Street. He performed the same service in the old Jane Street Church as well, and never accepted a salary from either. He was a large-hearted man. Many a poor person was buried by him without a cent of expense. He was greatly beloved in the neighborhood and I always thought he was one of the finest characters known to New York. He was known all over the city

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and he numbered among his friends most of the people worth knowing in all walks of life. It was not at all surprising that he was chosen for the final offices for General Grant.

On the corner of Nineteenth Street just above Merritt's was the largest department store then in the city—Owen Jones. The building covered half the block and relatively was about as Altman's is today. Ehrich Bros. were also on Eighth Avenue, but further up. Everybody however knew Jones' store and for years it was the leading place of its kind in town.

On Twentieth Street still stands St. Peter's Episcopal Church, which recently celebrated its 75th birthday. The records of this old church deserve a chapter by themselves, for they contain the marriages, births and deaths of many of the best known families in the city. It may no longer rank as one of the fashionable churches, but it remains one of the oldest and most interesting. It has served old Chelsea faithfully and well and its present rector, Dr. Roach, will some day tell us all about it, I hope.

There was one peculiarity about Chelsea which did not I think exist in any other part of the city. Certain blocks seemed to be reserved for certain nationalities. Thus there was Scotch Row for the "ladies from hell"; London Row for the blarsted Britisher; and Yankee Row for the native Americans who had the hardihood to intrude themselves among these foreigners. And oh! I forgot the Irish and the fine little party they had on a certain 12th of July, '71. Vulgar historians refer to it as a "riot," simply because a few people were killed and some heads broken. There was quite a bit of excitement I will admit. I was riding in a street car at the time. I

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distinctly remember that we all threw ourselves flat on the floor to escape the fusillade of sticks, stones and bullets that made things lively for the time being.

It was in July, 1871. The Orangemen of New York city had arranged to parade on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. The Governor of New York, fearing trouble from the Celtic Irish, ordered out several regiments of the National Guard, and these were stationed up and down Eighth Avenue, as the line of march was from Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, down town.

If my recollection serves me, it was between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-sixth streets that stones and other missiles began to rain down upon the paraders, and shots were fired from the tops of buildings at the Twenty-fifth Street corner. The Ninth regiment was stationed in this particular locality under command of Colonel James Fisk. Some one threw a missile and disabled the Colonel, and the regiment was then under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Braine and Major Hitchcock.

The Colonel, who was one of the biggest bluffs New York has ever known, is said to have been merely scratched by a brick. However he beat a hasty retreat over a wooden fence nearby and for a long time afterwards there was a great discussion over the incident.

An order was given to fire after some soldiers had been hurt. The shots took effect on the buildings opposite and brought down some snipers on top of the corner building at Twenty-fifth Street, and also some in the crowd. There was but one volley fired, and the crowd dispersed quickly, after which the procession proceeded without further molestation.

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The Grand Opera House in which the Erie offices were installed, revives some stirring scenes, days of injunctions, mandamuses, seizures with court orders and without them, and battles in the hallways between sheriff's deputies and Fisk's and Gould's henchmen, which gave special interest to the daily papers and were followed by the readers as they do the war news of today. Every morning the public looked first at the Fisk-Erie headlines to see what the opposing armies had accomplished the day and night before, because many of Fisk's and Gould's smartest moves were executed at night through injunctions granted overnight by the complaisance of Judges before whom Fisk always managed to have the Erie's affairs brought.

Injunctions followed injunctions so rapidly that they were the laughing topic of the town and all sorts of jokes on them were in order. In the play of "Richelieu" it will be remembered that the Cardinal boldly faces his enemies, and Booth was so grand in this, defying them, and sweeping his hand in the air around his frightened ward he tells them that if they enter the charmed circle he has so drawn around her he will "hurl at them the curse of Rome."

In the burlesque of the play Fox produced a lump of "chalk" as big as a watermelon, and handling it with both hands drew an imaginary ring around the harassed girl, imaginary, for it made no mark, and then, imitating Booth's grand style, said, "Step but one foot within yon charmed circle and I hurl at you an Erie injunction," at which they all fled so precipitately that they carried away parts of the scenery in their rush.

But one day the tables were turned on Fisk by the investigating committee getting an injunction from an up-State Judge dissolving all previous injunctions and en-

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The Dreadnought 1853

Perhaps the most famous of all the clipper ships in the early 50's. Commanded by Capt. Samuel Samuels, still remembered by many New Yorkers and one of the most celebrated deep sea skippers sailing from this port. She was originally a Red Cross Packet Liner and later in the California trade. Few ships ever enjoyed such popularity.

On February 4th, 1859, she logged 313 miles on a single day's run on a famous voyage from Liverpool to New York, completed in 13 days 8 hours.

She was finally lost among the rugged cliffs and roaring breakers of Cape Horn. Her crew was rescued. She was a strikingly handsome ship and for years was the pride of the port.

She was owned by Governor E. D. Morgan, Francis B. Cutting, Daniel Ogden and others.

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joining, or "injuncting," them from preventing a full inspection of the Erie's books, which act they were informed of by telegraph the same afternoon, and that night, before service of it, they got all the company's books, loaded them in rowboats and took them over to Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City, which for a while was the Erie's offices and headquarters. It is said that Tom Lynch supplied the wagons in which the books were hastily packed. The sight of so many books being rushed out of the building at night and trucked in wild haste down Twenty-third Street to the river started an alarm which caused some sheriff's deputies to get to work, and they set out in a rowboat after the last one, in which was Fisk himself guarding the most treasured books, probably the records of stock issues, but when the officers of the law saw the malefactors' boat pass the center of the Hudson, thus technically putting them in New Jersey boundaries, they gave it up.

Many were the fights in the building and around the corner of Twenty-third Street on Eighth Avenue with fists, clubs and bludgeons, in addition to the legal struggle always going on. These scrimmages were managed in Fisk's interest by his favorite lieutenant, one Tommy Lynch, a man well known around that section of Eighth Avenue. He was Johnny on the spot all the time for the Colonel, and at the shortest possible notice could assemble a crowd of fighters to do battle for his employers. His name was as much in every one's mouth as was Fisk's, and people would hasten to look at the morning paper to see what Tommy Lynch had done overnight.

For many years after Fisk's death Lynch was a familiar figure on Eighth Avenue, generally to be seen sunning himself in front of the Old Homestead, between Twenty-

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second and Twenty-third Streets, which was his favorite place of rendezvous with his men during the years of active operations on his part in helping to fight Jim Fisk's Erie battles.

It was many years ago that I last saw him, a slender, medium-sized man, frail rather than robust, but with snappy black eyes denoting fierceness and determination even then, although his hair was turning white and he walked heavily and rheumatically with a cane.

Those certainly were picturesque days, but it is a comfort for investors in railroad stocks and bonds that they are no more.

In this connection my friend, J. B. Curtis, sends me the following particulars regarding the old Ninth Regiment:

After the return of the Ninth Regiment in '65, with less than 200 of the original number of its members that enlisted for three years, or the war, a movement was started to reorganize the regiment and put it back in its old position as a unit of the N. G. S. N. Y. A number of the young men of Greenwich Village, among whom were Thomas C. Dunham, afterward State Senator; John S. Huyler, the founder of the Huyler Candy Company, and myself, became interested and helped to reorganize Company E. Our first captain was Johnny Gaffney, well known in Greenwich Village, and John S. Huyler was one of our lieutenants. The first commandant of the regiment was Colonel Wilcox, a manufacturer of mattresses and bedding in Chatham Square. Charlie Braine was lieutenant-colonel, and Hitchcock (I forget his first name) was major. Henry S. Brooks of Brooks Bros., clothiers, was adjutant. On the retirement of Colonel Wilcox, Jim Fisk was made colonel and took command

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of the regiment. He was very popular, and the regiment flourished. He organized a band of 100 pieces, led by the well-known Dowling, with Levy the famous cornetist, as one of its members.

I remember when the present site of the Grand Opera House was occupied by the Knickerbocker stage line as a stable, and also remember when the first elevated road was built on Greenwich Street and Ninth Avenue. It was first operated by endless cable, but afterward changed to steam dummies as motive power. One of the cable stations was located at Ninth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

Beekman Street
The Old Paper Market of New York

We clip the following item from an afternoon paper published in our city in 1802:

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT: COW GORES CITIZEN IN BEEKMAN STREET

On Thursday afternoon as a man of genteel appearance was passing along Beekman street, he was attacked by a cow and notwithstanding his endeavors to avoid her, and the means he used to beat her off, we are sorry to say that he was so much injured as to be taken up for dead.

In the early part of the 19th Century Beekman Street was considered a very aristocratic neighborhood. St. George's chapel at the corner of Cliff Street was one of the fashionable churches. It was founded in 1748, the first of Trinity's chapels. President Washington often heard the sacred text read and expounded within its walls. Its old grey flag stones were worn by the feet

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of Schuylers, Livingstons, Reades, Van Cliffs, Beekmans, Van Rensselaers, Cortlandts, Morris' and others. The late J. P. Morgan was married here and here Washington Irving was baptized. Admiral Sir Peter Warren and the Archbishop of Canterbury were among the first donors for its erection and it preserved its high social position to the end.

A very interesting story is told about the material of which part of the church furniture was made. New York was a great port for sailing vessels in those days and it so happened that a sea captain whose vessel lost its masts in a violent storm on a coast where no other wood than heavy mahogany could be procured came into port at the time the church was being finished. The top heavy mahogany masts of the wrecked vessels were replaced by a more suitable wood and the captain donated the mahogany masts to St. George's. This was solid construction indeed and the pulpit, desk and chancel rail made from this old mahogany are still in existence and doing valiant service. They were removed many years ago and now serve in a like capacity in Christ church in the little town of Manhasset, Long Island.

The beautiful marble font which adorned this church had also a romantic history. Originally intended for a Catholic church in South America it was captured on its way to its destination on a French ship by the English during the French and Indian war and brought to this city. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship made entirely of white marble. It was supposed to have been destroyed during the fire of 1814, but some fifty years later was found in a remote part of the church where it had evidently been removed during the conflagration. It was repaired and cleaned and for many years afterward

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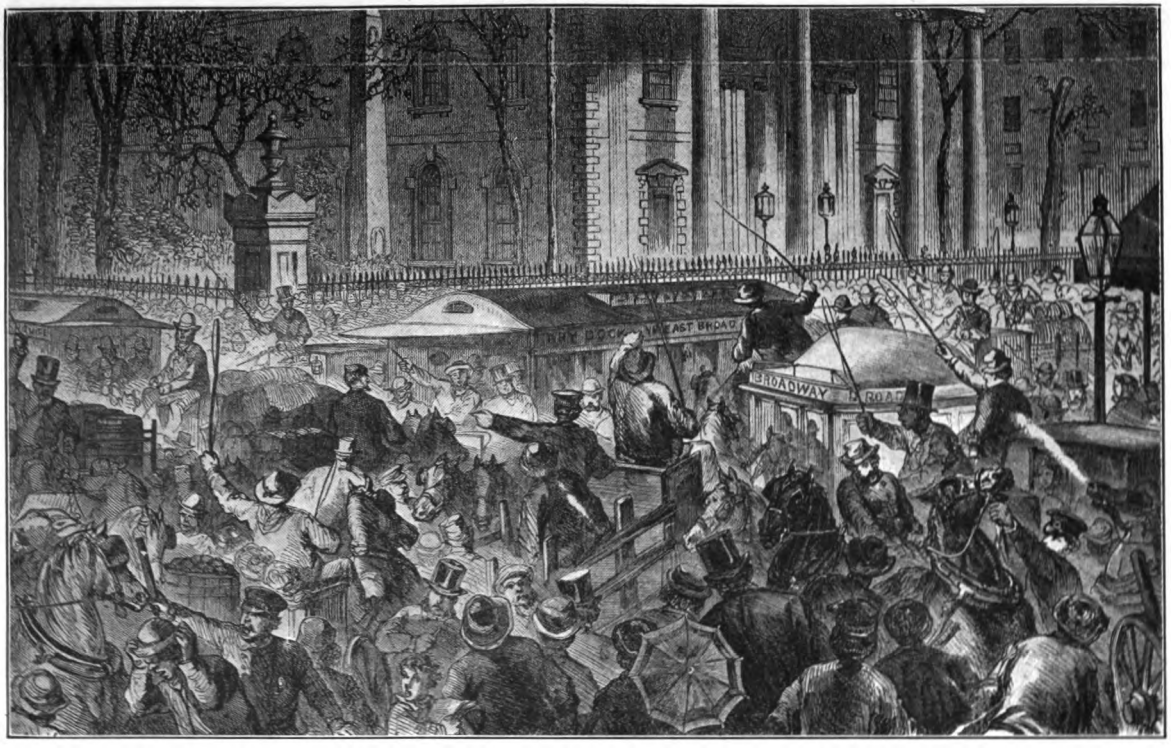

Traffic jam at Fulton Street in 1866, before the creation of the traffic police.

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was in constant use. It was removed uptown in 1869 where it still exists as one of the most cherished relics of this historic old edifice.

Among those who lived in Beekman Street near the church were Mr. C. Schermerhorn at No. 39; Mr. James W. Bleecker at No. 41; Mr. Cornelius Bogart at No. 18; Mr. Robert Hayward at No. 20; Mr. David Lydig at No. 63; Mr. Robert Ludlow at No. 97; Mr. John de Peyster at No. 22; and Mr. Robert Nesbit, the revolutionary printer at No. 112. Most of those names are still prominent in New York life.

As business extended steadily northward the old street experienced the fate of many another erstwhile fashionable neighborhood in New York. It became a shabby genteel boarding house locality, gradually improving however, from a business point of view, till finally the boarding houses gave way to a splendid hotel on the corner of Nassau Street known as the Clinton house. This hotel was advertised as a particularly attractive resort facing the open space of the City Hall Park. At that time the grounds of the old Brick Church extended from Spruce Street to Beekman Street and permitted an unobstructed view to the north across the tree-embowered park. A picture taken from an old billhead of the hotel gives a fairly good idea of how this old hostelry looked. It was managed by the famous Leland Bros., Warren and Charles, who afterward rose to great celebrity as owners of the Long Branch hotel. After a while another hotel appeared opposite the Clinton on the corner of Park Row—Lovejoy's—which is still remembered by some of the old Beekman Street contingent although it disappeared many years ago.

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In later years other famous restaurateurs joined the goodly company of Beekman Street. Billy Hitchcock of happy memory kept a beanery on the corner of Beekman Street and Park Row. His "ham and —" was famous throughout the city and Billy's clientele numbered many prominent men in politics, law and journalism. Nash and Crook, who kept a restaurant where the Park Row building now stands, were also very popular, while French's hotel, which stood on the present site of the World building was known the country over. The story goes that Joseph Pulitzer was once ordered out of this hotel in the days of his poverty along with other hangers-on. Pulitzer took a savage delight in tearing down the old structure to make way for the imposing building with its classic dome which now bears his honored name.

But perhaps the most celebrated structure on Beekman Street was the old Shot Tower which stood right back of No. 66. For over a quarter of a century this building divided honors with Trinity Church as the most prominent feature in the landscape of New York. During the Civil War the proprietors made a fortune. Although the Tower was conspicuous for its great height it lived to see its cloud piercing achievements completely overshadowed by the new Schieren building and others which were erected on its site. There are still many views of the Shot Tower in old pictures of the city. Our country cousins were always taken to this famous Tower as one of the marvels of the Metropolis.

The Morse building on the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets was in its day the most imposing and gigantic structure in the neighborhood. Its walls are four feet thick and it enjoys the distinction of being the first exclusively office building erected in the city. At the time

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of the *World* fire it was the thickness of these walls that saved the rest of Beekman Street. This was before the days of skeleton steel construction.

The great changes which rapidly obliterated the last vestiges of Beekman Street as a social center culminated about 1868 when old St. George's abandoned the site it had occupied for over a century and moved uptown. Paper dealers appeared in greater numbers than ever and soon it became and remained for half a century, the paper market of New York. It is still the most important section of the city for this industry although the vast extent of the town has made it desirable for some of the larger firms to seek quarters in other localities far removed from this historic spot. But the recent erection of a special building exclusively for the paper business by Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons seems destined to check a further decline of this street as the center of this most important industry and to restore it to its pristine dignity.

Many well known names appeared among the paper merchants of Beekman Street from time to time but the one who brought the most renown to the neighborhood was undoubtedly Cyrus W. Field. Prior to his connection with the Atlantic cable Mr. Field conducted a rag and waste paper business at No. 91 and some of his old advertisements can still be seen wherein he sets forth the entire line of his activities which besides rags and waste paper included old iron, metals and second hand junk generally. It was certainly a modest beginning for a career that was not only to bring fame to the scene of his early activities but also to be a lasting credit to the sagacity and enterprise of the American merchant. No matter in what station of life he might begin, Mr. Field's

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great success was not infrequently mentioned as a significant demonstration of the possibilities of democracy.

A great celebration attended the formal opening of the Atlantic cable and the whole city gave itself up to rejoicing. A parade was formed bearing parts of the huge cable which now reached from America to London and the sailors who did the work marched in the procession in which all the different interests of the city were represented. In the evening a great display of fireworks was made at the City Hall and the city was brilliantly illuminated. Beekman Street had no small part in the display being one of the streets that led into the park. The present post office was not then in existence.

This exploit of Mr. Field's identified the old paper market with what was undoubtedly the greatest improvement business had ever received up to that moment. To the day of his death Mr. Field was proud of his connection with the paper trade and of his old store in Beekman Street. His firm name remained in Beekman Street till late in the 60's.

Other firms in Beekman Street who have made an enviable record for themselves in the annals of old New York were R. E. Dietz and Herman Behr & Co. R. E. Dietz is the famous lamp maker whose shop was at No. 66. Mr. Dietz made the first kerosene oil lamp ever designed and the business which he then established has grown to be the largest of its kind in the country. Herman Behr & Co., whose shop was at No. 75 has also become the leader in their line.

Among the most treasured items of old New York are the lithographs of street scenes in the early 50's and the quaint little plates which appeared in Valentine's Manual about the same time. These old records are all we now

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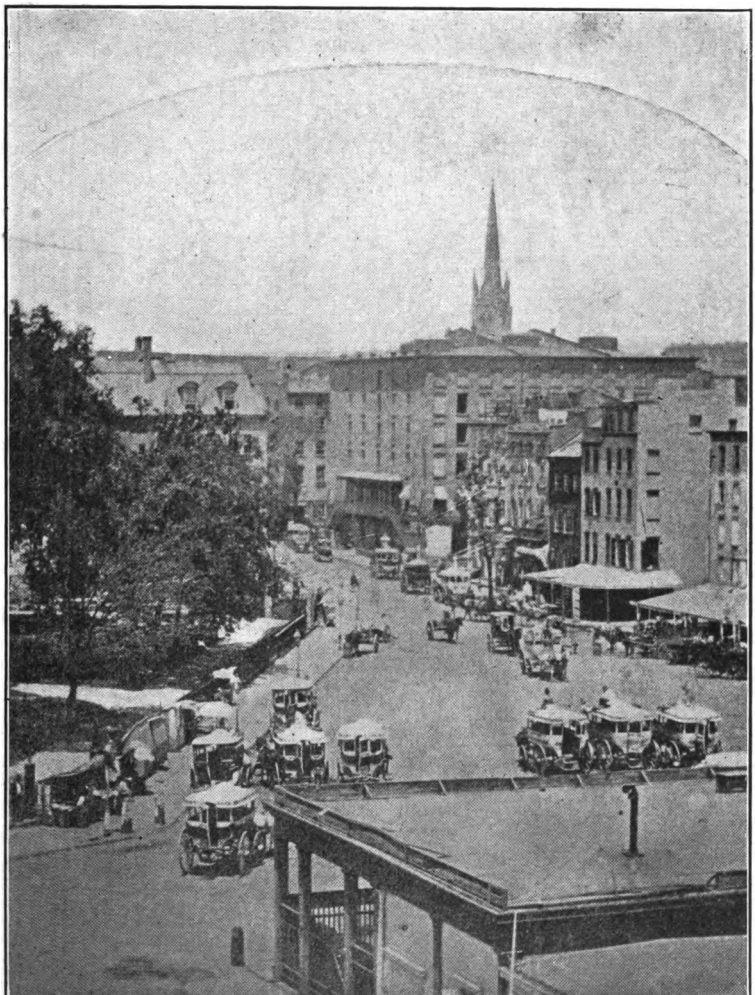

Foot of Whitehall Street in 1859. Terminal of the old Broadway stage lines. Robert Fulton lived in the house on the left. Trinity steeple is seen in the background. Collection of Mr. Theo. H. Schneider.

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have to show what New York looked like in the 50's and are now very precious and very expensive. Firms whose names are lettered on the views no doubt purchased their allotment at a cost not to exceed ten cents per copy. Many of these views were the product of a Beekman Street lithographer, William Endicott & Co., one of the pioneers in this now enormous industry.

Abendroth Bros., a landmark in Beekman Street for over half a century, have only recently forsaken their original habitat for an uptown location. In 1851 they were recorded as Iron Founders. David Graham, one of the great criminal lawyers of the day had his office at No. 20. The great watch firm of A. C. Hugeuian was at No. 19. Numbers 15 and 17, for so many years the home of H. Lindenmeyr & Brother, was a private residence. The Mercantile Library was at Nos. 7 and 9 and the offices of the Independent were at No. 24.

Around the corner on Tryon Row was the depot of the Harlem and the New Haven Railroads of which Mr. Robert Schuyler was president. The Hudson River R. R. had an office in the same building and Mr. James Boorman was then president.

The city was still largely residential beyond Beekman Street in 1859. City Hall Place, running from Centre Street to Pearl Street, was a quiet, attractive neighborhood on the outskirts of what was once the fashionable section of New York—Pearl Street, Marion Street and Chatham Square. At No. 18 lived a new arrival in New York who during the next half century was destined to play an important part in the paper trade of New York—Mr. Henry Lindenmeyr. Mr. Lindenmeyr had for his neighbors in the same trade for many years some old friends whose names are worth recalling. Besides Cyrus

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W. Field & Co., of whom we have already spoken, there were Smith Ely who later became Mayor of the city; J. & L. DeJonge & Co., who are still in business; the great house of Vernon Bros., Hand & Ellsworth, Edward A. Dickinson, Doty & MacFarlane, Campbell Hall, Harris Bros., H. C. & M. Hurlburt, George J. Kraft, Bulkley Bros. & Co., Cornell Hayward & Co., W. H. Parsons & Bro., now the Parsons Trading Co., large exporters of paper; Seymour & Co., Sage & Livingston and many others.

Quite a number of the successors of these old firms are still in business but are now scattered throughout the city. The recent erection of a building specially designed for the paper trade indicates that its old time prestige is coming back.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FIFTH WARD

HENRY THEODORE LUTZ

While reading Mr. Dunham's article on Bond Street in the Manual, I happened to glance at the wall and saw hanging there the key of old St. John's Park. My mind instantly reverted to my boyhood days and I could see myself learning to skate on my first little turned-up hollow skates, and the other pleasures that I enjoyed in the old park. I can well remember a little boy trying to get into the park, before father paid the yearly fee for the key, and whose head went through between the iron railing all right, but on seeing the keeper he could not get his head out again on account of his ears. I can also recall the switching I received not only from the keeper but also from "Daddy."

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AUSTRALIAN

COMMERCIAL LINE

FOR

MELBOURNE, DIRECT.

From Pier 8 East River.

THE CELEBRATED CLIPPER SHIP

GAME COCK

Having nearly all her cargo engaged, will have quick dispatch.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

C. B. FESSENDEN,

111 Wall St.

Consignees in Melbourne,

Messrs. WILKINSON BROTHERS & CO.

One of the earliest and rarest colored advertising cards sent out by shippers to customers (1840).

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I was born in the old two-story and attic building, 111 Hudson Street, June 21, 1859; from there we moved to Rose Street and in 1861 to 56 Lispenard Street; here my earliest memories are still fresh. The house was owned and the lower part occupied by a French jeweler, Mr. Victor Marchand. Next door was Moon's stable, where the express wagons of Harndon's express were kept, and next to 58 was John Ireland's chop house, occupying 60 and 62. Mr. Ireland's daughter and my sister were great chums and on one occasion, while playing around the attic, went into one of the rooms and somehow became locked in. Not being able to make themselves heard they crawled out of the dormer window and walked along the gutter to the next house, to the great consternation of the few passersby on the street.

Nearer to Church Street at about No. 40 was Oaks' Hotel. On the southwest corner of Broadway and Canal Street was the Brandreth House; on the northeast corner Baldwin's Clothing Store; Arnold, Constable & Co., corner Canal and Mercer; Lord & Taylor, corner Grand and Broadway; Wild's Candy Store, corner Broome and Broadway; Lockwood's bookstore on Broadway between Lispenard and Walker; Taylor's Restaurant, corner Broadway and Franklin; the old German Church in Walker Street near Broadway.

My earliest recollections are of the Rebellion, and are vivid, as I was very much interested and had the best opportunities to see the soldiers marching down Broadway and my father always took me with him on walks to see the sights. Among other things during the Draft Riots in 1863 we saw the crowds but did not see the body of the negro said to have been hanged on a lamp post at the corner of York Street and West Broadway; the funeral of

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Lincoln from the corner of Lispenard Street and the burning of Barnum's at Ann and Broadway.

A favorite trip was down to City Hall Park to see the soldiers and I can recall the gate with its four square pillars and the fountain at the lower end where the post-office now stands: the old lady with her ballads hung up on the railing opposite Murray Street; the mulberry trees on the sidewalk near Chambers Street and Barnum's Museum corner of Ann Street.

How many can recall the six-horse sleighs that were used instead of the stages in winter? How many can remember the paving stones with the diagonal groove? and how many in New York today have any idea that these same stones, twelve inches square, over which the gallant Seventh and Sixty-ninth marched and Lincoln's body passed in 1865 are still in use in the old Fifth Ward? Go down some day to the St. John's Freight Station and you will find them there used for the sidewalks.

Church Street during the war was lined with wooden shanties and each was supposedly a cigar store; at Worth Street extending down to West Broadway and south to Duane Street were many wooden houses occupied by negroes, who later moved to Thompson Street. The old New York Hospital, fronting on Broadway, was directly opposite this block, which is now occupied by the building of H. B. Claflin & Co.

As children we went to a Sunday School corner of Franklin Street, conducted by a Mr. Austin and for several years, on May day, we all marched down Center Street to the old church on William Street, between Ann and Fulton Streets, where after service each child was presented with a bag of fruit, candy, nuts, etc. Mr. Austin was employed by Bechstein & Co., pork butchers,

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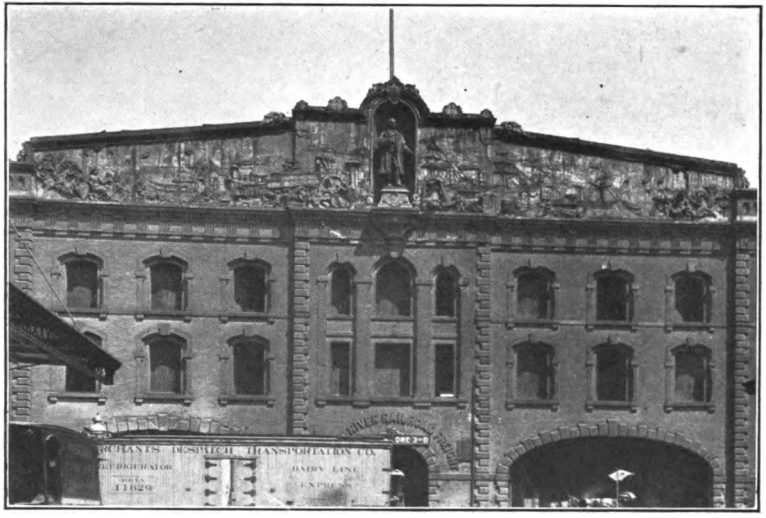

Decorative Bronze Pediment on Freight Depot, Hudson Street, site of old St. John's Park, illustrative of the several great activities of Commodore Vanderbilt whose statue is in the center.

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on Hudson Street, between Franklin and Leonard Streets and later became missionary to Alaska.

In 1865 we moved to 131 Hudson Street, a two-story and attic brick building, next door to an old ramshackle wooden house, corner Beach Street. Diagonally opposite was the pride of the Fifth Ward—St. John's Park—the picnic ground of Trinity parish. Many times have I watched the children playing there with battledore and shuttlecock, the girls wearing frilled pantalettes and some of the boys in boots with red label, with a golden eagle at the top and copper toes.

All around the park were neat brick buildings with high stoops and all had the same violet panes of glass in the windows.

When the Hudson River Railroad took the lease for ninety-nine years on the park property the best families moved farther up-town; John Ericsson, the designer of the Monitor, stayed in Beach Street until his death. His apparatus, in his rear yard, for generating power from the sun's rays was a source of great curiosity to the neighbors. When the freight station was dedicated, a great number of carriages filled all the surrounding streets and we were all interested in the unveiling of the statue of old Commodore Vanderbilt and the great bronze pediment on the Hudson Street side, facing Hubert Street. This interesting piece of work is still in place and shows the styles of locomotives and steamships in use at that time.

Commencing at the lower end of Hudson Street, on the south side of Chambers Street, was the passenger station of the H. R. R. R. This was used principally for immigrants; at No. 1 Hudson Street was the old two-story and attic building occupied by Ridley, the candy

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man; on the southeast corner of Worth Street the freight station. The American Express Building with their trademark (a dog reclining on a safe), on a large sign, corner of Jay Street; further north on the northeast corner of North Moore Street, the then celebrated silk retail store of John Atwill, which was patronized by the wealthy people even after the neighborhood had fallen from its aristocratic heights. On the west side, No. 113, blind Mr. Waters' stationery and news store, Pitman's grocery on the northwest corner North Moore Street and next door Odell's (the originator of ice cream soda). Two blocks north at Hubert Street, turning west, the residential section ended abruptly and from Collister Street to the river most of the space was occupied by sugar refineries; at West Street, then a narrow street, most of the piers from North Moore Street to Vestry Street were used by vessels bringing in cane and raw sugar. Every kind of sailing vessels could be seen and the vicinity looked as South Street did in later years.

Below this section down to Washington Market immense quantities of watermelons and vegetables arrived from the South and to the north above Christopher Street were the oyster barges and sloops.

I regret that I can not recall the date of the great fire (about 1867), that swept these piers, but I will never forget how the flames ran up the tarred stays and halyards and how they jumped from one ship to another.

Some fires that I witnessed were very spectacular: 444 Broadway, Barnum's Museum just above Spring Street, Lent's Circus Fourteenth Street, opposite Irving Place, and a second fire later at 444 Broadway, where many firemen were killed and injured—the injured ones were taken in to Dowd's restaurant just above Howard

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Street—and in 1876 the fire corner Grand Street and Broadway (afterwards Mills and Gibbs Building), just below the old Mercantile Library Building.

Speaking of fires brings back to me the school in North Moore Street, that I attended until 1873—dear old 44. Opposite the school was the firehouse of the Metropolitan Fire Department, later H. & L. No. 8, and it was a great treat for the boys when the various engines would have competitions to see which could throw a stream over the Liberty pole in the Franklin Street triangle.

My first recollection of old 44 is the infant class in the West Broadway wing, where an old Frenchman taught us to spell by the phonetic system—f-a-t; c-a-t; and I can hear him yet. Later when I reached the highest primary grade, Prof. Bristow, who was the singing instructor, and a Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin selected the better singers from various schools and gave a patriotic concert at Steinway's in Fourteenth Street. I can remember getting a red, white and blue badge for selling a certain number of tickets and also recall one of the choruses:

Laugh and grow fat is a saying of old;
Whether or not it's the cause of obesity
This I believe—in the physical man—
Laughter's demands are a kind of necessity.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,
Let the home ring again
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,
Care will take wing again
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,
Laughter will drive care away.

Looking back on the old happy school days it seems too bad that we cannot meet our old friends in periodical gatherings and keep alive old memories. Dear old Dr.

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Belden—how many remember him? We all loved him, even if he did once in awhile take us into his private room and lay us over his knee and give us a few whacks with a rattan. No doubt we deserved it. The other teachers were:

Mr. Conklin.....Class A
Mr. Hamilton.....Class B
Mr. Bates.....Class B, Jr.
(in later years "Baldy" Briggs)
Miss Hopps.....Class C
Miss Bates.....Class C, Jr.
Miss Ransom.....Class D
Miss Albro.....Class D, Jr.
Miss Held.....Class E
Miss Rumbel.....Class F

Mr. Briggs certainly did not have an enviable job, as the boys looked upon him as a joke, as he would hear the lessons of any pupil who would come in early and then for the balance of the day they would play all kinds of pranks. He was, however, a very able man and well known as an astronomical mathematician.

I do not meet many of the old schoolmates, but a few still are in little old New York—Oscar J. Gude, William Maloy, John Ready, Ben Maxwell,—but many have crossed the border, among the latest Diamond Jim Brady.

Next door to the school, corner of Franklin Street, was a little drug store, principally remembered by a sign in the window advertising some remedy for headache or neuralgia. I can still see the agonized expression on the face of a man, on whose head a dozen or more devils were boring holes and driving spikes and pickaxes. I wonder what the remedy was.

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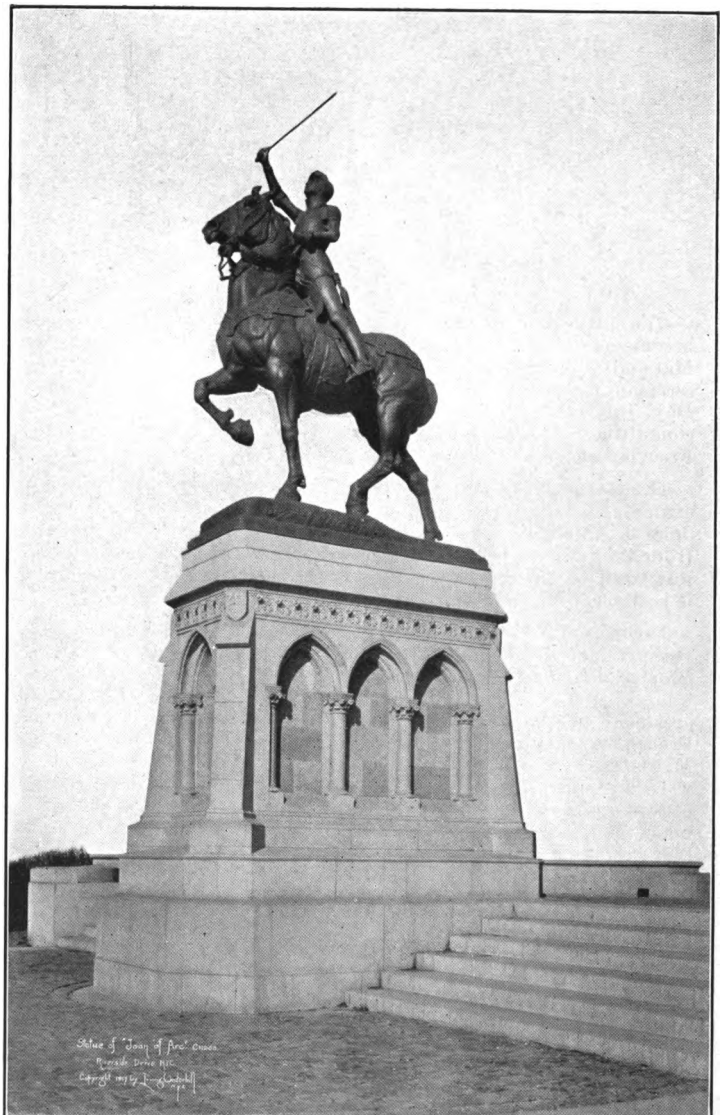

Statue of Joan of Arc, Riverside Drive and 93rd Street.

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JOAN OF ARC STATUE

The statue of Joan of Arc by Miss A. V. Hyatt has very naturally become one of the most conspicuous in the city for the time being. Marshall Joffre visited it May 10th, 1917, and took part in a brief ceremony. It was also the scene of a great gathering on Bastile Day, July 14th, 1918, under the auspices of the Joan of Arc statue committee. The gathering was addressed by M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador and other notable men.

The statue is a beautiful and inspiring work of art and a fine example of equestrian statuary. The pedestal is the design of John J. Van Pelt. Part of the stone of the pedestal was brought from the prison in Rouen where the brave and pure hearted girl was confined till her death. Back of the statue in the pavement is a stone from the Cathedral of Rheims.

The originator of the idea of the statue is Mr. J. Sanford Saltus, vice-president of the Museum of French Art, by whose untiring efforts and generosity this fine work of art was accomplished. He was assisted notably in this country by Dr. Geo. Frederick Kunz president of the Joan of Arc statue committee, the Museum of French Art in New York, and the American Numismatic Society. M. and Mme. Frank Edwin Scott of Paris, both well known artists, were untiring in their efforts to secure pictures and photographs of statues made in Europe. They also contributed and collected important contributions to the fund. The statue was unveiled Dec. 6th, 1915.

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One of the interesting happenings in the old Fifth was the building and testing of the first elevated railroad in Greenwich Street. This extended up to Houston Street when the structure was tested. It did not test up to mark, for the loaded flat car broke through; luckily no one was injured. The motive power was an endless cable running on wheels between the tracks, the cable being propelled by an engine underground at Franklin Street. On the corner of Franklin and Washington Streets was the factory of James Pyle, who manufactured lemon sugar and later on soaps and pearline.

Before the completion of the Sixth Avenue L we were compelled to make long trips if we wanted to go skating, sometimes to the Capitoline grounds in Brooklyn or to the St. George cricket grounds in Hoboken, near the Eysian field, or in the Sixth or Eighth Avenue horse cars to Central Park, or by stage to the open air rink on Madison Avenue just back of where the old Windsor Hotel was afterward built. In both stages and cars the floors were covered with straw.

With the widening of Laurens Street and the completion of the Sixth Avenue L changes took place rapidly and today most of the old landmarks are gone. Old St. John's Church still stands, but it is dilapidated and is a sorry reminder of this once beautiful section.

The corner of Hudson and Canal Streets at the present time looks very much as it did in 1870 when I stood on this corner and bared my head as the body of Admiral Farragut passed by, followed by Gen. U. S. Grant, Ben Butler and many other war heroes.

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THE CLIPPER SHIPS OF : : OLD NEW YORK : :

THERE are still many men in New York who can recall the forest of masts in South Street thirty and forty years ago. The long bowsprits with their grotesque figures, that stretched clear across the street almost to the windows opposite; the fragrant odor of tar, Norway pine, spices and what not; the wheezy donkey engine, the creaking windlass and the strange oaths of the stevedores and truckmen—all were characteristic of South Street in the reign of the "Clipper."

One by one these old Champions of the Seas disappeared. The "Young America" was last seen lying off Gibraltar as a coal hulk; and that superb old greyhound of the ocean, the "Flying Cloud" suffered a similar ignominious ending. She was not even spared the humiliation of concealing her tragic end from the eyes of her former envious rivals, but was condemned to end her days as a New Haven scow towed up the Sound with a load of brick and concrete behind a stuck up parvenu tug. Ever and anon as if to emphasize her newly acquired importance, the tug would bury the old-time square-rigged

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beauty in a cloud of filthy smoke. Imagine the feelings of an ex-Cape Horner under such conditions! There should have been a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Old Clippers. Everybody who knows anything about ships, knows that they have feelings just the same as anybody else.

Romance has temporarily at least been driven from the sea, and the Ship of our Dreams is gone. You may haunt the wharves in these piping times of steam—

Yet never see those proud ones swaying home,
With mainyards backed and bows acream with foam.
* * * * * * *
As once long since, when all the docks were filled
With that set beauty man has ceased to build.
* * * * * * *
They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships again—

Many strange things are happening nowadays however and perhaps a renaissance of our old time merchant marine may be among the wonders of the next few years.

Exactly why a ship is called "she" has never been determined, but any man who has experienced her coquetry and exasperating deviltry at times is convinced that she is properly classed with the female of the species. Records abound of ships built for speed and speed alone, but which when complete positively refuse to get out of their own way. And per contra, some third-class commonplace design purposely planned as a slow plodding carrier, suddenly decides to become a flier; and develops a burst of speed that astounds the builder and transports the owner into a seventh heaven. Such things, you say, ought not to be. One would imagine that with all of our modern science, long experience and boasted efficiency, it would no longer be a matter of guess-work to build a

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ship that would be the peer of any other ship ever built. Why not? The faults in one ship are now known and can be easily corrected in the new one. Simple enough, isn't it?

Well, that is just what mere men can not do and probably never will do,—and no one knows why either; as Lord Dundreary remarked "it is one of these things no fellah can find out." It is among the few things beyond human skill and comprehension. A ship is likewise sensitive in other respects. She is keenly conscious when she is in the hands of a true sailor. To him she yields everything. He knows all her varying moods and loves her for them. He treats her kindly and in his hour of danger she never fails. Should she, however, be in charge of a deep sea canaler, she will at once begin to cut up tantrums. Everything you can think of will happen to that ship in no time and unless help comes to her speedily, she will have literally thrashed herself to pieces. In this particular, there is a wonderful similarity between a Queen of the Seas and a Queen of the Turf. Both are thoroughbreds and both are high strung to an inordinate degree and both need skillful and daring drivers.

There are still many records performed by these Old Clipper Ships that have never been surpassed even by steam. We except, of course, the five-day trips by monster liners between New York and Liverpool which were merely short excursions compared with the run from New York around Cape Horn to San Francisco, or from Java Head to New York. We have in mind for example the run of the Dreadnought from this port to Liverpool commencing Nov. 20th, 1854. Her log shows 300 miles on the 24th, 270 on the 30th with three other days over 260 average. Or the Flying Cloud in her famous record

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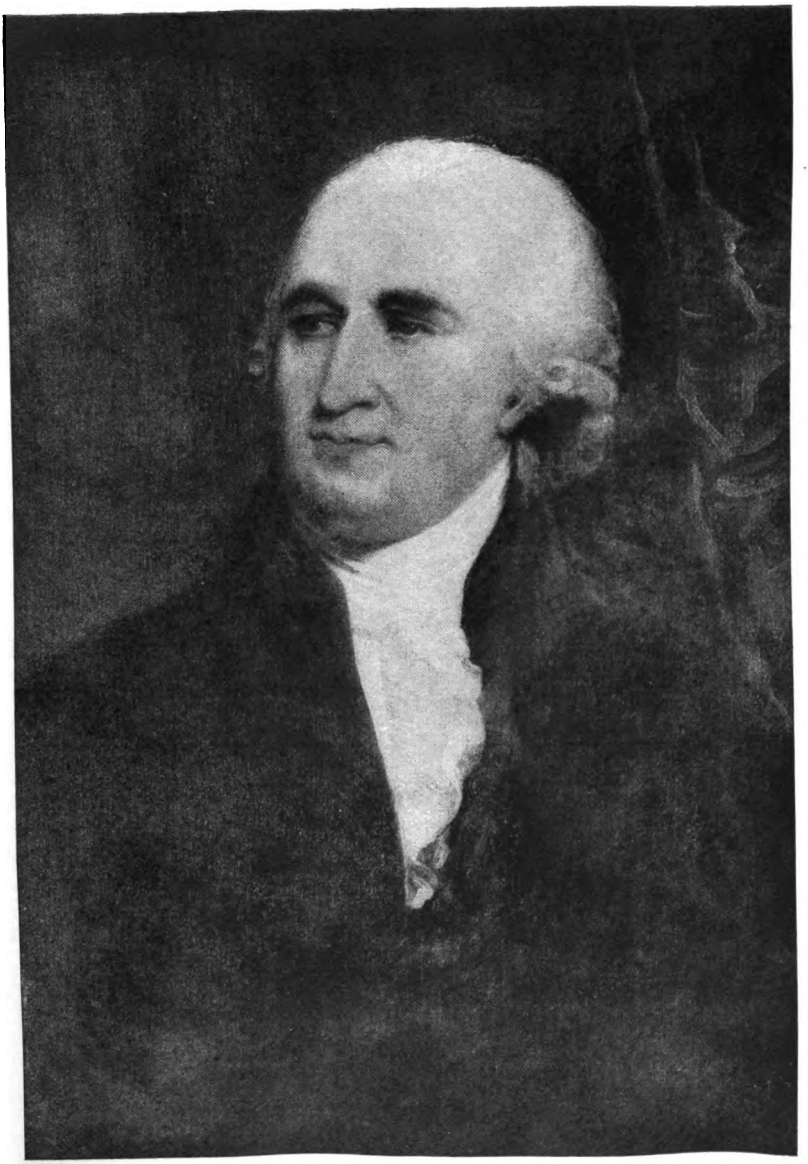

JAMES DUANE
First Mayor of New York, 1784-9. Painted from life by Trumbull, from the original in the City Hall.

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run of 374 miles on her voyage to San Francisco in June, 1851. This splendid showing remained unbeaten even by steam for many years thereafter and it would be a safe wager that no steamer even today could equal this time on a straight away voyage from New York to her anchorage in the Golden Gate.

It is quite difficult at this late day to recreate the atmosphere which surrounded the departure of a Packet or a Clipper in those days. A glance at the files of the *New York Mirror* of 1839, the fashionable paper of its day gives us a very clear idea however of the importance of that event in the life of our city.

"One of the many exciting scenes that transpire in our busy metropolis; one of the most interesting and characteristic is of that which occurs on the occasion known to our citizens as "Packet-Day." It is a day full of bustle and business to the brokers, the banks, the passengers, the friends of the passengers and to all who have any communications with the "Old World." Taking advantage of the earliest breeze that may be propitious, the packet ship spreads her white wings to the wind and drops down our noble harbor toward the Narrows. At length she has reached her destination and the steamer, which is to bear the friends of the passengers who have accompanied them thus far back to the city, is puffing and wheezing along side the packet. After due farewell, the proud ship, careening to the breeze, bows her white sails and tapering masts to the wind and speeds away over the unfathomed deep. Soon she fades and dwindles to a speck in the distance and the steamer, regardless of wind or tides, glides back to the city and lands her passengers."

This reference to the return of the steamer "regardless of wind or tides" is an allusion to the superior power of

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the steam driven vessel against the sail, in those days still a novelty. The Liverpool Packets of the Collins Line, the Black Ball, Swallow Tail, Red Cross, Dramatic, and State Lines made regular sailings to Liverpool and some years later attained the dignity of a weekly schedule maintained as the ocean liners do today.

Notwithstanding the successful introduction by Fulton of the steam propelled vessel as early as 1809 the art seems to have languished till late in the 30s. One reason for this was doubtless the exclusive right granted by the Government to Fulton and Livingston whereby the coastwise waters, lakes and inland rivers were handed over to these worthies in fee simple so far as steam navigation was concerned. Daniel Webster took up the matter on the broad ground of public policy and finally succeeded in destroying the monopoly. After that progress began in real earnest.

The departure of a California or China Clipper was even a more important event than the shorter voyage to England, and always attracted a great crowd to the Battery. After she had finished loading at her pier on the East River it was the custom for her to drop down to the Battery then to receive her crew, take on some gunpowder from Ellis Island and finally set sail for her far off destination.

Perhaps the greatest attraction for the people who gathered to see her off—and the fashionable promenade around the Park at the Battery was always crowded—was the delight in hearing the sailors sing their sea songs as the ship made ready. These cheering, rollicking "chanties" were unlike anything ever heard elsewhere and in fact were apparently untransplantable. They could only be rendered in their proper environment amid

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the bustle and excitement of Battery Boat men, delivering belated sailors, the mate sizing up his crew; the hoisting of the sails and the thousand and one things going on at the same time.

It certainly imparted an air of cheerfulness to the departing ship. It used to be said that a good Chanty man was worth four men in a watch. This was more than true for when a crew knocked off chantying it seemed as if the ship and all hands were dead. And the effect upon the crew was equally depressing.

Where these songs came from originally, who wrote them and how they came to be the peculiar property of the Clipper ship has never been quite satisfactorily explained. There seems to be no particular sense in the words though in that respect they are not so different from the average popular song of our day. But they are certainly far from rhyme or reason. Captain Clark in his "Clipper Ship Era" goes into this in splendid detail. One that was always sung with great gusto ran something like this:

"In eighteen hundred and forty six
I found myself in a hell of a fix
A working on the railway, the railway, the railway,
Oh! poor Paddy works on the railway."

"In eighteen hundred and forty seven
When Dan O'Connolly went to Heaven,
He worked upon the railway, the railway, the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway, the railway."

There were verses enough to keep the crew busy till the particular sail in hand was properly set. It might require the prolongation of the trials of poor Paddy all through the nineteenth century and well into the next. He never seemed to do anything or get anywhere except on the railway. His ultimate fate was evidently a mat-

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ter of indifference to the salts, as they would promptly dispose of Paddy and his adventures the moment the mate sung out "Avast there—Hold it" signifying that the task was done.

It generally took one or two songs to wake the crew up, but when they were finally under way the music of their songs could be heard far up on Beaver Street.

Another chorus that would be sung to the hauling of the three topsail halliards was:

"Away, way, way, you
We'll kill Paddy Doyle for his boots."

And another which likewise enjoyed the distinction of interminable length began:

"Then up aloft that yard must go
Whiskey for my Johnny!
Oh! whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey Johnny!
I thought I heard the old man say,
Whiskey for my Johnny."

And so on. Why this ballad on whisky should be so popular is another mystery. For strange as it may seem the crews of American Clipper ships carried no grog aboard—in contradistinction to almost every other nation—and served only hot coffee to the watch even in the Antarctic waters of the Cape.

As the whole world is now giving attention to this "booze" question, it is not inapropos to recall the temperance policy of the old merchant marine. This may or may not have been a factor in its success. You may decide for yourself. But it cannot be denied that the insurance companies, guided no doubt by their experience with American Clippers, made a standing offer to any other merchantman of a reduction of 10% provided coffee was substituted for grog.

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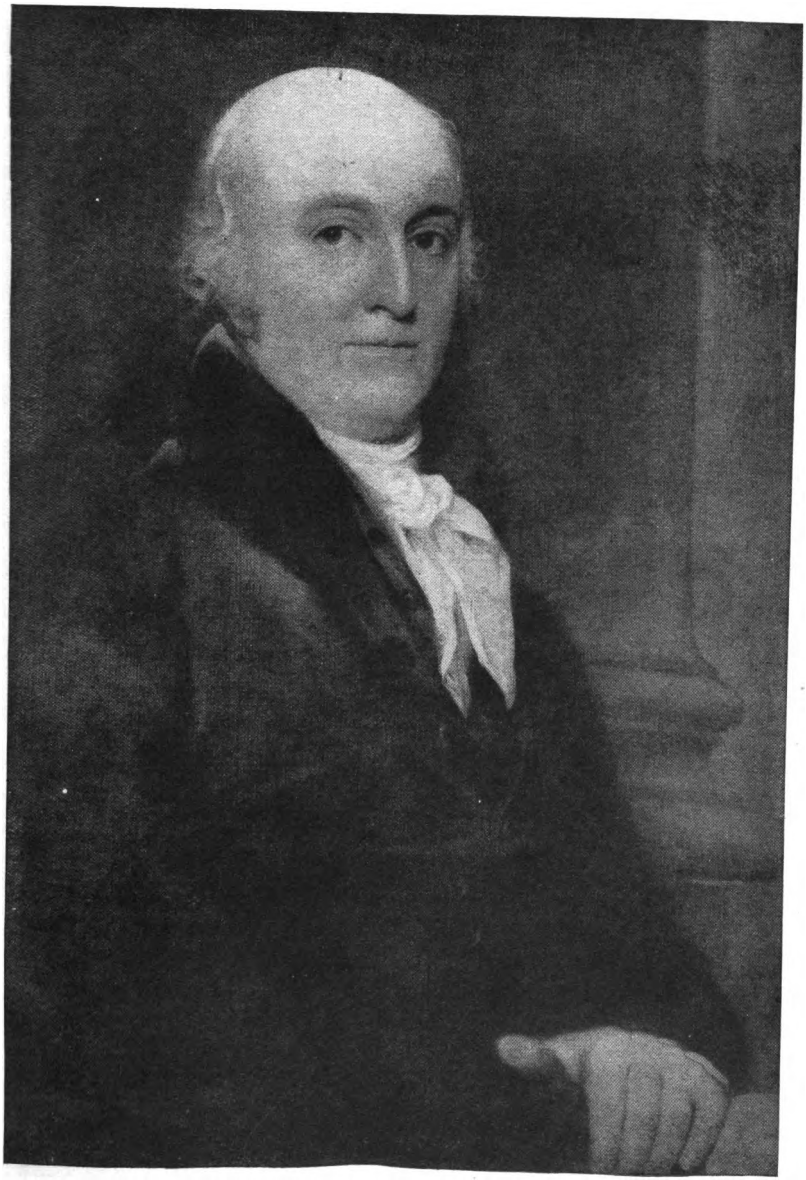

RICHARD VARICK
Second Mayor of New York, 1789-1801. Painted from life by Trumbull, from the original in the City Hall.

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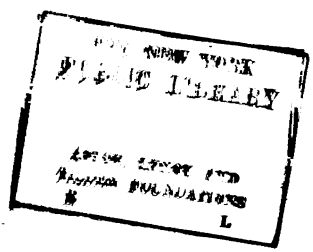
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"The ship, however, is tugging at her anchor. The tide is ebb and the white sails glisten in the sun. The anchor is brought to the rail, head sheets begin to draw and the ship gathers way in the slack water. A scramble is made by the longshoremen and extra hands for the trim little whitehall boats alongside; the crowd on the Battery shore give three hearty cheers. The ensign is dipped and the graceful clipper with a smother of foam at her fire peak is away for the Golden Gate and the perils of Cape Horn.

"Once clear of the Bay and hull down on the horizon the voyage was fairly begun. A more beautiful sight can hardly be imagined than the dawn breaking with possibly two or three of these magnificent vessels in sight of each other at once and a mid ocean race as a natural sequence. The sun bursts through the morning mists tinging the clouds with gold. Dancing white caps fleck the dark blue waters of the sparkling sea. The graceful yachtlike hulls of the racers send a spume of foam athwart their bows. The tapering masts, white with clouds of snowy canvass straining at every turn and buckle. All hands are now on deck. The officers keen and alert the crew ready and willing to obey the slightest wish of the captain. The weather door of the galley usually frames the happy grinning woolly head of the Cook whose presence is absolutely essential to the winning of the race. And as night comes on and one after another disappears in the lengthening shadows the day is one long to be remembered." More than one old New Yorker still living has enjoyed such an experience as a guest or before the mast in search of health.

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Some of the Famous Fliers

Some idea may be had of the speed of these Clippers when it is remembered that the ordinary cargo ship consumed upon an average about 300 days from New York and Boston to San Francisco. There is a list of some hundred and twenty-five voyages made between 1850 and 1860 in which the time is 110 days or less. The *Flying Cloud* and the *Andrew Jackson* both of whose pictures are shown have each a voyage of 89 days to their credit. For consistency of performance, however, the *Flying Cloud* has the best sustained record. The former made it in 1851 and again in '54 while it was not until 1860 that the *Jackson* equalled the mark. Both of them used these splendid records with telling effect in their advertising and it gives us great pleasure to reproduce elsewhere one of these old sailing cards issued by the *Jackson*. Many old firms will recall these highly ornate affairs. They were very striking and the very first use made of brilliant colors on purely commercial cards. Their popularity was great. And a few years later a craze for lithographed cards set in that practically created the present vast industry of lithography. All sorts of businesses used these attractive colored cards and collecting them became quite a craze. Their origin, however, was in these early Clipper Cards as we have just related. A very nice collection has been presented by Mr. P. A. S. Franklin to the India House where they may be seen in the Franklin room. Almost all the old firms are represented—Sutton & Co., Cooley, Wm. T. Coleman & Co. and others. They are a very interesting relic of Clipper days and used to be delivered by

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Hussey's Post by hand. Hussey had a sort of rival to the postoffice which he built up while the Government had its hands full with the Civil War. He enjoyed quite a lucrative trade with the down town merchants who wanted immediate delivery and at less cost than postal rates.

The Government finally got after him and Webster told him to quit and save what he had. Hussey was obstinate however and would not take the great expounder's advice. As a result the litigation which followed cost him all his fortune and he died poor.

After the records we have just cited came the run of the *Sword Fish* also in '51 of 90 days. Two years later the *Flying Fish* did it in 92, the *John Gilpin* in 93.

In '56 the *Sweepstakes* in 94. In '51 the *Surprise* in 96; the *Romance of the Seas* '54 in 96. The *Sea Witch* '50 in 97; the *Contest* 97; the *Witchcraft* '54 in 97. The *Antelope* '56 in 97. The *Flying Dragon* '57 in 97 and the *Sierra Nevada* '59 in 97.

Two made it in 98 days: the *Flying Fish* and *David Brown*. *The Herald of the Morning* 99 days.

Capt. Arthur H. Clark, one of the few surviving Captains of the Clipper Era, has compiled in his well known book *"The Clipper Ship Era"* the following table of such other voyages as came within a 110 day limit—each of which was a remarkable performance notwithstanding the fact that it was occasionally bettered by a particularly favorable run of wind and weather lasting throughout an entire voyage—which was the exception and not the rule.

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Clipper Runs New York to San Francisco

	DAYS		DAYS
Celestial	104	Young America	110
Race Horse	109	Archer	106
Samuel Russell	109	Challenger	110
Challenge	108	Courier	108
N. B. Palmer	106	Eagle	103
Raven	105	Eagle Wing	106
Sea Witch	110	Golden City	105
Seaman	107	Herald of the Morning.	106
Stag-Hound	107	Matchless	109
Typhoon	106	Pamparo	105
Witchcraft	103	Polynesia	104
Comet	103	Ringleader	109
Courser	108	San Francisco	105
Eclipse	104	Boston Light	102
Northern Light	109	Cleopatra	107
Staffordshire	101	Don Quixote	108
John Bertram	105	Electric	109
Shooting Star	105	Governor Morton	104
White Squall	110	Greenfield	110
Wild Pigeon	104	Neptune's Car	100
Sovereign of the Seas	103	Red Rover	107
Bald Eagle	107	Telegraph	109
Contest	108	David Brown	103
Flying Cloud	105	Electric Spark	106
Flying Dutchman	104	Flyaway	106
Golden Age	103	Mary L. Sutton	110
Golden Gate	102	North Wind	110
Hornet	105	Phantom	101
Invincible	110	Reporter	107
Meteor	110	Wild Hunter	108
Oriental	100	Andrew Jackson	100
Phantom	104	John Land	104
Rebekah	106	Dashing Wave	107
Sea Serpent	107	Esther May	103
Sword-Fish	105	Twilight	100
Storm	109	Robin Hood	107
Tornado	109	Lookout	108
Trade-Wind	102	Ocean Telegraph	109
Westward-Ho	103	White Swallow	110
		Winged Racer	105

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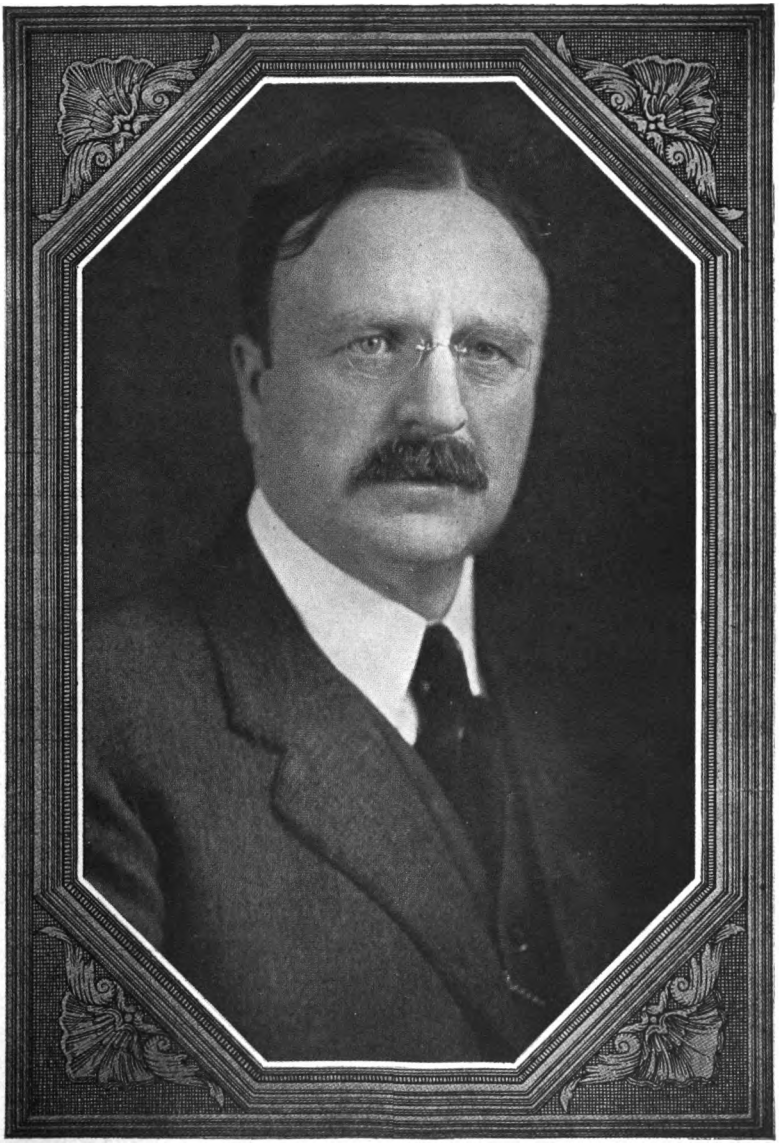

HON. JOHN F. HYLAN
Ninety-eighth Mayor of New York City, 1918-21.

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: THE CITY GOVERNMENT :

Mr. Hylan Succeeds Mr. Mitchell as Mayor

IN the old Manuals it was customary to include the names of *all* employes on the City's pay roll and also a brief reference to every activity in which the City had a direct interest. These included the Public Schools, Hospitals, Reformatory Buildings, Parks, Fire and Hose Companies, Docks, Piers and every other public or semi-public institution. The early numbers contained the individual names of the High Constables and all the members of the rattle watch; the school teachers, the charwomen, the licensed public victuallers, pedlers and so on. Some of our friends think we should approximate this plan in the present Manuals.

All of this information however is published in the City Record. The pay roll alone contains usually eighty to ninety thousand names, sometimes rising to the formidable total of over one hundred and twenty thousand on special occasions. Such a task is therefore entirely beyond the scope of the present Manual. Even as it is we cannot do justice to all the Boroughs.

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The City has grown since Valentine's day. That is a very mild way in which to speak of this change. Time has proven, however, that the old Manual is esteemed more for the quaint old pictures, reminiscent and historical articles than for the technical details of City management. If we can succeed in placing before our readers an adequate idea of old New York from past contemporary records, we shall have to be content, and leave the details of the present day to our esteemed contemporary, the *City Record.*

With the advent of each succeeding administration there comes a complete change in the personnel of the offices. We give below the names of the new heads of the respective departments and the principal officers elected January 1, 1918. In the first volume of Valentine's Manual, 1916-17 we gave a synopsis of the City Government in all its details and particulars under the Mitchel régime.

MAYOR'S OFFICE

JOHN F. HYLAN.....Mayor
Term expires Dec. 31, 1921. Salary $15,000.
GROVER A. WHALEN Secretary to the Mayor
JOHN F. SINNOTT.....Executive Secretary
FRANCES W. ROKUS.....Acting Executive Secretary

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

CHARLES L. CRAIG.....Comptroller
Term expires Dec. 31, 1921. Salary $15,000.
CHARLES F. KERRIGAN.....Secretary

BOROUGH PRESIDENTS

FRANK L. DOWLING.....Manhattan
EDWARD RIEGELMANN .....Brooklyn
HENRY BRUCKNER .....Bronx
MAURICE E. CONNOLLY .....Queens
CALVIN D. VAN NAME.....Richmond

BOARD OF ESTIMATE AND APPORTIONMENT

This board consists of the Mayor, Comptroller, President of the Board of Aldermen, and the five Borough Presidents.

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BOARD OF ALDERMEN

ALFRED E. SMITH .....President
ROBERT L. MORAN.....Vice Chairman
FRANCIS P. KENNEY.....Chairman Com. on Finance

Besides these officers there are 73 Aldermen representing the city—one from each district, elected for two years.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE SINKING FUND

The Mayor, Comptroller, Chamberlain, President of the Board of Aldermen, and the Chairman of the Finance Committee.

THE CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE

Custodian of the public money; appointed by the Mayor.

ALFRED J. JOHNSON.....Chamberlain
EDWARD J. GLENNON.....Deputy Chamberlain

DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS

JACOB A. CANTOR.....President

JOS. F. O'GRADY
JAMES P. SINNOTT
RICHARD H. WILLIAMS
ARTHUR H. MURPHY
GEORGE H. PAYNE
LEWIS M. SWASEY

BOARD OF EDUCATION

ARTHUR S. SOMERS.....President
FRANK D. WILSEY.....Vice President

ANNING S. PRALL
GEORGE J. RYAN
MRS. RUTH F. RUSSELL
MRS. EMMA L. MURRAY
JOSEPH YESKA

DEPARTMENT OF PARKS

WILLIAM F. GRELL, Commis'ner for Manh'n. and R'mond.
JOHN N. HARMAN.....Commissioner for Brooklyn
JOSEPH P. HENNESSY.....Commissioner for Bronx
ALBERT C. BENNINGER.....Commissioner for Queens

BOARD OF HEALTH

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND.....President
DR. LELAND E. COFER.....Health Officer of Port
RICHARD E. ENRIGHT.....Police Commissioner

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DEPARTMENT OF STREET CLEANING

ARNOLD B. MACSTAY.....Commissioner
H. WARREN HUBBARD, Deputy Commissioner, Manhattan
MACHAEL LAURA.....Deputy Commissioner, Brooklyn
JAMES W. BROWN.....Deputy Commissioner, Bronx

POLICE DEPARTMENT

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT.....Commissioner
JOHN A. LEACH.....First Deputy Commissioner
WILLIAM J. LAHEY.....Second Deputy Commissioner
JOHN W. GOFF.....Third Deputy Commissioner
FRED A. WALLIS.....Fourth Deputy Commissioner
MRS. ELLEN A. O'GRADY....Fifth Deputy Commissioner
JOHN A. HARRIS.....Special Deputy Commissioner
RODMAN WANAMAKER ....Special Deputy Commissioner
ALLAN A. RYAN.....Special Deputy Commissioner

BOARD OF WATER SUPPLY

JOHN F. GALVIN.....President
CHAS. N. CHADWICK L. J. O'REILLY

DEPARTMENT OF WATER, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

NICHOLAS J. HAYES.....Commissioner
JOHN J. DIETZ.....Deputy Commissioner
ALBERT H. LIBENAU.....Deputy Commissioner, Bronx
C. M. SHEEHAN.....Deputy Commissioner, Brooklyn
JAMES C. BUTLER.....Deputy Commissioner, Queens
JAMES L. VAIL.....Deputy Commissioner, Richmond

ART COMMISSION

ROBERT W. DE FOREST.....President
A. AUGUSTUS HEALY.....Vice President
JULES GUERIN .....Secretary
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.....Assistant Secretary

DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS AND FERRIES

MURRAY HULBERT .....Commissioner
MICHAEL COSGROVE .....Deputy Commissioner
HENRY A. MEYER.....Deputy Commissioner

DEPARTMENT OF CHARITIES

BIRD S. COLER.....Commissioner
S. A. NUGENT.....First Deputy Commissioner
P. J. CARLIN.....Second Deputy Commissioner
REV. DR. S. BUCHLER.....Third Deputy Commissioner

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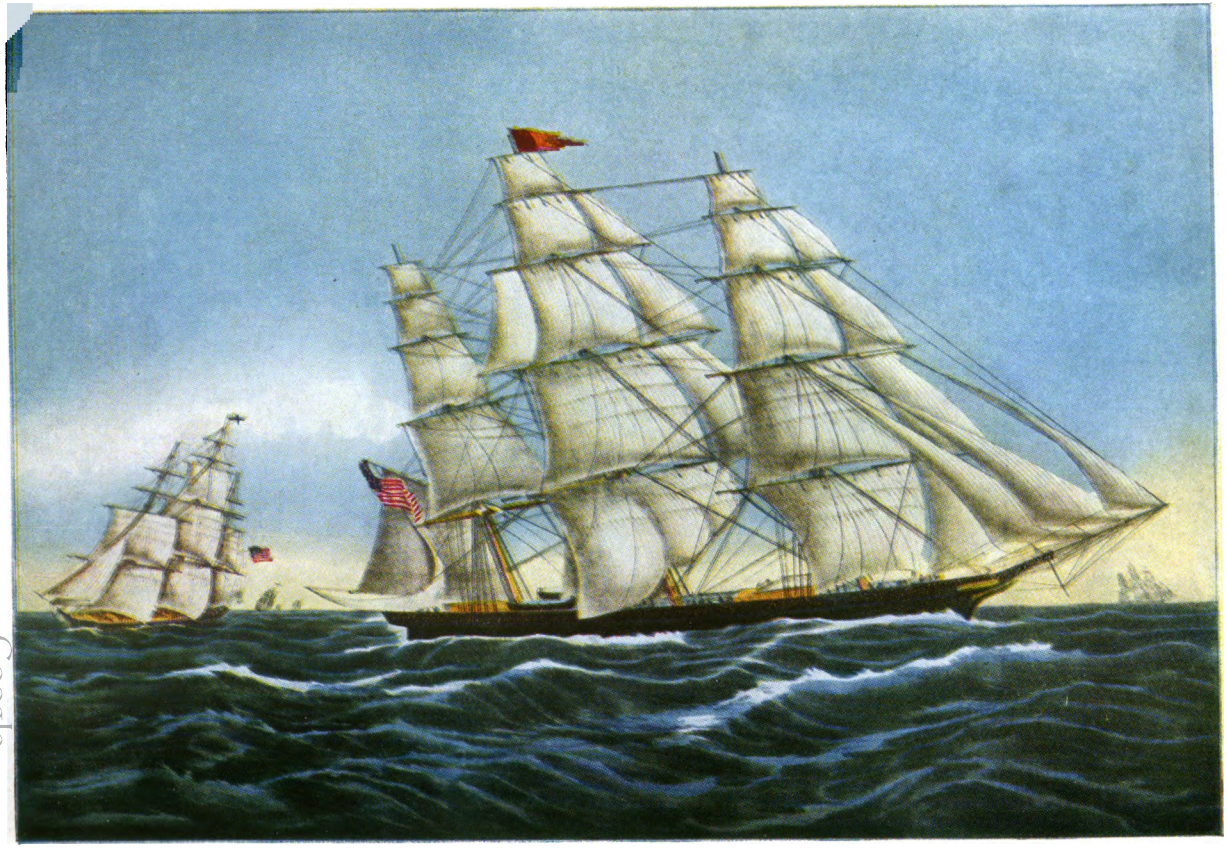

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Sweepstakes 1853

This beautiful clipper made the fastest voyage to California in 1856—94 days and an abstract from her log on this trip gives an interesting sidelight of the run in its various stages.

	Days
From Sandy Hook to the Equator...	18
From the Equator to 50° S.....	23
From 50° S. Atlantic to 50° S. Pacific	15
From 50° S. to the Equator.....	17
From the Equator to San Francisco..	23
Total	94

No more beautiful sight was ever seen than the Sweepstakes coming up the bay all sails set and a big bone in her teeth. It is well worth remembering.

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The Posthumous Diary of Diedrick Knickerbocker

My erstwhile and now classic friend, boniface Seth Handyside, he of the Independent Columbian Hotel in Cortlandt Street who caused to be published my "certain kind of a curious written book" to satisfy him of my beholding for board and lodging, little dreamed that he would render his obscure and impecunious guest one of the great men of his time. For such I now understand is the judgment of mankind on my modest effort to set forth in simple language the origin and progress of the great city of my birth. Whimsical though it be, yet truth was ever my hand maiden, and despite its many short comings, my humble work has been accorded exceeding high praise, at which my friend Handyside marvelled no more than I.

I come again amongst you—to record my observations of the great city which has ever been dominent in my affections and never absent from my thoughts. These kindly comments will be interspersed, as my good friend Handyside truly remarked, with philosophical speculations and moral precepts which he claimed did so much to make my former book so greatly esteemed.

When I was last among you my amiable friend Richard Varick was the Mayor. We chose him above all other citizens for his sterling character, his proven ability and his strict integrity. So high an honor could not be lightly bestowed nor could it be openly sought. It was as it should be.

But the old days are passed and new modes and practices prevail. Methought the Hon. John Purroy Mitchel, and so the papers told me, was one citizen among a mil-

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lion. So much praise, so much adulation was this young man's portion that I was fearful lest the effect should be evil. But I was assured, and was to discover it soon myself, that the young man was unaffected by this lavish flattery. I deemed the city thrice blessed which had a Mayor whom all so delighted to honor. And it were folly, quoth I, to dispose of the services of so able and faithful a public servant.

Nor was I alone in this opinion. With possibly one or two exceptions, the papers, and especially the one edited by my old friend Coleman, were a unit in his favor. Nor among my learned friends was there ought of dissent. Methought the selection was unanimous and the casting of the ballots a mere formality. For the moment I put aside all thought of the mutability of human affairs and the great uncertainty of the best laid plans of mice and men.

Far be it from me to do aught but faithfully and truthfully portray events as they occurred. Nor shall I presume to cite other than the documents in the case. Novel weapons are now in use that were strangers to my days. The skilful limners—cartoonists I believe they are called —drew most mirth provoking pictures of our worthy Mayor participating in what is known in polite society as "Tea Dansants"—a function but little understood by the people and too often unthinkingly allied to conduct of great reprehensibility in their eyes, albeit of an innocent and harmless nature. And when his Honor was further described as being translated in to a state of ecstasy because, forsooth, a certain citizen of great wealth called him by his christian name, thereby revealing a degree of personal intimacy but little short of criminal—

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the day was lost irretrievably and I retired to my study in a maze of perplexity.

Rising betimes I bethought me of the fortunate one among our millions whom the citizens had chosen to preside over them for the coming four years. Mr. Hylan's first public utterance upholding our President in his War aims made an immediate appeal to my good sense. Old and experienced scrivener though I am, yet am I still swayed by the power of the written thought; and my knowledge of the character and attainments of the new Mayor, gained in most part from the columns of the papers which did so mightily support his opponent, was far from being correct. The very preponderance of his vote—his majority being 170,000 over two competitors—was in itself highly impressive, and upon further reading of his biography it speedily became clear that the choice of the people was no mean citizen. His splendid achievements in the face of great obstacles are an inspiration to young men not only in our own great city but everywhere else in the nation. A letter which he addressed to the people of our city at Christmas time when the spirit of saving, aroused by the war, threatened to deprive the children of their peculiar rights, won for him many well deserved plaudits and further strengthened him in the esteem of the people.

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Diedrich Knickerbocker Meets the Mayor and His Cabinet

'Twas truly a most gracious proceeding on the part of his Honor Mayor Hylan, to present me to the worthy gentlemen who were associated with him in the exceeding great task of governing this mighty city, grown so large and multitudinous since this humble citizen dwelt within its bounds. When I reminded his Honor that the last time I did ascend these stairs to this very council hall, I was assured with most grave and potent asseverations that no other building in all this land was of such goodly proportions and such excellent beauty of design, he did remark with courtly grace, that it was all very true and it was yet esteemed an honor to the age that built it. My old friend McComb would have been deeply touched by this gracious compliment to his genius, for truly he labored with exceeding great patience and desire, to the end that this goodly city should possess a public building worthy of its importance.

But I must not wander away from these excellent gentlemen who are to occupy the seats of the mighty and to hold up the hands, if I may quote holy writ, of his Honor in the exceeding difficult tasks of his office. There is the comptroller Mr. Chas. L. Craig into whose hands the affluent stream of public moneys flows, verily a stream to make my dim old eyes scintillate as they never before did, and I am told that mighty sums—hundreds of millions—pass through his hands to pay for the needs of the city. Truly miracles will never cease, and certes, the careful and saving inhabitants of old New York could never have comprehended such wonderful large sums. 'Tis evident his Honor has a strong support in this man of finance.

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The old garden of Gov. E. D. Morgan, 37th Street and Fifth Avenue. Purchased by the late Mr. Samuel P. Avery, Sr., and three neighbors to preserve it, and maintained by them until very recently. Collection of Mr. Samuel P. Avery, Jr.

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The office of President of the Board of Aldermen which is a new office since the days when I intermingled with the city fathers is occupied by a worthy gentleman, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, whose frank manner and prudent conversation well befit him for this high office, and must give the citizens exceeding great confidence in his ability. And here I became much confused, for I met other estimable gentlemen who were addressed as president of this honorable body or of that, and I was greatly put to it to distinguish these gentlemen in their proper relation, and to honor them with the titles which duly pertain to their respective offices. Albeit I inquired diligently, as one greatly anxious to know the true scope and meaning of this marvellous expansion of the city government, for verily it caused me much wonderment. Betimes it was borne in upon me that the little old New York of my day had grown to be an exceeding great city, so great indeed that it behooved the people to divide it into parts for the better governance thereof. Hence these estimable gentlemen who respectively devote their powers and talents to this task—the President of the Borough of Manhattan Mr. Frank L. Dowling; of the Bronx Mr. Henry Bruckner; of Brooklyn Mr. Edward Riegelman; of Queens Mr. M. E. Connolly; and of Richmond Mr. Calvin D. Van Name—all most intelligent gentlemen who have commended themselves to the electors by their ability in matters pertaining to public office, and herein doth the authority of this great city reside, for I see by diligently scrutinizing the public press that these various gentlemen I have named compose what is styled in the popular phraseology, the Mayor's Cabinet from which doth flow the power that directs and governs the city.

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My long absence from the city has put me sadly out of touch with the new methods and customs that now prevail. I confess that I thought the comments in the press pertaining to both candidates during the late campaign were not always couched in language that seemed to me fitting to the exalted personages whom they discussed. Most of all was I shocked at the sacrilegious levity used in discussing that venerable and eminently respectable body of citizens known as the Columbian Order of the Society of Tammany. I doubted the evidence of my own eyes. It was positively shocking! Imagine them talking in such an outrageous fashion of the St. Nicholas Society! Yet they might just as well. But in this case public opinion would operate to prevent any reflection upon the intelligence and good breeding of the members of St. Nicholas. I am not able to perceive any difference between the two organizations in point of respectability. General Washington and Alexander Hamilton were everywhere considered to be gentleman of culture and refinement, but so also were DeWitt Clinton and Chancellor Livingston. They and their friends and associates made up the membership of St. Nicholas and Tammany in the days when I was last in New York and no one ever drew a distinction between their social aims, though their political aims were admitted to be widely different, which was of course quite permissible.

I made a note of some of the most particularly offensive remarks, and one that gave me especial pain was to have the leader of this historic organization referred to as at one time a bar-keeper in divers sorts of places where ale, spirits and beer were sold. These were called saloons but it was surely an error to call him a bar-keeper as he was more truly a licensed victualler. In my day that sort

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of inferior persons were never consulted on matters of public import, and I refuse to believe that any such character can have influence in municipal affairs. I doubt not that when I have finished my reading I will find that some envious scribe from Boston or Philadelphia, desiring to besmirch the fair fame of their chief rival, is responsible for these libels.

Speaking of liquors suggest the insertion here of another great change which my readers will hardly credit. Nevertheless, doubting Thomas though I be, yet I cannot refuse to credit the evidence of my own senses. The good old custom of drinking is no longer considered correct usage in polite society. They tell me also that gentlemen are no longer distinguished by reason of their ability to punish Port and Madeira as in my day, and that when dinner is over the gentlemen at once join the ladies, and are not left alone to finish their libations in peace and comfort. In fact I have been told that in certain sections of our country it is altogether against the law to have liquor in your possession at any time! I am told that the Capital City, Washington, is one of these places and that not even a club or hotel can supply anything stronger than tea. But perhaps that is an over statement similar to the one that soldiers may not be sold intoxicants while in uniform, yet I make it on very excellent authority. So many changes have evidently taken place since I was last here that I am prepared to believe almost anything and I am greatly surprised thereby.

Other great and striking changes are to be noted in every direction, and as the citizen a hundred years hence may be impressed with the contrasts of his day, as I am with this; perhaps it may be fitting for me to set down

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for his guidance some further changes that I particularly noted. I cannot begin to record them all. The whole world seems topsy turvy, but some of these changes I must mention.

When I was last in New York most merchants either lived over their stores or had their residence within easy walking distance. There were very few of the latter. There were not many private carriages kept and such as existed were known and recognized by every one. There were a few stages running out in the country to Greenwich, Chelsea and other villages, but most of the travel was on foot. The city was mostly below Chambers Street, so that one could walk from about any section to another in a very short time. Now all this is changed. They tell me that the railroad operated by electricity and running entirely underground extends for fifteen miles—to the Kings Bridge at the very end of the Island, and that the time consumed in the journey is less than 50 minutes. When I went to the Kings Bridge in my day it took the greater part of ten hours to make the journey.

The sin of prolixity is ever present in an old man such as I am. Having recorded another milestone in the History of old New York I will now subside.

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The 3 horse stage on Fifth Avenue, 1895. Not an automobile yet in existence.

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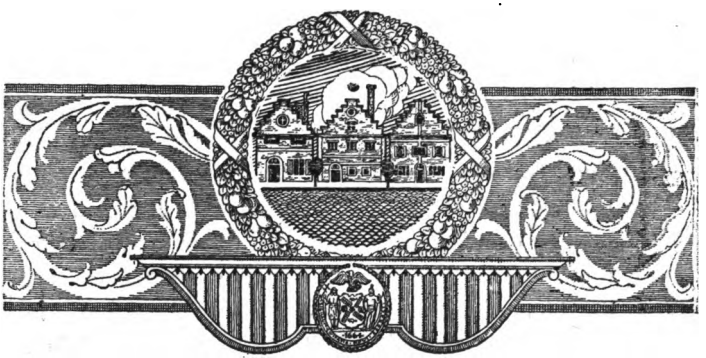

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Some Notable Activities During the Past Year—Field Exploration Committee Appointed

The year just closed was marked by unusual activity in the work of this organization. At the annual meeting last January steps were taken to bring the Constitution and By-Laws more into harmony with the practice of similar institutions, and the new arrangement seems to work well. In accordance with the conservative spirit of this Society these changes need not be considered absolutely permanent until by experience they have been proved a practical improvement over the former rules.

Many other suggestions were made at the meeting all in the line of greater efficiency. The establishment of a Quarterly Bulletin was ordered and provision made for the re-cataloging and arranging of the Egyptian Collection. A complete catalogue will soon be issued to the members, quite a few of whom will learn for the first time the wide scope and richness of the Society's Egyptian Treasures.

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Of greater general interest, however, was the work of the Society in collecting for the first time a complete file of New York's first weekly newspaper—Bradford's New York Gazette. So scarce had those old papers become that no one organization possessed a file complete. The Society corresponded with all other organizations known to have copies of the Gazette needed to complete the file. Some of these old issues were carefully preserved in Safe Deposit Vaults. Others in special fire proof cases in carefully guarded sections of public institutions. All were finally secured and photographed, the precious originals thereupon being returned to the owners. The New York Society Library and the Mercantile Library Association and others were among the societies co-operating in this work and all are entitled to the thanks of old New Yorkers for thus securing the records of New York as reflected in its first newspaper.

William Bradford was a man of undoubted importance in the little village of New York in the year 1725. At that time our city had a population of about 7000. Nevertheless it rejoiced in its weekly paper very much as do villages of modern times. But Bradford's Gazette had this distinction,—it recorded the events of the Baby Days of a hamlet which was destined to become the leading city of the world. His paper, with its personal items, its local gossip, its quaint advertisements, and its news of the day is naturally therefore of the greatest interest, and Bradford himself in consequence has also grown in importance as a pioneer printer and publisher. The printers of New York make a yearly pilgrimage to his grave in Trinity churchyard on the anniversary of his birth.

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We have asked Mr. Hy. F. De Puy who greatly aided the Society in this Bradford restoration and an ardent admirer of this old New York publisher, to prepare for our readers a paper on the Life and Times of William Bradford. Mr. De Puy's library of Bradfordiana is without a rival in this country. His contribution will be of great value and of great historical interest. It will appear in our next number.

* * * * * * * * *

The appointment by the Executive Committee of the Society of a group of its members as an exploring organization, lends the aid and influence of The New York Historical Society to a form of historical research which has been heretofore conducted by individuals and the step will undoubtedly bring results in discoveries within our own State, that will add to the service which the Society is rendering to the cause of historic preservation and investigation.

For many years a group of energetic workers, under the leadership of Mr. W. L. Calver, Mr. Reginald P. Bolton and Dr. William S. Thomas, have devoted the spare hours available from duty and livelihood to the physical search of the soil for relics of aboriginal Colonial and Revolutionary War remains, chiefly in the upper part of the Island of Manhattan and the Borough of the Bronx. In recognition of this devoted service extending over thirty years, the Society last year unanimously elected Messrs. Calver and Bolton life members. A similar honor would have been conferred upon Dr. Thomas but he was already a member. The successful results of this work have become of increasing interest and historical value, and the experience of the party is now to be devoted to the continuance and extension of their work

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under the auspices of the Society, as its Committee on Field Exploration.

The Committee includes the following members of the Society:

Mr. William L. Calver, *Chairman*
Mr. Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, *Vice-Chairman*
Mr. Reginald Pelham Bolton, *Secretary*
Mr. Alexander J. Wall, *Treasurer*
Mr. Charles M. Lefferts
Dr. William S. Thomas

The Committee was authorized to add to its membership other workers willing to agree to the condition that objects and facts discovered by the Committee's operations should be regarded as the property of the Society.

They have thus elected as Associates:

Mr. John Ward Dunsmore
Mr. Charles H. Thurston
Mr. R. T. Webster
Mr. Oscar T. Barck

who have for some time past aided in this line of research.

The Committee plans to continue the active work of the past and to extend their field of operations to the region of the Highlands of the Hudson and the counties of Dutchess, Putnam, and Westchester, covering Indian, Colonial, and Revolutionary sites.

The Committee have in view the enlistment of other workers in their home localities, who may be added to its circle and would be in a position, due to their residence in and familiarity with a certain area, to contribute effective efforts in local explorations and surveys.

This brief review of the projected operations of the Committee, it is hoped may not only interest the general

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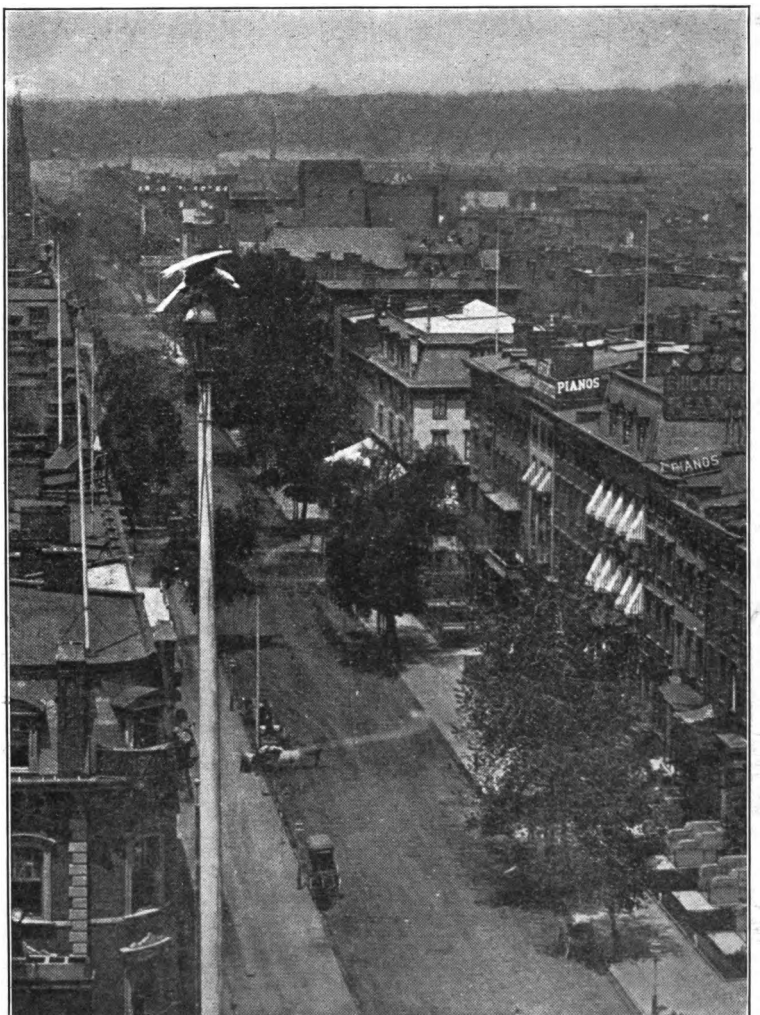

Fourteenth Street, west from Fifth Avenue in 1869, when it was a street of fine private residences. Remarkably rare and interesting picture.

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membership, but may bring about an accession to the force of explorers from among their circle, who may be able to aid, not perhaps with the muscular labor of the field, but by information as to maps, documents, and sites, and by securing permission to examine them in the interests of our Society.

* * * * * * * * *

Our city, it is needless to say is, in the eyes of the Manual, the most fascinating, interesting and worth while city in the world. Confessing this prejudice at the start, our readers will be prepared for our lukewarmness toward Egyptian and other antiquities which absorb so important a share of the energy, time and devotion of the Society.

On the other hand it must be borne in mind that the charter of the Society, granted in 1804, did not confine it to the limited work of one city only. It embraced a wide area of activities. For more than three-quarters of a century it was the only institution in the city devoting its energies to the preservation of the country's historical interests. The great Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History are mere infants compared with the venerable Historical Society. As a result many objects which now seem out of place in a Society whose chief interest is the History of the City of New York, came into its possession quite naturally. The Egyptian collection is a case in point. The Abbott collection of Primates is another. In the opinion of many friends of the Society these particular items could now very well be disposed of to make room for other items directly connected with the city.

The unexampled growth of New York—its tremendous importance and interest from the historical point of view

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suggests the adoption of a policy more in keeping with the Society's manifest destiny. If New York were an ordinary city the question might be viewed differently, but its immense size and importance together with the incalculable richness of its historical lore make it a sufficiently large proposition for any one institution. At the time of the Historical Society's organization there were fewer people in the whole United States than there are in the city to-day. The adoption of the Field Exploration work was a progressive step which pleased the friends of the Society, and such work as the placing of Markers, Tablets, etc., in many places throughout the city offers another field in which the Society could achieve wonderful results.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Bolton, the historian of the exploration work has kindly given us a short account of the work performed this year which we are glad to place on record.

Explorations of this nature, while not exactly fatiguing, cannot be classed wholly in the line of physical repose. There is quite a little manual labor to be performed but the fascination of unearthing some long forgotten treasure is a great stimulus. Already the collection of buttons, belts, muskets, kitchen utensils and other items is assuming important proportions and all future objects thus obtained become the property of the Society.

Exploration of Historical Sites

REGINALD PELHAM BOLTON

This work, of which some description was given in the last issue of the *Manual*, has been continued during the past year by a band of active explorers, who have now

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been formed into a committee of the New York Historical Society, and have been designated by the Executive Committee of that Society as its Committee on Field Exploration.

The work of exploring sites has somewhat widened in scope, and has been extended to the region of the Highlands of the Hudson where the party joined hands with the Martlaer's Rock Association, and undertook some investigation of the sites of fortifications on Constitution Island with a considerable degree of success. The original site of Fort Constitution has been located and the ground covered by the barracks built by the American forces and destroyed by the British, has been searched with the result of the discovery of a number of interesting military buttons showing the presence on the Island of the Massachusetts and Continental troops, as well as an occasional British soldier's button.

The search of the Island has resulted in the discovery of a large number of the remains of the stone huts occupied by the soldiers, the fireplaces of which are in some cases still standing.

The party has also turned its attention to the discovery of camp sites of the American troops in the West Point region, and has located one of them, built and occupied by the Connecticut troops, about a mile and a half east of Garrisons, on the Cat Rock road. This camp has been explored very carefully, and the sites of some forty huts have been located, within which have been found many traces of their occupation, including pewter buttons of the Connecticut soldiery.

The work of exploring the large military camp on the Dyckman farm near Broadway and Dyckman Street, has been carried forward to a point where a survey of the

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position of these huts has been completed, indicating that the camp probably included as many as one hundred dug-out huts, of which upwards of fifty have been actually located and explored.

The winter season was occupied by the final arrangement of the objects thus recovered from the soil, at Washington's Headquarters, commonly known as the Jumel Mansion, in which building the collection of local military relics is now in complete form, and has been carefully re-arranged, numbered, and catalogued.

One of the interesting features of discovery in these explorations has been the pottery and porcelain ware used by the soldiers and their officers, and cast away after being fractured. The study and comparison of the specimens of materials have brought out some extremely interesting facts as to the class of manufacture and the locality of origin of these wares. A number of them have been, with much patience, restored to a practically complete form and arranged in suitable cases, so that the interested visitor may readily study the objects, both in regard to their character and their design.

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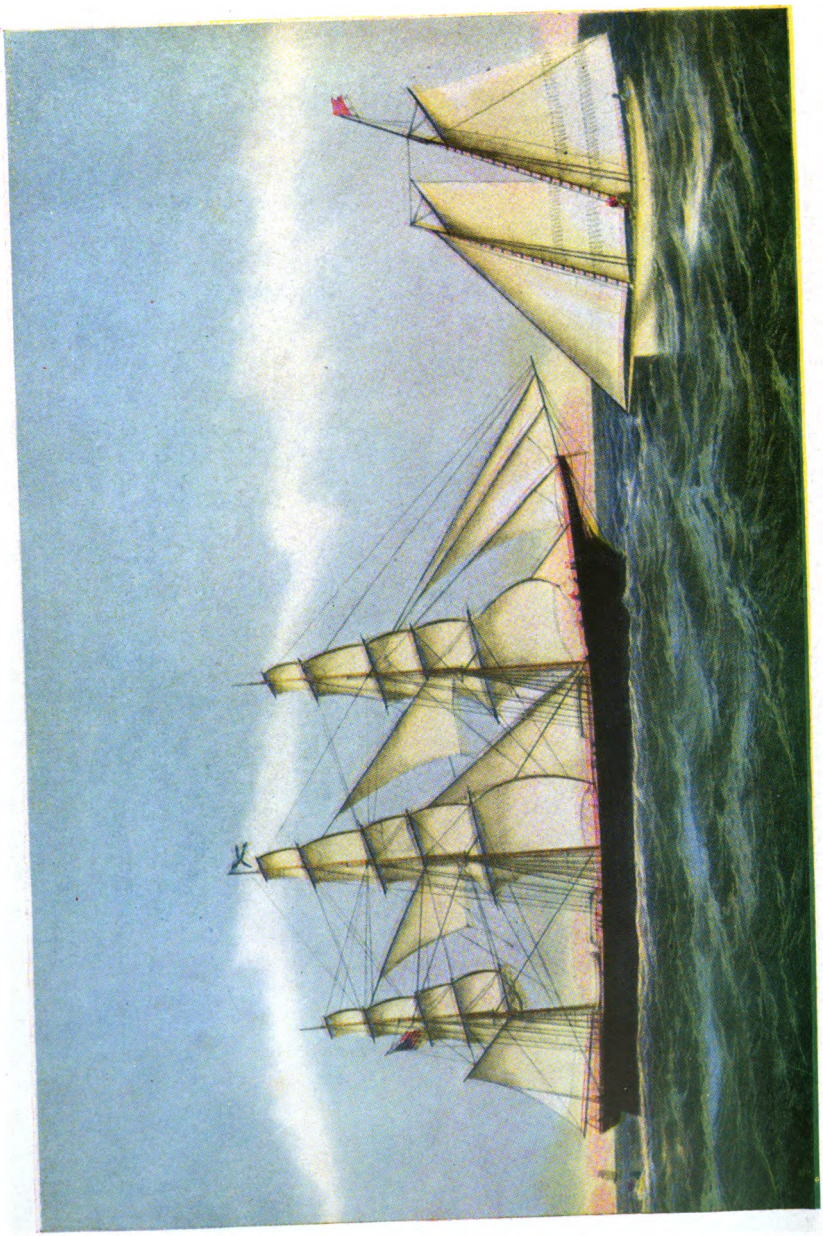

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Ocean Express 1855

Another of the California beauties of the early 50's. She was among the record-holders of the run from Cape St. Roque to 50° S. made along with the Bald Eagle, Comet, Electric, Hurricane and Raven in 18 days.

She was for many years a familiar figure in lower South Street around Pier 9 and was one of the noted clippers during the gold rush to the Coast. Capt. Cunningham was in command.—*Collection of Mr. M. Williams.*

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THE BOROUGH OF THE BRONX

IT seems as if it were only yesterday that the opening of the subway focussed attention upon a hitherto unknown country—the woods and fields of West Farms, Fordham and other sylvan regions now brought within the city limits. No such rapid development has been hitherto recorded even in this land of lightning-like changes. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, a population almost as great as that of Boston, went to dwell above the Harlem River and the Borough of the Bronx came into being with scarcely the formality of growth.

We have asked some of our friends to tell us about this land of Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, the DeLanceys, Hunts, Lydigs, Lorillards, etc., and we think our readers will enjoy these memories of an older and more stately period in the romantic country seat days of the Bronx. Mr. Wray's article begins the series.

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The Passing of the Delancey Pine of Bronx Park —History and Romance

STEPHEN WRAY

On the easterly bank of the Bronx River in Bronx Park, within a few feet of the Lower Falls and nearly opposite the present Boat-House, there stands erect, like a sentinel on post, the mast-like stump of a large tree, sawed off fully twenty feet above the ground. Huge among its neighboring trees, near its base it is over four and a half feet from bark to bark and twelve feet in circumference; prone on the ground at its foot lies a large section of the trunk, stripped of its branches and bark. This is all that remains of the last of the great forest-trees that once lined the banks of the Bronx, trees that in their span of life covered many generations of men; for this tree has seen beneath its arching boughs the events of the centuries shape the destiny of men; saw the Indian runner glide past, saw the coming of the white colonist, saw farmer and miller, Continental soldier and Redcoat British, Washington himself, the brilliantly uniformed officers of Howe's headquarters staff, the assembly of the aristocratic fox-hunt, the gathering of the wedding-guests, poet and dull negro-slave, all manners of men, times of peace and times of terror, for this tree is the Delancey Pine, celebrated in song and story;

"WHERE gentle Bronx clear-winding flows,
The shadowy banks between,
Where blossomed bell or wilding rose
Adorns the brighest green,
Memorial of the fallen great,
The rich and honored line,
Stands high, in solitary state,
DELANCEY'S ancient pine."

So sang the poet a century ago, for even then it was a tree with a long history, and beneath its shade stood the old homestead once the residence of Peter Delancey, son

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of Stephen Delancey, the Huguenot, and brother of the Lieutenant-Governor James Delancey.

Before the coming of the white man, this tree stood near the fording-place of the Indian tribes whose trail passed nearby; down through a gap between rock ledges dashed the stream in a rapid to the point where the fresh water mingled with the salt, for then the tide rose and fell at that point, and the Indians found that at the joining of the waters, there was at all tides a shoal place suitable for wading the stream. The Indians, on their way to the summer camps at what was afterwards Hunts Point, crossed over to the west bank of the stream and continued southward on a trail following the windings of the stream, and this stream they named the "Stream of the High Banks" or "Aquehung" on account of the ledges near the big pine.

Then came the white men, Jonas Bronk and his friend Captain Kuyter; disappointed on their arrival at their plantations on the Harlem River in the summer of 1639 at finding that their brooks flowed through meadows and could not readily be dammed for use with the saw-mill they had brought from Holland, they inquired of some of their Indians whether there was not some stream in the vicinity with high banks, and the Indians led them over their trails to the big-pine and Bronk at once saw that it was an ideal place for his mill; so shortly afterward, Bronk and his men arrived by boat, built their log-dam at the head of tidewater and between the ledges near the big pine, and soon the mill was set up and in operation, and the beams and boards were being shipped by every tide to be used on the Harlem in building the dwellings and tobacco-barns of Bronk and Kuyter; the Indian name of the river was dropped, and it became known among

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the settlers as Bronk's River, which name, spelt "Bronx" it has retained.

But Bronk's mill was short-lived, for the year 1643 saw the outbreak of the Indian war, and soon a band of painted and greased warriors leveled the dam and fired the mill, and so passed Bronk's connection with the stream.

Years passed, and one day a group of stocky white men, Englishmen, the Town Trustees of the little settlement of Westchester, came over the old trail looking for a site for their town-mill. The site was satisfactory, and soon the woods rang with the axes as the settlers cleared the old trail from Westchester into a rough wood road, and then built a new dam and a grist-mill and saw-mill, with a dwelling for the miller on the high bank; and here, in 1680, came William Richardson, the town's first miller, with his family, and his two negro-slaves, Jack and Dick, his six yokes of oxen, and all his possessions.

William Richardson agreed to live in the wilderness at the mills that he might always be ready to operate them; for his compensation, not only did the town give him the exclusive right to maintain mills on the lower Bronx, and to cut certain kinds of timber, and to occupy and use twenty acres of land, but he might from those who patronized the mills, keep all timber sawed "to the halves" and all corn ground "to the fourteenth part."

After the death of Richardson in 1693, the mills passed to two Dutchmen, Evert Byvanck, who had lately married the wealthy widow, Wyntie Van Exveen, and his brother-in-law, Johannes Hogelandt; but the latter did not long remain, for he found that a tide-mill had begun operations on Westchester Creek and that most of the grinding of the Westchester settlers would naturally go there;

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Site of the Delancey Mills and Homestead in 1888 showing the towering top of the Delancey Pine. From the site of the present Boat House in Bronx Park. Collection of Mr. Stephen Wray.

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so he sold his interest to Evert Byvanck, and thereafter the latter, an elderly man with no children, charmed by the quietness and sylvan beauty of the place, could be seen seated on his stoop, calmly smoking his long pipe, as he watched his negroes at work in the mills below and the river glide over the dam and past the ford.

In turn, Evert Byvanck died and his widow inherited the mills, but could not live alone in the woods, so sold the property to William Provoost, who had married her daughter, Aegie Van Exveen.

William Provoost at this time, in 1711, was a rising merchant of New York City, and could not spend his time attending mills, so he turned them over to Nicholas Brouwer who came from Kings County; and although for a few years they passed into the hands of Daniel Tourneur, they eventually came again to Brouwer, but probably all the while William Provoost had an interest in the property.

Provoost became wealthy, one of the leading merchants of New York, and a member of the Council of the Royal Governor. Finding that he could become no greater in New York, but that further opportunities offered in the Colony of New Jersey about to become separated from New York, and desiring to remove to Hackensack, he seems to have made, about 1731, a sale of these mills to Stephen Delancey, the Huguenot merchant, then his fellow member in the Council of the Governor.

It was during the time of Evert Byvanck that the mills became more of a neighborhood center, for in 1704 the Road Commissioners of Westchester not only widened and improved the road to Westchester and also the old trail along the west bank of the Bronx to Hunts Point

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(now West Farms Road), making them roads four rods wide, but put through a new road over to Kingsbridge (now 182d Street), thus doing away with the roads that had heretofore run "according to marked trees"; and in 1716, another road was laid out to follow the course of the present Morris Park Avenue and White Plains Road, in parts, thus opening the way to the Boston Road at Williamsbridge; and about the same time (1716) a new wooden bridge spanned the old fording-place near the mills.

The purchase of the mill-property by Delancey, although at first regarded as a business venture, soon proved to be of vast importance to the fortunes of the Delancey family, for the possession of these mills contributed largely to placing the family in power over the Colonial government of New York for the fifty years preceding the Revolution. The Royal Governor Cosby had arrived in New York, had acted the tyrant, had been checked by Chief-Justice Lewis Morris, and had deposed Morris and, to further humiliate him, placed young James Delancey, fresh from his law-studies in England, in his place on the Bench; Morris had retaliated by contesting an election for member of the Provincial Assembly, and becoming elected through the votes of his tenants of the Manor of Morrisania and the free small farmers living in the Manor of Fordham, the Borough Town of Westchester, and the Patent of West Farms, over the violent opposition of the Delancey and Philipse families who controlled the votes of all other sections of the lower Westchester district. Morris speedily made himself leader of the Provincial Assembly, which was the only lawful body with the right to raise money by taxation and say how it should be spent, and so blocked all efforts of the avari-

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cious Governor to handle any of the public funds or carry out any of his enterprises at public cost.

A way had to be found to defeat Morris at future elections; and after a deep study of the case, it was decided that some young and popular member of the Delancey family should be sent to live at the Mills, one who could be hail-fellow-well-met with the farmers of the neighborhood and who could be counted on to form their acquaintance as they came to the Mills, the gathering place of many each day and a place where most must come sooner or later, and thus change their vote from Morris, whom they all knew but did not altogether like, to a Delancey, who was popular. So Peter Delancey, second son of Stephen Delancey the Huguenot, took up his residence at the Mills, he being then twenty-nine years of age, a fine, athletic, good-looking man, well calculated to make a favorable impression on his farmer constituents; and at the next election, Lewis Morris was the defeated candidate and Peter Delancey became Member of the Provincial Assembly from Westchester County; and thereafter, Morris spent practically all of his remaining years on his estates in New Jersey; and Peter Delancey continued to hold this office until an old man, when he retired in favor of his son John.

Peter Delancey fell under the charm of the "Mills" and a few years later, in 1738, he brought there his bride, Elizabeth Colden, daughter of Dr. Cadwallader Colden, later to achieve fame as the Stamp-Act Governor of New York; and here they were to spend their lives; for old Stephen Delancey, seeing how pleased both were with the place, left it to them in his Will in 1741. Here they ruled, he as political ruler of lower Westchester County, widely known as "Peter-of-the-Mills," Sheriff and County Mem-

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ber, and resident representative of the Delancey and Colden families, than whom there were none of greater power in the half-century before the passing of the British rule; she, ruling in social affairs, the supreme lady-of-quality of the region; and here their twelve children were born and became in turn powers in the affairs of their country. Peter loved the quaintness and charm of the place, and as he made money, bought farm after farm until his holdings extended along the Bronx from the big bend south of Tremont Avenue to north of Pelham Parkway, and from Van-Nest station on the east to Fordham Square on the west; and he improved his property, putting an arched bridge of stone over the old fording-place in place of the wooden bridge, building beneath the big-pine a homestead for his family, and increasing his mills until he had several grinding the different kinds of grains, for at the time of the French and Indian war, with armies in the City and up the Hudson to be supplied, the mills were full of activity and the slaves had little rest.

Then the children began to reach their majority and their friends began to assemble under the old pine, with all sorts of social diversions and activities, and it is of this period that the unknown poet again writes of the pine-tree, the fox-hunt, and youthful nature;

"THERE once at early dawn arrayed
The rural sport to lead,
The gallant master of the glade
Bedecks his eager steed.
And once the lightfoot maiden came,
In loveliness divine,
To sculpture with the dearest name
DELANCEY'S ancient pine."

Then came young and comely Ralph Izard, the wealthy young planter from South Carolina, who, having just

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The Bronx River from the old summer house near the Delancey Pine. Said to be the place where Joseph Rodman Drake composed his poem "Bronx." Collection of Mr. Stephen Wray.

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completed his studies in Europe, stopped at New York at his father's request to learn from Lieutenant Governor James Delancey the practical application to American colonists of some of the book precepts he had studied; but he found more than law-precepts and governmental practice at New York, for at a garden party which Governor Delancey gave at his Bowery country-seat, Ralph Izard met little Alice Delancey from the "Mills," a mere child at the time, allowed to attend her first party; Ralph Izard thereafter, whenever in New York, and he came north with tolerable frequency, was sure to spend a portion, in fact much, of his time at the "Mills," and in due course, when she became twenty, all social New York arose very early one morning and donned its traveling clothes to attend the wedding of Ralph Izard and Alice Delancey at the "Mills"; and such a procession as there was up the old Bloomingdale Road and across Kingsbridge, ladies in old family-coaches with their negroes in finest livery, each lady masked to preserve her delicate complexion from the perils of the sun and dust; gentlemen on their hunters, riding at the coach-wheel or cantering together along the road, body-servants in their chaises, and the negro-slaves with the carts containing the trunks filled with the gorgeous silks and satins to be hastily donned in some West Farms farm house commanded for the occasion; it was the social event of that year in New York, and for years people talked of the procession of vehicles over a mile in length; and then came the arrival at the "Mills," with the grinning slaves, each in a new suit, waiting to see to the wants of the guests, and then the wedding-ceremony held on the lawn under the wide-spreading boughs of the giant pinetree, for the house would never hold such a company, nor would little St.

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Peter's church at Westchester, for that would barely accommodate fifty people anyway, and so the pastor, the Reverend Dr. Seabury, had consented to perform the ceremony in the open; and then came the jollity which lasted till even the strongest were tired; that surely was a wedding to remember.

But times were to change, and the Izards were in the hands of the Fates. Who could have then predicted that the Revolution would have made them the associates in Paris of Franklin and later, represent at the Court of an Italian sovereign the newly created Republic of the United States, or that he should pledge his fortune for the expenses of building our first naval vessels, become the honored friend of Washington, the early Senator from his native state of South Carolina; and who could have predicted that their portraits, painted by Copley in Rome, should one day adorn the Boston Museum of Fine Arts as one of its most cherished possessions.

And now, changes occur at the Mills—Old Peter Delancey passed away in 1770, having provided for all of his children who had reached their majority; and now his widow, to whom he had willed his possessions with directions to provide for the others, transferred to her sons Oliver and James the mills and lands along the Bronx, and both sons brought their brides to reside, one at the old homestead, the other at the smaller house just across the road from the mills; Oliver is a naval officer on one of the King's ships; James fills the position of Sheriff of Westchester County; the other children have scattered over the colonies or are with their mother at her new home called "Union Hill," (near Fordham of to-day); the Revolution is fast approaching, and trouble is in store for the family; Oliver refused to fight his own countrymen, broke

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his sword and resigned from the navy; Stephen, the eldest son, occupying a governmental position at Albany, made himself so obnoxious at a dinner on the King's Birthday that the Liberty Boys kidnapped him; two sisters were married at a double wedding, Jane Delancey to her cousin John Watts, and Susannah Delancey to Thomas Barclay, afterwards to be the British Consul-General at New York; the brother, John Delancey, had become the Member of Assembly when his father retired; the brother, Peter Delancey, once Stamp-Officer, had fallen in a duel in the South; Elizabeth Delancey, another daughter, died just before the War; and the remaining two of the children who once played beneath the pinetree, Ann and the youngest, Warren, lived at Union Hill with the mother.

Then came the Revolution, and with the other Tories, the Delanceys kept quiet until the King's troops should put an end to the rebels; August of 1776 came, the battle of Long Island was fought and the rebels were beaten; Old Cadwallader Colden, now 88, in his home at Spring Hill near Flushing, heard the news and it caused a stroke; the Delanceys were summoned to his death-bed, but he lingered for quite a while; and then, when the funeral was over and the Delanceys sought to return to their Bronx home, it was only to find that the East River had been closed by the British, who were about to move their army in that direction; and so, to most of them, the old life on the Bronx was of the past, for the widow of Peter died while still at Flushing, and the homestead was never again occupied by a Delancey family.

The family were still absent and the slaves were in charge of the homestead, when messenger after messenger in the Continental uniform spurred past, carrying to

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Headquarters the news that Howe's army was passing the different points of land along the East River; then came the squads and afterwards whole companies of the American troops on their way to hold the Westchester Causeway against the British advance; soon other troops arrived, and the sound of their axes filled the air as they felled the trees across the roads to render more difficult passage of artillery and baggage-train; and lastly came the worried, anxious Washington himself, to see that all was done and that a second line of resistance was made along the Bronx in case the British succeeded in passing the Westchester Creek; with his staff, he stayed for a few meals at the old homestead beneath the pine-tree; and then, the British crossing Pelham Bay, he departed to meet the new dangers in the north;

A few days more, and the wondering slaves one morning receive a visit from a squad of British troopers; Sir William Howe, they say, with the whole British Army, will be here presently, and while he is conducting the siege of Fort Washington, intends to make the homestead at Delancey's Mills his army headquarters; and shortly after, with clank of sabre and jingle of spurs; up rides the General with his staff, for a three weeks stay. The meadow to the south soon blossoms with tents of the Headquarters troop, and then arrives all of the army not actively engaged in the siege, and pitch their camp, thousands of men, the red-coat British on the Mapes Estate, the Hessians on the Morris Park tract, and the kilted Highlanders near Westchester Village in which they sieze St. Peter's Church for their hospital.

The homestead in now gay with brightly-colored uniforms as Howe sits at a table beneath the old pine and receives the reports of his officers as to the progress of

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Ralph Izard and Alice Delancey Izard, his wife, from a portrait painted by Copley while at Rome

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the siege; and of how many trees, or of how many houses, can it be said that in the short space of one month they have sheltered the headquarters of the Commanders of two hostile armies? But in a few weeks this passes, and the siege being over, one day General Howe, with his staff and headquarters troop, pass over the stone bridge and disappear, and after them, for days pass the thirty thousand people of the camps, with their artillery and camp-wains, and disappear towards Kingsbridge in a great cloud of dust; and for a space, peace again settles on the homestead.

But not for long, for the Spring of 1777 sees the arrival of the youthful James Delancey, not to bring his family to again reside at the house, but to turn it into a barrack for a troop of horse to be recruited from the young men of the Tory families of the district; "The Elite of the County" was its first name, officially, but its friends soon knew it as "Delancey's Horse" and its enemies as "The Cow-Boys"; and presently, a picket-line was stretched beneath the pine-tree and it looked down on the long-line of tethered horses of the troopers.

Now this Headquarters offered a tempting bait for a raid by the Continentals alert to exterminate, or at least scatter, these Cow-Boys, and to give timely warning of such a visit. In the top of the big pine-tree, over a hundred feet in the air, and so far topping the neighboring trees that a clear view could be had at a distance of the roads which converged at the "Mills," a sentry-box was erected, where a lookout was maintained whenever the troop was at home.

But despite the lookout, a determined farmer, whose cows had been taken by Delancey's men to make British beef-stew, managed to get his revenge by taking from

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the meadow on the opposite side of the Bronx, now the buffalo-range of Bronx Park, the celebrated stallion, "True Britain," which was the pride of the troops' commander, James Delancey, and getting away so successfully during a thunder-shower that the horse was lost forever to that part of the country, but in New England became celebrated as the ancestor of the famous "Morgan" line of horses, now bred in Vermont by the United States Government, and destined soon to furnish to Japan a new stock of horseflesh.

So, to overcome the contingencies of rain, fog and darkness, a blockhouse of logs was built as an outpost just across the river; and one dark winter's night in 1779, Aaron Burr and his men made some history by a surprise attack, with their short port-hole ladders and their hand-grenades and fire-balls, and soon the block-house, lighting up the surrounding scene with its flames, passed out of existence.

Then, one night, James Delancey, his men killed or scattered, came back like a hunted animal to find a place at the old homestead where he could have a few hours rest; but that night, dark forms assembled near the old pine, all in the Continental blue and buff, a raiding-party of General Putnam's; they search the house, and find Delancey in his hiding-place, and away he rides, a prisoner, to be later exchanged, but only to find that he is definitely out of the war.

And now, the war is ended, and with its end comes the close of the career of James Delancey in the Valley of the Bronx; proscribed by the Legislature of New York as a traitor, his lands have been confiscated and he has been ordered into exile; the morning comes when he must bid good-by to the scenes of his youth; he wanders

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for a last time around the homestead and beneath the old pine-tree; he walks through the terraces of the flower-garden nearby and looks down into the sunken road just beyond where as a boy he rode, guided by an old black retainer, on his way to the stables; all the familiar spots in turn were passed, and then, swinging into the saddle, he slowly made his way past the mills to the old stone bridge; there some of his neighbors, headed by his farmer friend, Theophilus Hunt, had gathered for a last parting; he bade all farewell, and with a last long look at the beautiful scene, the falls, the mills, homestead and pine-tree, until the tears blinded his eyes, the "Outlaw of the Bronx" took his way to Nova Scotia.

Years passed, and the brother Oliver was now in charge of the "Mills," living not at the homestead, but in the house across the road. He was having poor success with the mills; for his slaves were now old, and laws had been passed preventing him buying others; so he decided to turn the active management to someone else, and when, in 1801, James Bathgate, a young Scotch millwright, with his widowed mother, applied for the place, Oliver Delancey was only too glad to accept his services; so the widow Bathgate and her son came to live at the homestead of the Delanceys; and the neighboring farmers again brought their grist to be ground.

But in 1803, David Lydig, the owner of the great mill at Highland Falls near West Point, whose sloops cruised the Hudson and brought the farmers' grain to that mill and took the flour to New York for export, believing that some day his business would outgrow the mill in the Highlands, purchased the water-power at West Farms from Oliver Delancey, and the old mills, for three-quarters of a century known as "Delancey's," now became

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"Lydig's Mills," Bathgate continuing as tenant to operate them.

Lydig had new ideas; he believed it better to bring grain by sloop to be ground rather than depend entirely on the neighboring farmers; that the sloops could not approach the mill because of a dam lower on the stream, (just below where Tremont Avenue now is) was to him of no consequence; he bought the land on both sides of the river at the lower dam, and cut in the eastern bank of a canal around one end, placing in it a lock; below, in the bend of the river, he built a wharf, warehouse, and large grain-elevator, the hoisting machinery operated by power from the lower dam.

So when the tide was at flood, flat-boats laden with barrels of flour were poled through the lock to the wharf and the flour stored in the warehouse until removed by sloop, and on the return trip, a load of grain from the elevator carried through the lock to the mill; at the homestead, Bathgate still lived, while in summer, across the road, to the house where Oliver Delancey once lived, David Lydig brought his family to spend the sultry season.

Once more the scene is shifted; along the road across the bridge, and past the mill races a graceful girl with the bloom of the country air in her cheeks, surrounded by a group of dogs, and behind, more at his leisure, comes a young man obviously, by his taste in dress, from the City; the young Diana is Nancy Leggett and her companion, Joseph Rodman Drake, now spending his vacation at his grandmother's at the "Grange" on Hunts Point; beneath the old pine-tree they rest awhile; and many are familiar with the lines which were the result of that outing:

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Andrew Jackson 1855

In 1860 she made the run to San Francisco in 89 days. She was commanded by Captain John E. Williams of Mystic, Conn., where she was built by Irons & Grinnell. She was owned by J. H. Brower & Co., of New York. At the close of her brilliant career—she had four consecutive passages averaging 98½ days—the splendid career of the American clipper came to an end as a result of the Civil War.

Her captain received much attention for his record run of 89 days, the owners and merchants of both New York and San Francisco paying him signal honors and presenting him with a watch. A picture of the Andrew Jackson is used to-day by the Maritime Exchange on its letter-heads.

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"I sat me down upon a green bankside
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends, who linger while they sever."

And may Drake not have had the old pine-tree of the Delanceys in mind when he wrote the verse

"Yet will I look upon thy face again,
My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
A face more pleasant than the face of men;
Thy waves are old companions; I shall see
A well-remembered face in each old tree,
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy."

The river flows on, winds of many winters whistle through the tree-boughs and great changes take place; the old sawmill on the opposite bank of the river becomes the place where a genius named Skinner sets up a new machine to make veneers, and thus revolutionize the woodworking industry of the country; fire takes away the old flour-mills of the Delanceys, and the old homestead; then comes the big brick mill on the west bank, with its commercial millers, and the site of the former homestead is left in solitude; and one spring, with the going of the snows in 1853, the Bronx becomes a raging torrent tearing out all dams, carrying away trees and buildings, an uncontrolled tawny monster; and away with it went all that the fires had spared, the stone-bridge of the first peter Delancey, the old overshot-wheel of the mills in which the little boys of West Farms for generations had longed to take a ride as it slowly revolved, every vestige of the old regime, save the terraces of the rose-garden and the old Delancey pine.

And now, the throng of daily visitors at Bronx Park, watching the gaily-awninged launch as it takes its load from the Boat-House, may notice a log on which sits an

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old man, or possibly a mother with her baby playing at her feet, not knowing that in the old log lying there is carried out the prophecy made so long ago that soon, notwithstanding its past glories, unknown, or at least forgotten,

"In equalizing dust may lie,
Delancey's Ancient Pine."

History on Blue China Plates

By the EDITOR

An entirely unexplored field for sketches of Old New York of the rarest and most interesting character is to be found in the old blue China of early days, specimens of which can be more or less readily obtained.

"The Opening of the Erie Canal," "Lafayette Landing at the Battery," "The City Hall," etc., are only a few subjects that occur to the writer but there are many more as our readers well know.

Beginning with the next issue, the Manual will commence the reproduction of some of these more important plates. Our accomplished friend Mr. E. P. Mitchell, editor of *The Sun,* is responsible for this happy suggestion and has kindly placed his splendid collection at our disposal for the purpose. We should be glad to hear from any other of our readers who have this material and who would like to cooperate.

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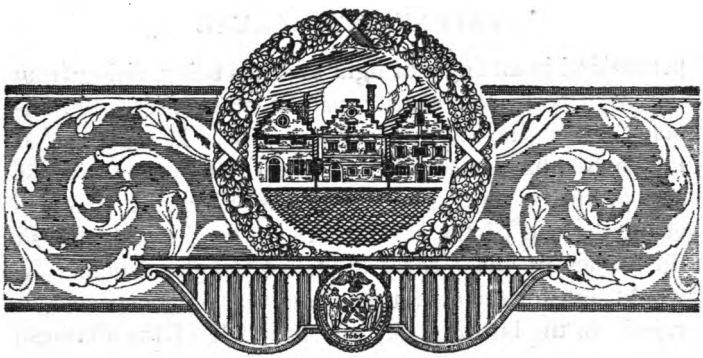

: THE BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN :

ALMOST coincident with the founding of New York began the establishment of Brooklyn. For many years our sister borough preserved her separate identity, but is now merged in the greater city.

The old Manual rarely went outside of Manhattan Island. These new volumes, however, must take cognizance of what now constitutes the modern city of New York. We cannot of course find space for all to which Brooklyn is entitled in this publication. At best all we can do for our sister boroughs at present is to say that arrangements are under consideration whereby all may be represented in these pages.

Many of our readers in the City of Churches will recall the pleasant old county roads described in the following article.

Old Brooklyn and Its Vanishing Roads

JOHN CRAWFORD BROWN

The ancient Greeks had a beautiful way of endowing all things in nature with a mystic personality which to them was very real and living. The dawn of day was

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personified in an angel of light and this being, rising from the horizon in the chariot of the sun, spread the beneficences of the morning far and wide. If the angel of the dawn which swept over the little settlement of simple and primitive folks constituting the village of Flatbush about the end of the seventeenth century, should revisit the scenes of those early days, we wonder whether he would sigh for the quaint old times that have departed, or rejoice in the bustling, gay and busy life of the Flatbush of to-day. We wonder indeed if this mysterious visitant would even recognize the scenes that were familiar to him then? Of course some of the old landmarks are still there. The great stretches of flat lands extending to the ocean, with the remnants of woods that covered them so abundantly in those far-off days, and the elevations that varied the topography are still there, and so are the old roadways that connected the little settlements, and here and there one of the old homesteads in the midst of new and marvellous surroundings, but all else has vanished and the dear old Flatbush of our forefathers is now only a pleasant and romantic dream of the long ago.

The most permanent possessions of a country are its roads. We still have the Appian way in Rome, Watling Street in England, and the famous road around the Bay of Naples over which the distressed and terror-stricken inhabitants of Pompeii fled from the wrath of Vesuvius. And coming down to our own times there is the famous road between Concord and Lexington and the road along which Paul Revere galloped to rouse the brave soldiers of the revolution. These are all famous and permanent and national, but every country-side has its roads with their little bits of history and their intimate connection with the people as they come and go, and although they

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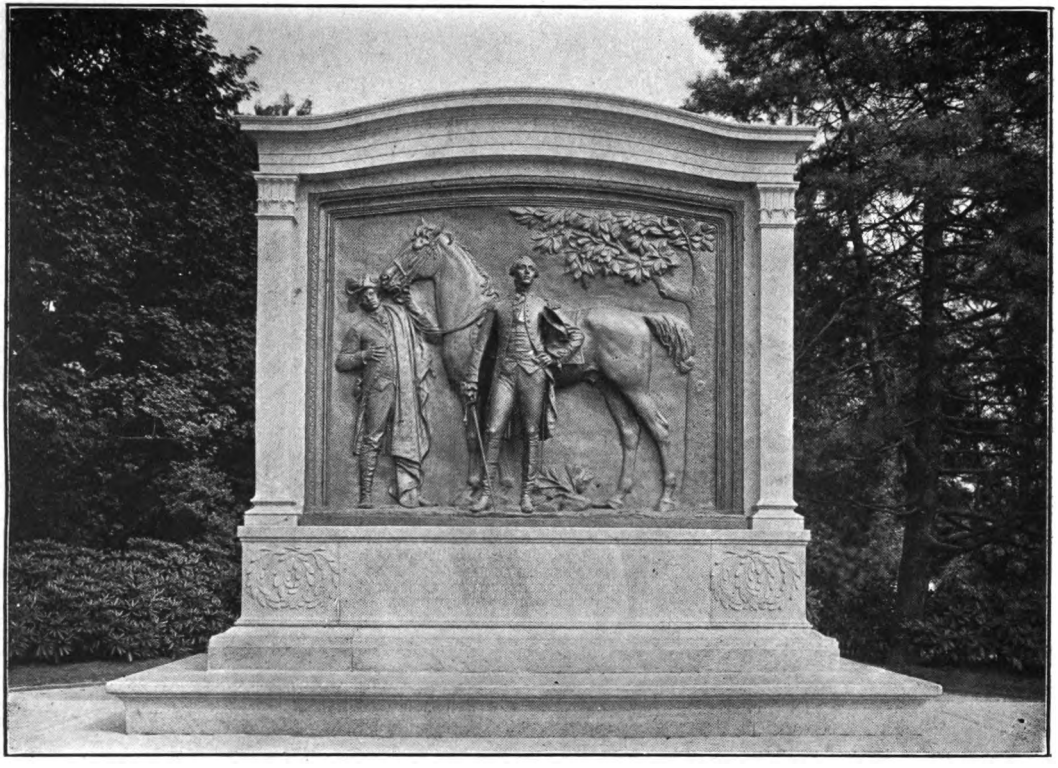

Lafayette Monument in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Unveiled by Marshall Joffre, May 10th, 1917. The Art Commission, N. Y.

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may be only the roadways of the humble and obscure and have no world-wide importance, they are none the less dear and close to the life of the people who have traversed them and who regard them with a very intimate and tender feeling. For have they not passed over these roads in moments of anxious care or of exuberant joy, in the stilly hours of the night and in the garish hours of the day, in tempest and in sunshine, in joy and sorrow both. And have not these roads borne them in all their ways and in all their moods even as a very dear friend who changes not.

And it is the roads that put the familiar aspect on the landscape. There may be hills and valleys, woods and rivulets, all objects of familiarity and endearment, but it is the roads leading to our dwellings and linking the little homesteads together that make the landscape familiar and invest it with that quality which makes us call it our land—our home. And these old Flatbush roads are still there—and yet they are not there, for the transforming hand of man has changed them from old country roads into the broad avenues and busy streets of our modern Flatbush.

It is recorded in an old history how the traveller on his way to the ferry was admonished to keep to the left of the trees blazed for his guidance, and from this fact we can realize that this road was then only a rough, straggling trail through the woods. Roads are not built in a day any more than cities, and this embryo thoroughfare, known to us now as Flatbush Avenue, went through all the stages of development before it became the great artery of city life it is to-day and one of the most important highways of Greater New York. With a bridge of magnificent proportions at one end, and the most popu-

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lar and amusing seaside resort in the world at the other this modern Highway to the sea may fairly claim a place among the immortals. But the old path through the woods has vanished and in its place has appeared this blazing, throbbing, restless city street.

It was about the middle of the eighteenth century that this old road began to take shape as a road of some consequence and as being of just a little more importance than the other roads and by-ways that crossed and recrossed the land from one group of habitants to another, for it was decreed that a highway should be laid out connecting the Ferry Settlement with the outlying village of Flatbush and beyond. Already a highway existed to Jamaica which followed the general line of Fulton Street to Flatbush Avenue and thence up Flatbush Avenue to Atlantic Avenue. At this point the road branched out in two directions, the one continuing up Atlantic Avenue in an irregular line corresponding to our present Atlantic Avenue, cutting through to Fulton Street at certain points and making many turns and deviations before terminating at Jamaica. This road was known later as the Brooklyn and Jamaica Turnpike and is the Jamaica road of to-day. The other branch was the road to Flatbush. This road branched off at about where now is So. Eliot Place and Atlantic Avenue. This road was also known as King's Highway, a name commonly given to roads laid out to connect different points in the colony. It would be difficult to trace this road exactly in all its turns and windings and it is not the purpose of this article to be technical. In a general way, however, this road was intended to make the most direct route for such traffic as there was in those days from New York through Flatbush to the ferry at the

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Narrows, and thence to points in Staten Island, New Jersey and further south as far as Philadelphia.

After passing through the village of Flatbush it curved around to the west making what is still known as Kings Highway, which in those days continued on to the ferry at the Narrows. The old highway, however, is entirely obliterated beyond 21st Avenue and to the antiquarian presents a curiously interesting but pathetic spectacle as it disappears into a district of modern streets and dwelling houses. One thing, however, is very pleasing, and that is that a long stretch of several miles of this ancient highway is still extant and bids fair to become again a road of first importance and a fine residential section of our beautiful borough.

Coming back to Atlantic Avenue where the Flatbush road branches off, it continued along the present course of the avenue to the lands now enclosed in Prospect Park, finding its way by turns and curves through that hilly section and along what is now the beautiful East Drive, emerging at a point near where the Willink entrance now is and where Ocean Avenue begins. From this point to the old Dutch Reformed Church and probably as far as the intersection of Foster Avenue the old road was identical with the present line of Flatbush Avenue. Along this part of the road, too, most of the settlers had built their homes, so that even as early as the middle of the eighteenth century there were quite a number of substantial homes and a considerable group of inhabitants. Here the old road was known locally as the Main Road, although it was only an important section of the great highway from ferry to ferry, and was wider, better defined and in better condition than any other part.

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This, too, was the center of whatever social, religious or political life there was in the village. The old church which still stands as the central attraction of this busy street was then the only building of consequence and within its sacred precincts everything of importance to the small community took place. On Sundays you could see the serious but deeply sincere farmers and peasant folks wending their way from all directions toward the sacred edifice. They came through the lanes and by-ways and across the fields in little companies of two's and three's, while some traversed the Main Road embowered as it was then in stately trees, making a quaintly interesting picture of the hallowed Sabbath morning as it was observed and revered in those days. The old church still stands there surrounded now as then with the sacred memorials of the generations who have worshipped in it. But what a change in the people of to-day, and how those lovely old country roads have changed. And the good old Dominie who included everybody in his flock then—I wonder what he would say if he came to life in Flatbush to-day and saw the eager crowds hurrying hither and thither bent on all sorts of objects.

But even in the quiet and seeming peacefulness of those times there were little comedies and tragedies going on and perhaps the old Dominie who was in everybody's confidence could unfold many a tale that would stir our hearts and prove again the truth of the old adage that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. And we might realize that after all the world is not so different now from what it was then, notwithstanding our lofty sky scrapers and crowded subways.

Along this road the gay and convivial Colonel Axtel was often seen, and his home, Melrose Hall—a stately

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The house in which Washington Irving lived, 17th Street and Irving Place, opposite the Washington Irving High School.

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mansion for those days—was the scene of many a festive gathering. It was here the loyalists foregathered in the days of the revolution and no doubt many a plot was hatched for the undoing of that great movement. But what has given Melrose Hall a foremost place in the traditions of the village is the love story of his wife's niece, Eliza Shipton. In this complication of the tender passion and politics there was naturally a turning of everything topsy-turvy, bringing storm as well as sunshine to the dwellers in Melrose Hall and to the community generally, for the fair lady dwelt in the halls of loyalty while the gallant swain was a patriot and revolutionist of the most strenuous kind. Acquilla Giles was a welcome guest at Melrose Hall before his revolutionary leanings were known, and participated in its gay and festive scenes. It was at one of these he met the fair Miss Shipton and the acquaintance rapidly developed into true love. She gave him all she had to give, and all he asked—her heart. But 'tis said the course of true love never does run smooth and theirs was unusually tempestuous and stormy. The Colonel would have none of it and young Giles was banished from the Hall. But the stars in their courses worked for the young couple, as the sad fortunes of the Colonel bore witness. The revolution was successful and the discomfiture of the Colonel was complete. Melrose Hall with all its fine lawns and surroundings was confiscated. In the meantime Acquilla Giles had risen to the proud position of Colonel of his regiment and took his place among the local heroes of the revolution. When Melrose Hall was sold Col. Giles became its owner and had the intense pleasure of leading his bride back to the old home where they had first plighted their troth, and there they lived happily for many years. Col. Axtel hav-

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ing lost his all returned to England where he died in 1795.

The Brooklynite who remembers Flatbush Avenue as it was forty years ago when the old toll gate stretched across the side path into the road just beyond the Lefferts house, and who saw the long vista of stately trees stretching out before him can easily understand how romance and legend hovered about the quaint old houses that dotted each side of the road. Most of the old houses have disappeared, but this one, the Lefferts house, perhaps the oldest of them all, is still standing, and has been in possession of some member of the Lefferts family since the beginning to the present time. The original house was built in 1660, but was destroyed by fire and the present house was erected on the old foundations in 1730 and is intact to-day. In the hey-day of old Flatbush this beautiful homestead was a center of social life and one of the most delightful homes in the village. About it legend has twined some strange but harmless stories just as it has about many others, but most of those old houses have disappeared, leaving the legends and stories as a fragrant memory of the past. The Lefferts house has just been moved from its original site at Flatbush Avenue and Maple Street into Prospect Park near the Willink entrance where it will be preserved for all time.

If another Washington Irving or Nathaniel Hawthorne should arise he would find in the folk lore of this delightful old village material enough to spin a series of thrilling and heart stirring stories that would vie with the romantic tales of a hundred years ago. Some time a genius will appear no doubt and weave for us out of this homely material tales that will rival the House of the Seven Gables or even the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Supposing such a

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writer should take for his theme the story of Abigail Lefferts and her sweetheart Bateman Lloyd. In the quaint old Zabriskie homestead at the Cross roads this little melodrama of real heart interest was enacted. This, too, was in the days of the revolution. Bateman Lloyd—a patriot and lieutenant in the army—was a prisoner of the loyalists and lodged in Flatbush jail. He was billeted for his meals at the home of Jacob Lefferts, known as the Zabriskie homestead, but was allowed the freedom of walking about the village within certain prescribed limits, and often met the lovely daughter of his host. Mr. Lefferts was a Tory and had no sympathy with his boarder, but his daughter had none of his scruples and regarded the young officer with the maidenly passion of first love. All the world loves a lover and a kindly disposed uncle of the fair Abigail got into the secret somehow. Our little friend Cupid, too, saw an opportunity of creating a situation to stir up the quiet circles of the village. 'Twas always thus with this scheming little fellow and in this instance the drama moved on to its denouement under the very nose—if we may say so—of the unsuspecting father. By a strange accident the young couple met at the home of the kind-hearted uncle and also by accident the Dominie stopped in. Of course there could be only one ending to such a happy combination of events and the marriage knot was tied. We will not attempt to describe the storm that was raised in the Lefferts household. Suffice it to say that when calm was restored and forgiveness extended the loyalist father-in-law found in the young patriot and revolutionist not only a brave soldier but a devoted and affectionate son.

In other respects besides the sentimental this old road commands our interest. When the country settled down

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after the revolution a new era began. It was an era born of the youth of the nation, full of ambition and eagerness to advance. The little Flatbush community, fired with this spirit determined to found a school of learning. Erasmus Hall Academy was the result. At first it was projected as a theological seminary but finally became a secondary school, obtaining its Charter as such in 1787, and was the first on the list of secondary schools chartered by the University of the State of New York. It was built on ground near the Cross roads facing Flatbush Avenue with fine lawns around it, and stands on the same spot to-day, but is now a part of Erasmus Hall High School, occupying the quadrangle formed by the handsome buildings of that school. The building itself is just as it was when opened in 1787, and is treasured by the pupils and faculty as the source of Flatbush's educational eminence and achievement. Its founder and first principal was Dr. John Henry Livingston, a man of learning and of fine character who inspired the people with his own ambitions and possessed their confidence and support. His influence has come down to his successors and has given Erasmus Hall a unique place in educational annals. Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, the late principal, inherited the devotion to learning and the inspiriting personality which were characteristic of the founder, and under his guidance Erasmus Hall High School has grown to its present influence and importance. The contrast between the old building in the quadrangle and the substantial and classic buildings that surround it marks the wonderful growth and progress of Flatbush, and indeed of our entire country, from its inception to the present time—a span of only one hundred and thirty years.

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Fifth Avenue, north from 53rd Street (1876), showing St. Thomas' Church before it was destroyed by fire also the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church further up. The vacant block is now occupied by the residences of W. K. Vanderbilt Sr. and Jr.. The notorious Mme. Restell lived in the house just showing at right.

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There are many more interesting landmarks along this old road. There is the old Dutch Reformed Church, also at the Cross roads, originally built in 1654, which has housed as worshippers people of Dutch, then English and now American origin, having witnessed all the changes from one people to another since the first settlers came here, and now sees a rather polyglot community settling around it. The same bell rings out on the sabbath morning now as hailed the birth of a new nation in 1776. Amid all its modern surroundings the old church retains still the delightful flavor of its ancient past. A little further on there was the Vanderveer homestead which disappeared only a few years ago and dated back to a period long before the revolution. It was the owner of this house, Capt. Cornelius Vanderveer who made such a heroic fight against the British just before the Battle of Long Island, and who came pretty near forfeiting his life for his country when he fell into the hands of the enemy; but by a miraculous turn of fortune he was spared the hanging and was granted a protection on his promise to fight no more. It was in this house the flag was made which was raised on the liberty pole in Flatbush when the British evacuated Long Island.

There are many old Dutch houses scattered about on either side of the road which date back to pre-revolutionary times, and to the early days of last century, but their history is not recorded in the annals of Flatbush and we may suppose they were the homes of the obscure and humble folks of whom a poet has written that they are unwept, unhonored and unsung. Nevertheless those people were the strong basic element of our country without which our statesmen could not have builded the permanent structure we see to-day. Their little homes, old and

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dilapidated, are swept out of the path of progress without a thought of the unpretentious but noble lives that have been lived in them.

The old road or highway curved around sharply to the west as it approached what is now Flatlands Avenue, and exists to-day from this point under the old appelation of Kings Highway. It is the same road it was a hundred and sixty years ago with the improvement of the road bed, but without any change in its course. It runs for a short distance almost parallel with Flatlands Avenue and offers an interesting contrast with that thoroughfare. The one is a perfectly straight line, absolutely undeviating in its course—a symbol of the systematic, business-like and practical age in which we live. The other is entirely unconventional, sweeping along in graceful curves and easy convolutions—emblematic of a people who loved nature and were free from the constraining influences of all mechanical arts. It appeals to us yet—the old road—even to us of the practical mind for something within responds to its careless swing and to the ever changing and varying outlook it presents. We are glad to be relieved from the measured and undeviating exactness of our modern streets stretching away out to the horizon and showing no variableness neither shadow of turning.

A little west of Flatbush Avenue we come upon Kimball's Lane now dignified to Kimball's Road and evidently to be broadened and straightened a la Flatlands Avenue. Kimball's Lane in the olden time was the common road for the farmers of Flatlands and Flatbush to the old Tide Mill in Gerritsen's basin. This was the focal point for most of the roads in all this section of the country. There are still many old houses in this locality, the most famous being the Lott homestead which was considered in

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its day the finest in that part of Long Island. The present house was built in 1800, but the original homestead dated back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and a part of the old house is still intact beside the more recent one. It is an interesting example of what was then a house of great distinction. There are a few twentieth century houses already to be seen in this neighborhood, the advance guard of a great population which it is easy to predict will soon occupy this beautiful section of our borough.

Going still further west on Kings Highway we come to Ryder's Lane which was the highway to the Tide Mill for all the farmers in what is now the southwestern part of Brooklyn. This is one of those old roads whose origin is hidden in antiquity. It probably originated in what we may be allowed to call pre-historic times. It bears the name of Ryder but was no doubt in existence long before Mr. Ryder saw the light of day, and it is safe to say that it was one of those "trodden paths" mentioned in very old documentary papers. Although the old road and the farmers' wagons jogging along to the mill have long ago vanished, Ryder's Lane still lives in a fine automobile road, swinging around near the old mill into Neck Road and thence past the grounds of the Coney Island Jockey Club where the automobile races take place, to Gravesend and New Utrecht. Just at the curve near the old mill is the Stillwell house, a century old, but still in fine condition and beautifully situated. In front of the house is the old milestone bearing the inscription, "Eight and three-quarter miles to Brooklyn ferry."

Gerritsen's basin is a beautiful stretch of water from the sea, reaching away inland for about half a mile. It runs under the old bridge which the farmers crossed on

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their way to the Tide Mill and which now connects the old Neck Road with our fine modern avenue known to the world by the esthetic and inspiring name of U. The Tide Mill, or Gerritsen's Mill as it is commonly called, the oldest part of which was built in 1650, is still standing on the same spot upon which it was originally erected on the edge of the land, a last remaining relic of the pioneers who settled about this important water way. At the present time it is enclosed in the fine grounds of the Whitney estate. It is this land, all about Gerritsen's basin—midway between the Jamaica Bay ends of Flatbush and Nostrand Avenues, extending on both sides of Avenue U, which has been offered to the city for a park by Frederick B. Pratt and Alfred T. White both of Brooklyn. The gift consists of 146 acres of land and includes the beautiful inlet from the ocean. The value of the land is estimated at $280,755, to which is to be added 23 acres yet to be purchased by the donors. We can hardly imagine a more desirable site for a park, and when rapid transit offers its facilities to the people, this part of Brooklyn which is naturally a beautiful and healthful section will become one of the most attractive residential districts in Greater New York. Kings Highway, that old road which has done service for centuries, will become the great circuit boulevard of this entire district, regaining once more the supremacy it possessed in the good old colonial days.

It is strange how some old things last. The old bridge over Gerritsen's inlet is the same old bridge the farmers crossed on their way to the busy little mill on the creek, and the mill itself still stands just as of yore. There is even an occasional old-time farm wagon to be seen lazily jolting along, with the farm-hand slowly plodding by its side all unconscious of the precious passing hours. But

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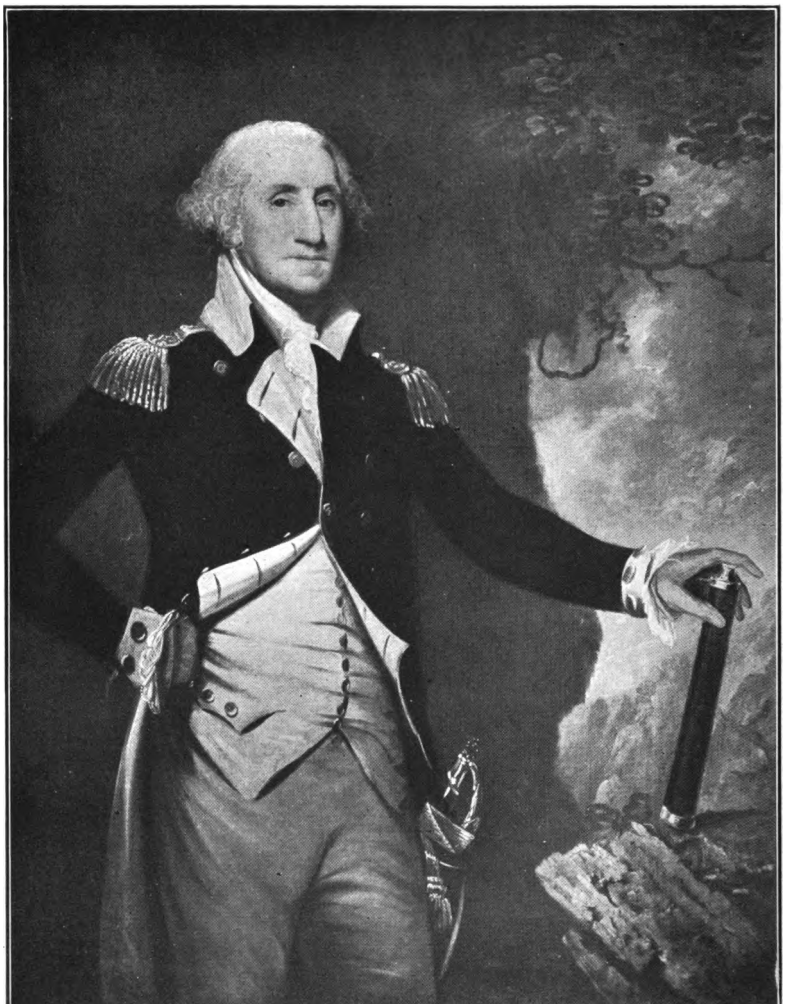

Portrait of Gen. Washington by Gilbert Stuart. From the original painting owned by Mr. James Speyer.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON
Portrait by
GILBERT STUART

From the private collection of Mr. James Speyer, New York

According to Mason's "Lift of Stuart," there were three portraits of General Washington painted by Gilbert Stuart from life. The one of which this is a photograph (painted in 1795), showing the right side of the face. Then the so-called "Lansdowne portrait," painted in 1796, and the picture in the Boston Athenaeum, both of which show the left side of the face. It is from the last mentioned picture that the many well-known copies of "Stuart's Washington" are made.

Of the first picture, and its history prior to 1815, little is known generally. It is not known for whom it was painted, but there are five known replicas of it. According to an article in "The Curio" for September, 1887, the original had been in the possession of a Mr. Michael Little, of Greenwich Street, New York, from whom, in 1815, Mr. Samuel Betts purchased it when he bought the house in which it was hanging, together with the other contents of the building. The picture remained in the Betts family until 1912, when Messrs. Knoedler & Co. secured it from Miss Emily H. Betts, of Jamaica, L. I., a daughter of Mr. Samuel Betts. Messrs. Knoedler, in 1913, sold the painting to the present owner, Mr. James Speyer, of New York, and it now hangs in his Library at 1058 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. George H. Storey, formerly Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, in a letter regarding this painting, dated June 5th, 1912, says:

> "After a careful examination of the Betts portrait of George Washington I have no hesitancy in stating it to be an original work by Gilbert Stuart. The General is represented standing with uncovered head and is seen to the knees. He is dressed in full uniform. The gloved right hand rests upon the hip. The left arm is extended with the hand resting lightly upon a telescope which is supported by a rock at his side. In the background are seen lines of tree trunks which have evidently been painted out to simplify the composition and obtain greater relief for the figure. The portrait possesses in an eminent degree the quiet dignity and repose which was so characteristic of George Washington and which no other painter than Stuart has so adequately preserved, and represented so well."

In his "Life of Stuart," Mason writes, concerning this picture:

> "Regarded merely as a work of art, the head and face are very fine, and would seem to justify the observation of the venerable A. B. Durand, who, when he saw (this) the first portrait, is said to have expressed himself: 'That is a likeness. It is much superior in character to the Athenaeum portrait, and should be considered the standard. Both the artist and the subject would gain by it.'"

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most interesting of all is the keeper of the old bridge who emerges from his rickety shelter just like a figure out of an old print and gazes at you as you whirl past as if you were an apparition from another sphere. But the fast moving current of events will soon sweep all of these relics away, and if the projected plans are carried out a splendid new public park will arise in their place, and we shall see happy little children sailing their play boats in the waters of the inlet, and hilarious young people cavorting over what used to be the grain fields and pastures green of our good old Dutch and English forefathers.

The old bridge leads directly into Neck Road. This road was the highway for the settlers about Gravesend Bay and was the main roadway of the village. It has taken on a new lease of life in our time and bids fair to regain its old importance as the main thoroughfare of this part of Brooklyn. It is trimmed off and dressed up as nicely as its immediate neighbors of the alphabetical order T and U, but is quite easily distinguished from these mechanically precise avenues by its hap-hazard windings and its general go-as-you-please indifference to our present day theories of road making. It has gone through all the evolutions from an Indian path to a Dutch road, an English road, a Turnpike and lastly a modern city road, and in each period has held the first place of importance and service, and is now not only historically, but geographically and soon to be residentially, the King-pin thoroughfare of all this splendid and growing section of our great city.

What a beautiful old road it is in any season of the year, winter or summer. And it is not altogether the beauty of nature, for the landscape here is peculiarly flat and monotonous. Nevertheless it is beautiful and the

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sense of its beauty permeates one unconsciously, and leads you to wonder why the road has so much charm. A walk along Avenue T or U creates no such feeling. It seems as if this old road has been humanized by the generations who have trod it and it is this mysterious influence that gives it all its charm. On either side are the old homes of the settlers with the overhanging roofs, and the quaint doorways, and the dormer windows with the little panes of glass, and they have been so long there that the old road has become a source of perpetual charm and sentiment.

Near the present end of the road is the house where lived the gifted and versatile Lady Deborah Moody more than two and a half centuries ago. At least legend says so, although some controversialists have it that she lived in a house further east on Neck Road. We prefer the legend. It has the hall-mark of truth, and being two and a half centuries old has a fairly good claim on our credence. Moreover the old house looks as if it had been the home of a gentle woman, and even to-day in its old age presents the outward and visible evidences of refinement and gentility. Lady Moody settled in Gravesend in 1643 and this house was built in that year, probably under her own supervision, for she was a woman of forceful character and great ability. The old road vanishes from the earth only a few hundred feet from this beautiful and historic old house, but let us hope that the old home will be preserved for generations yet to come as an essential feature of the old road it has been associated with so long. It received as an honored guest Governor Kiefft; and the rugged Governor Peter Stuyvesant came here to take counsel and advice from the sagacious and resourceful woman who lived in it. It is

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also said that Washington stopped here on one of his visits to this part of Long Island.

Not far from here—about a half a mile north—is the historically interesting part of Kings Highway, just as it reaches what used to be the old village of New Utrecht but is now a beautiful suburb of Brooklyn. Kings Highway at the time of the revolution was a well used road and the stage coaches to and from the south covered it several times each week. New Utrecht was one of the chief stations on the route and the first stopping place after Flatbush. All the travel and business for the south came by way of Brooklyn ferry and over this road to the ferry at Fort Hamilton, and in the stirring times of the revolution it was an important artery for the passage of troops and supplies. It was in fact as well as in name the Kings Highway, for British troops and not American traversed it almost exclusively during the period of the revolution. The old Van Pelt Manor house which was used by British officers as a headquarters, during all these years, still stands facing on Kings Highway, and any traveller passing that way would be attracted at once by the distinguished appearance and beautiful surroundings of this fine old house. This ancient Highway was an old road long before it was raised to the dignity of a Kings Highway, and in fact was in the elemental stage of a path when the early settlers came to make their homes here. It has grown up with the people, shared with them in their adventures, seen their encounters with the hostile forces of both nature and man, taken part in their triumphs, and now basks in the distinction of being a beautiful and important suburban thoroughfare.

There are many interesting old houses along the road —the homes of the settlers; and their descendents—many

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of them—are still living in these houses. Near by is the old Dutch church which was organized as early as 1677. On the grounds in front of the church is the Liberty pole, first erected in 1783 when the British evacuated the town, a unique memorial of the joy of the inhabitants when they found themselves really independent. Along the old road came the farmers and settlers on foot, on horseback and in wagons to take part in the rejoicings—a very different procession from the Limousines and Fords which we see dashing along the same road to-day.

Two offshoots from Kings Highway near the old church were De Bruynes Lane which ran in the general direction of our present Twentieth Avenue to the bay, and Courtelyou Lane, a little further west, which also ran to the bay along the line of our present Sixteenth Avenue. These were the favorite routes for the New Utrecht fishermen when they were bent on a day's sport. And in those days the waters of the bay were pelucid and clear and the fish less coy and more abundant. Dankers and Sluyter state that the fish were particularly plentiful and that the oysters were frequently a foot long. This was in 1679. Fish stories were evidently enjoyed in those days as much as they are in our own. In 1664 Gen. Nichols landed a detachment of British troops at Gravesend Bay and marched them up to New Utrecht, presumably by Bennetts Lane, making a peaceful demonstration there, and continued British headquarters there until the end of the war.

Communication between New Utrecht and Flatbush was conducted chiefly by way of what was then called the road to Flatbush and which we now know as New Utrecht Avenue. Another way of reaching Flatbush was by Kings Highway. The former, however, being the

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Fifth Avenue and 40th Street (1900). Woolworth's finest 10c store is now on this corner.

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more direct and shorter was the one commonly used. Distances in our day have been annihilated, but in the days when the traveller had to go on foot, or in such accommodation as a farmer's wagon, a trip to Flatbush or Brooklyn was quite a formidable undertaking and the good-byes were said with as much ceremony as they would be to-day to a friend setting out for a distant point. We certainly travel swiftly as compared with our good old dads but swiftness should not be the only consideration. When we survey the cars jammed with their human freight, speeding to and from New Utrecht to-day, one may be forgiven for the heresy that our slow-footed forefathers had the best of it in the matter of transportation at least. They got there just the same! And they got there in better condition than we do, for they always arrived with their clothes on and that cannot always be said of us.

The road to Flatbush as it was known to our revolutionary predecessors has entirely changed. We can imagine what it was then with tall trees lining both sides of the way and cosy little Dutch farm houses enlivening the landscape here and there. The land almost everywhere was under cultivation and farmers' wagons could be seen rumbling along the road almost constantly. When the weather was good the road was delectable, but in the Spring thaws there were ruts and depressions in it numerous enough and deep enough to make driving a strenuous and even dangerous occupation. It was not until 1852 that an attempt was made to lay out the road as a public highway. In that year it was decreed that a road should be laid out from the Dutch Reformed church at New Utrecht to 38th Street. It connected with Church Lane at this point and thence to Flatbush. About 20

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years earlier the road had been extended from the old church to the bay, so that when the Thirty-eighth Street section was finished we had the beginning of one of our most important thoroughfares from New York to the sea. This road was known as the Brooklyn, Greenwood and Bath Plank Road until New Utrecht was incorporated into the city.

Church Lane or Church Avenue, as we know it, is a very old road. As early as 1659 it was spoken of as a highway by the settlers, and no doubt long before they came it was a path or trail used by the Indians. It is interesting to note how these roads spring up quite naturally, so to speak, from the soil, and become roads by virtue of their topographical advantages and the actual necessities of man. This old road was the highway through which the farmers of Midwout drove their cattle to the salt marshes bordering on Jamaica Bay and from this fact it was known among the farmers as Cow Lane. It was an important road in the little settlement and connected it with New Lots in one direction and Gowanus and New Utrecht in the other. Church Avenue is one of the very old roads that retain their original topographical disposition. West of Flatbush Avenue its windings and turnings are just about as they were when the hay wagons and straggling cattle made their way through it in the later years of the seventeenth century. And east of Flatbush the same is true. Any one interested in roads will see that in this direction Church Avenue is a long stretch of straight road over the flat lands that obtain here, bearing eloquent testimony to the human instinct of taking the easiest and most direct way to a given point. It is not until we get nearer to the hilly parts of the land east and south that we find the turnings and

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windings in the road resumed. It finally runs into New Lots Avenue and merges with the Jamaica Plank Road further south.

Two old roads often referred to in local histories—Clove Road and Cripplebush Road—have entirely vanished from the earth, or to use Count von Luxburg's expressive phrase "spurlos versenkt." Those two roads were practically one, being intersected by the road to Jamaica at Bedford corners. Clove Road ran south in the general direction of Nostrand Avenue making a wide curve to the west as it approached our present Malbone Street and reaching Flatbush Avenue near the old Lefferts house at Maple Street. There is nothing of it left at all now. The course of Clove Road was very irregular and probably this accounts for the fact that no part of it was used in laying out the plan of streets of this part of Brooklyn.

Cripplebush Road ran in the opposite direction beginning at Bedford corners, and was the main road of the old settlement of Cripplebush which lay to the north and east of Bedford. The general course of this old road was very irregular. It ran almost on the line of Bedford Avenue as far as Dekalb Avenue, when it made a turn eastward to Nostrand Avenue following that line to Myrtle Avenue and from there formed a snake-like course to Flushing Avenue at its intersection with Broadway. This part of the old road to Newtown is now Flushing Avenue and its course is the same as it was of old. It bore the name of Cripplebush Road only from Bedford corners to the limits of the old settlement and was in reality only a section of what was known as the road to Newtown—one of the old highways which linked the various settlements together.

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By way of Clove Road and Cripplebush Road communication was carried on between Flatbush and Newtown. This old road to Newtown passed through what is now one of the most thickly populated districts of Brooklyn, the nineteenth and sixteenth wards and that part of the city which is familiarly known as Dutchtown. At its intersection with Broadway some of the largest retail establishments and department stores are situated, and a great population of foreigners of almost every nationality—including the Bolsheviki—are settled here. Not so many decades ago it was a quiet country road and there are those living who can remember the old toll gate on the way. In those days the revolutionary flavor still lingered, but now this great section has become a melting pot, and people from every quarter of the globe are being made over to look like Americans and let us hope to be Americans of the real kind.

The old town of Newtown is still there but the name has disappeared and the more fragrant and aristocratic one of Elmhurst takes its place. Once upon a time this old town was famous for its splendid apples. The Newtown pippin was known all over the world and was shipped to every port. Newtown pippins are still grown and their name will never be changed, and herein lies the surety that the name and fame of the old town will be perpetuated.

We are apt to think of the first settlers as people who came to a land entirely primeval and untouched by the foot of man and that they made their way through uninhabited areas until they found a place where they could settle. But the fact is that long before those new comers saw the commanding heights of Brooklyn or the long narrow strip of land between two waters we now call

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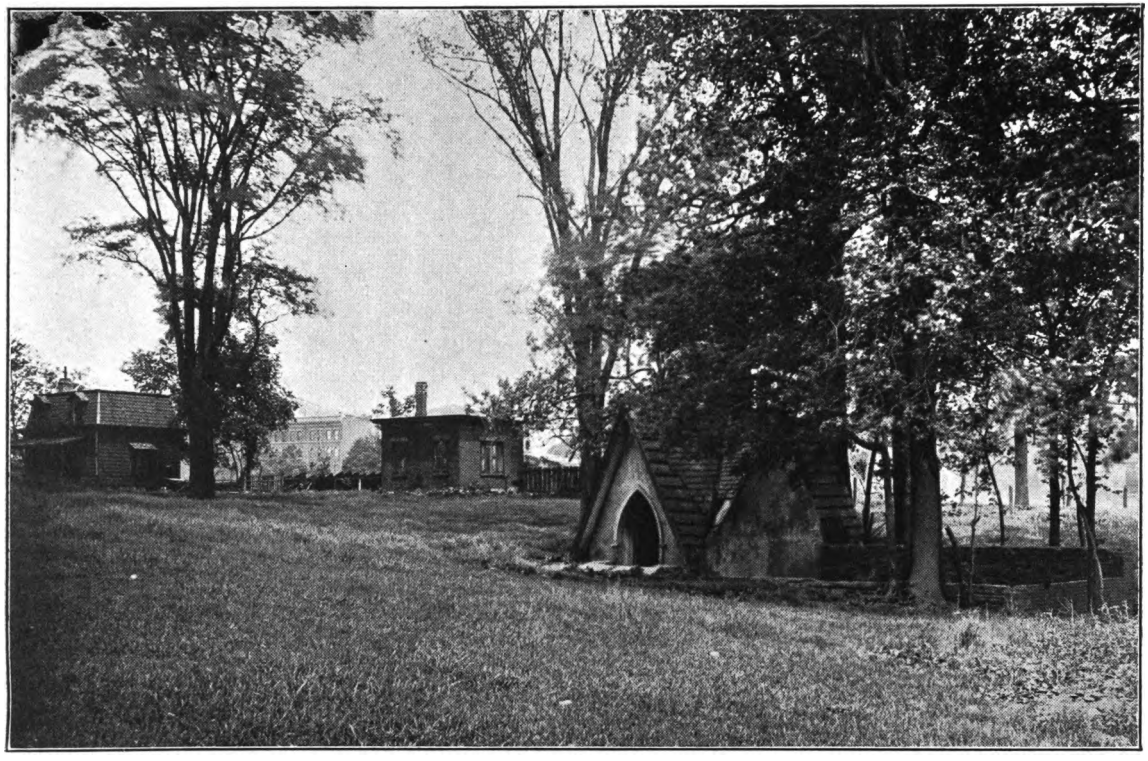

The old well at the home of Gouverneur Morris, Port Morris, the Bronx, 1895.

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Manhattan, there were well trodden paths, stretching from the shores away inland and reaching by the most convenient way the points of vantage in the hinterland. How long those paths had been there we do not know, but we do know they had been trodden by generations of Indians, and although only foot paths and in some places mere trails they were invaluable to the early settlers as guides to the most suitable lands where they might establish themselves permanently.

It is quite natural therefore to suppose that the first comers availed themselves of such help as those immature roadways offered, and we may conclude that the path up the hill from the ferry to where Borough Hall now is was soon a definitely formed road and the first on all Long Island. In their further settlement of our end of the Island the settlers made use of those paths and in time they became the common roads of intercommunication between the various towns and villages of Colonial days.

The road of first importance as the settlers increased seems to have been the road to Jamaica with its branch to Flatbush. This was just a rough unmade road at first, in most parts over unsettled lands, for it was not until the early part of the eighteenth century that the road was laid out and became a public highway. It became the channel for such traffic as those little settlements had, and linked them all together either directly or by roads connecting it with them, and grew in importance as the settlers became more numerous and their activities greater. The entire road from the ferry to Jamaica follows closely the original course, except at a few points where the curve of the old road took a wide sweep. From the ferry to the point of intersection of

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Flatbush and Atlantic Avenues the course is the same, but from this point the old road described an irregular line between what is now Atlantic Avenue and Fulton Street until it reached Bedford corners, and there it veered a little to the north and finally made a sweeping curve beyond MacDonough Street coming back to the line of Atlantic Avenue near what is now Reid Avenue and thence along this line to East New York and Jamaica Avenue. Those widely irregular parts of the old road have disappeared in the new streets and avenues of this section of Brooklyn, but the old road re-appears in all its pristine importance in Jamaica avenue, leading to the interesting suburb of Jamaica, which is now not only a most attractive residential section but also a rapidly developing center of railroad activity.

There are still on this road some of the very old houses of colonial times, but the one which stands out pre-eminently and historically is the King mansion—a fine old house set in beautiful grounds. This was the home of Rufus King, one of the first two senators to represent the state of New York in congress. It was also the residence of his son John A. King, governor of the state from 1856 to 1858. This house is now public property and the grounds have been converted into a park, so that this fine old mansion with its historic associations and its relics of a period that is dear to us will be preserved from the iconoclasm of modern times and handed down to future generations as a heritage well worthy of their care and reverence. The beautiful houses on Hillcrest avenue just above are no doubt more comfortable to live in, but they do not appeal either to the eye or to the heart as does this fine old mansion of a bye-gone age.

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In ye olden time there was a road intimately connected with the road to Jamaica as a link between it and the bay at Canarsie. This old road commenced somewhere near the road to Newtown, now Flushing avenue, and following the general line of the present Reid avenue crossed the Jamaica road and continued in a southeasterly direction to New Lots avenue and thence south to the bay. This was the old Hunterfly road. When it got this name and why is not known, but the name is not quite so ancient as the road. It was known to the early settlers as a hay path and used by them as the way most accessible to the meadow lands of the bay. Those settlers came from Bedford, New Lots, Wallabout and parts of Jamaica, so that this hay path was a much used road and of great importance to the little communities near it. But there is not a trace of it left. It has vanished as have the hay wagons and their owners and even the meadows where the salt hay was gathered in. And if we turn from retrospect and peer into the future we can see those meadows blossoming with homes and the shores of the bay crowded with the argosies of the world, for the long arm of business is stretching out and claiming the entire district for its own.

The junction of Flatbush and Atlantic avenues where the Long Island Railroad station is situated bids fair to become the heart of Brooklyn. Here is the entrance and the exit for the multitudinous towns and villages of Long Island, and if traffic continues to increase we may be able to refer to it as that ever changing but difficult to locate "busiest corner" in the city. Long ago it seems to have been, too, the focus for travel, for here we find with others, the old Gowanus road taking its start. There is nothing of it there now unless we consider the beginning

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of Fifth avenue a part of it. But the old road was too sinuous to identify with that street, as it followed an irregular course between Fifth and Third avenues as far as the narrows. All along the shore there were little settlements and this old road connected them like links in a chain from Fort Hamilton to Fulton ferry. It was a well developed road at the time of the revolution and was used by the British in their march from Gravesend bay to the battle fields about Prospect hills.

The old Bushwick road is about the only road that preserves its course today almost as it was originally. It began at what is now Richardson street and Kingsland avenue and ran south to the old Bushwick church. From there its course was almost identical with Bushwick avenue as it is today. It crossed the old Newtown road at the same point it crosses Flushing avenue now and ran in a southeasterly line into Jamaica road at the present point of junction. It is one of the few very old roads that have survived the destroying hand of time and has taken on a new lease of life that promises to stretch far into the future. Today it is a splendid highway, constantly thronged with all sorts of vehicles from automobiles to delivery wagons, and is rapidly being built up on both sides with fine residences. Already it occupies an important place among the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, and has become somewhat distinguished since the election of Mayor Hylan, whose residence is at No. 959.

Flushing avenue from Navy street to the intersection of Broadway runs nearly parallel with the old Wallabout road and from Washington avenue to Broadway is identical with it. Beyond that point Flushing avenue is the old Newtown road as shown above. The Wallabout road

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made a considerable digression from the present straight line of Flushing avenue to the south between the Navy yard and Washington avenue, and again a slight bend to the south near Marcy avenue just before merging with the Newtown road at Broadway. In laying out new streets these "kinks" and irregularities in the old roads were straightened out and the most direct way from point to point chosen, but in this instance the course of the old road and the new avenue is almost similar.

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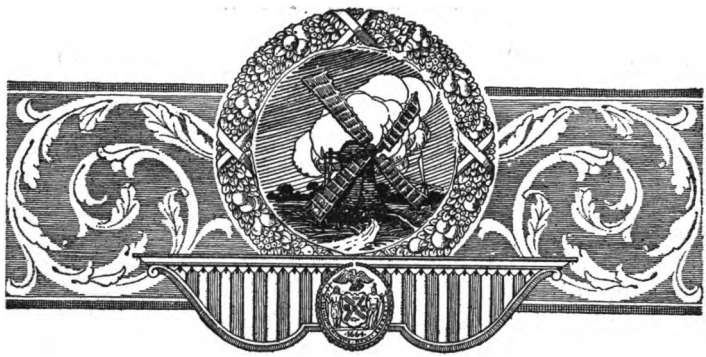

EARLY DAYS IN NEW YORK

Jews of Old New York

PROF. A. S. ISAACS, *New York University*

IN the marvelous growth of our metropolis, in which all creeds and nationalities are proud to share, as landslides of immigration reach our shores in swift succession—now from Ireland, now from Italy, now from Russia and now Scandinavia, Holland, and the far East,—the Jews have naturally participated. Conditions abroad, never the most hopeful, within recent decades have compelled their exodus to the only country in the world which assures its people full civil and religious liberty. Although special efforts have been made to scatter the incoming thousands of all types and classes, partly by the state and partly by private agencies, the majority seem to prefer New York and its vicinity, as if there was safety in numbers as well as an indescribable home atmosphere in the local groups and class which meet them. The old cry "Go West!" is not so generally obeyed as it should be by the newcomers from distant lands. The European war, which is serving happily to unify our

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country and is giving the death-blow to hyphenated Americans, with their special centres, jargons, and foreign predilections, will tend as unmistakably to unify our great cities and weaken, if not entirely dissolve alien atmosphere and associations.

While the earliest Jewish settlement occurred in 1654, when Peter Stuyvesant and the Dutch West Indies Company were guiding the destinies of New Amsterdam,—the immigrants were then less than thirty, earlier arrivals had been limited to a few individuals,—it was in the Colonial and pre-Revolutionary period that their growth was sufficiently marked for the local historian. The conditions under which they were admitted by the Dutch authorities were to engage in no retail trade, to "exercise in all quietness their religion within their houses," and to take care of their own poor. Otherwise they were to enjoy in New Netherlands all the civil and political rights which they possessed in Amsterdam. It was fortunate in some respects that their energies were restricted to foreign and international trade; for this very limitation broadened their activities and gave a keener edge to their ambition. As a result, they became rapidly among the leading importers and exporters in various lines. In 1656, they obtained a site for a cemetery—on New Bowery, near Oliver, whose oldest inscription is dated 1683. The earliest synagogue or pro-synagogue stood on Mill Street before 1700, close to ground where a house of worship was erected in 1729. These were unpretentious structures, whose builders never thought of the temples which were to follow, to vie in number and architectural beauty with the churches of later generations.

Among familiar names in social and mercantile life in New York before the 18th century were families like the

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Gomez, Hendricks, Henriques, Hays, Seixas, whose descendants are still among us. Perhaps the most prominent Jewish personality in pre-Revolutionary days was Sampson Simson, who died in 1773. He is termed the elder, to distinguish him from his nephew of the same name, who was equally famous decades later. His firm in Stone Street imported beaver coating and other articles, and he was the owner of many vessels in the foreign trade. His standing as merchant is best indicated by the menu card at the 125th anniversary of the New York Chamber of Commerce whose frontispiece bore his name among the eight delegates who secured its charter. Besides serving on many important committees of the Chamber, he was active in local affairs and enjoyed general esteem. His nephew of the same name (1780-1857) was a man of ability and standing, with certain picturesque qualities that were due, perhaps, to his being a wealthy bachelor with the leisure to adopt hobbies. An American by birth and of the third generation of Americans, he was the founder of Jews', now Mt. Sinai Hospital, and active in benevolence. In the early fifties he resided at 208 Thompson Street, in an era when that section of the city, near Washington Square, with long rows of modest houses on Fourth, Bleecker and Houston Streets, was a dignified social centre. He was ready to aid worthy causes without distinction of creed—churches of all denominations numbered him among their donors. My brother, the late Judge Isaacs, recalls Mr. Simson's appearance in a paper before the American Jewish Historical Soicety (1902): "He affected the old fashioned costume, sometimes wearing knee breeches and buckles. He was above the average height, very stiff and upright in his bearing. His hair was white and worn in long

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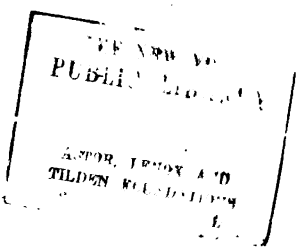
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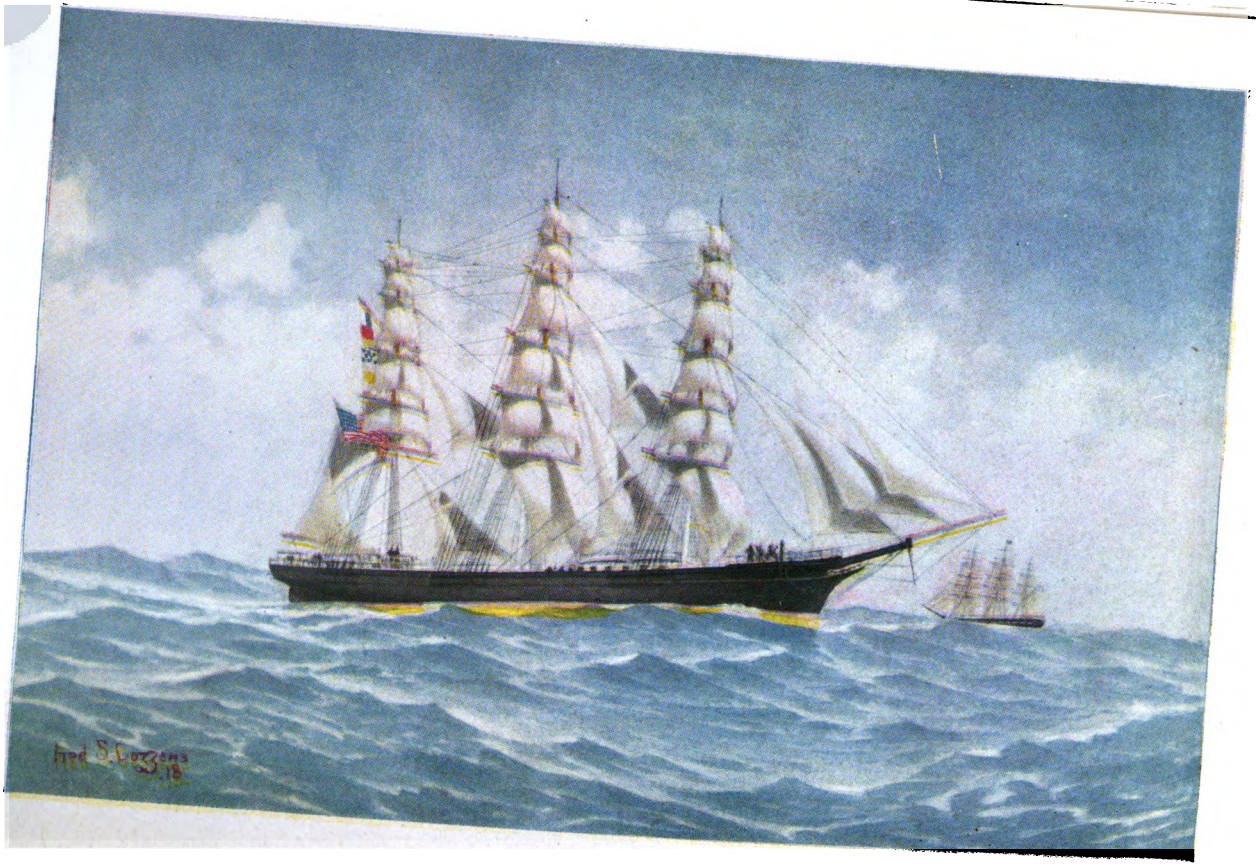

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William H. Macy

One of the early traders and a distinguished member of the group which created the era known as the "Roaring Forties." A staunch trim looking ship she was as well known in Liverpool and the Orient as she was in New York.

Wm. H. Macy the owner was a member of the Free School Society from which came our present public school system. He was a representative of the high grade type of men who built and sailed the merchant ships of Old New York. Mr. V. Everit Macy is his grandson.

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wavy locks. His spectacles were of great size. His habitual walk was in short, quick steps—and he carried a silver-headed cane, upon which he would lean when seated. He was exacting and even tyrannical, would not endure criticism or contradiction. He wrote a good hand; his signature was of the John Hancock style."

The small but influential body of New York Jews before the Revolution could point to another merchant of character—Hayman Levy (1721-1789), who carried on an extensive trade among the Indians and became the largest fur dealer in the colonies. His place of business was on Mill Street. On his failure in 1768, as the late Judge Daly states in his work on "The Settlement of the Jews in North America" (edited by Max J. Kohler, 1893), due to the general colonial policy pursued by the English government, which injuriously affected the commerce and industries of New York, his assignees were enabled to discharge the whole of his indebtedness with interest, owing to the productiveness of his estate and admirable management of his business. Eight years later the great fire destroyed all his property, but he continued nevertheless to carry on business until his death. It is of interest to note that upon his books are entries of amounts paid to John Jacob Astor for beating furs at the rate of one dollar a day. Mr. Levy left for Philadelphia on the occupancy of New York by the British, returning in 1784. He had sixteen children, some of whom were prominent in their day.

Another worthy in the years after the Revolution was Bernard Hart (1764-1855), a native of England who came to New York from Canada in 1777. First an insurance broker, he developed into the auction and commission business—his firm Lispenard & Hart being noted

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in commercial circles. In Scovill's "Old Merchants of New York" (Vol. II. 125) his social influence, business prestige, and kindliness are described as "towering aloft among the magnates of the city of the last and present century." During the yellow fever outbreak of 1795, he took a leading part in the efforts for relief, sparing himself no personal sacrifice. His popularity was shown by his active participation in club life and his holding the office of secretary of the board of brokers from its inception in 1818 to the close of his life. His son, the late Emanuel B. Hart, was a leader in the Jewish community as well as prominent in Tammany Hall, for many years.

The Jewish ministers of that era—Gershom Seixas, M. L. M. Peixotto, J. J. Lyons and Samuel M. Isaacs—the two last died in 1877 and 1878, and are still held in loving memory—wielded a happy social influence, although the centre of prominence was gradually changing from the English and American element to the German and German-American in the sixties and seventies after the Civil War. For a time, Mordecai M. Noah, who settled in New York in 1816 from the South, after a varied career as editor, playwright, and U. S. Consular Agent in the Barbary States, became a leading figure in the Metropolis and contributed much if unintentionally, to its gayety. Prominent in politics, as sheriff, surveyor, and judge, he was a powerful journalist, and a fairly successful dramatist, such was the versatility of his genius. He died in 1851.

Within present limitations we can only mention briefly the Hendricks family, whose representatives continue honored and helpful as their fathers, or the Nathans, Kursheedts, Phillips, Lazarus, and their connections. With the Civil War, the German-American element made rapid

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strides forward—the Bernheimers, Einsteins, Fatmans, Goldsmiths, Herzogs, Loebs, Lehmans, Lehmaiers, Mays, Reckendorfers, Schiffs, Straus's, Scholles, Sternbergers, Walters, Wormsers, being among the best known families. Of the earlier generation, Judge Dittenhoefer, now in his eighty-third year is the sole survivor.

In the publications of the American Jewish Publication Society, which was organized in 1892, much interesting and authoritative information is given as to the status of the Jews of New York in the early periods of its history down to more recent decades.

Christopher Colles and New York's Water Supply

A. J. WALL
Ass't Librarian New York Historical Society

With the advent of the Catskill Aqueduct this year and the wonderful resources for supplying the great City of New York with water, the old Croton Water Aqueduct takes second place in the matter of importance and welfare to this ever growing community. But the memory and history of that feat, the introduction of croton water into the City of New York on October 14, 1842, still lives with old New Yorkers and always will hold an important place in the annals of our city.

The awakening spirit for the need of a proper water supply system for the city may be traced to Christopher Colles, an engineer little known in this day and generation, but whose record in practical achievement ranks with the foremost men of his time. He was born in Ireland about 1738 and died in New York City in 1821.

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In 1765 he emigrated to America and in 1773 delivered a series of lectures in New York on inland lock navigation. The following year he proposed to erect a reservoir for the city and convey water through the streets in wooden pipes made of pine logs. Up to this time wells were the only source of water supply and these produced (with but one exception) water which as early as 1748 Peter Kalm described as "very bad." The exception being the famous "Tea Water Pump" well situated in a hollow near the junction of the present Chatham and Roosevelt Streets, which continued to supply good water for many years.

On August 1st, 1774 *The New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury* published the following:

"Last Thursday sen'night the Corporation of this City met, and agreed to Mr. Christopher Colles's proposal for supplying this city with fresh water, by means of a steam engine, reservoir, and conduit pipes; and in order to carry the said useful and laudable design into immediate execution, they resolved to issue promissory notes as the work shall advance.

"According to this design, the water will be conveyed through every street and lane in this city, with a perpendicular conduit pipe, at every hundred yards, at which water may be drawn at any time of the day or night and in case of fire, each conduit pipe will be so contrived as to communicate with the extinguishing fire-engines, whereby a speedy and plentiful supply of water may be had in that calamitous situation."

On September 5, 1774, the same paper published the following advertisement:

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"NEW YORK WATER WORKS

"Notice is hereby given, that a large quantity of pitch pine logs will be wanting for the New York water works. Such persons as are willing to engage to furnish the same, are desired to send their proposals, in writing, before the 20th of October next, to Christopher Colles, contractor for said works.

"These logs must be of good pitch pine, straight and free from large knots of 12 inches diameter, exclusive of sap, at the small end; and the remaining three-fourths of 9 inches diameter, exclusive of sap, at the small end."

On October 8th, 1774, the city purchased from Augustus and Frederick Van Cortlandt a site on the east side of Broadway between the present Pearl and White Streets, and the erection of the reservoir to carry out Colles' plan, was there carried into effect, but the Revolutionary War and the occupation of the city by the British prevented the completion of the scheme.

On January 29th, 1788, a petition to the Common Council appeared in *The New York Packet,* praying that houses might be supplied with water through pipes, viz.:

WATER WORKS

"The following petition is now handling about this city in order to take the sense of the inhabitants whether they would wish the city should be furnished with a plentiful supply of fresh water, by means of water works and conduit-pipes, as proposed (and partly executed), before the war.

"To the Hon. the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New York in Common Council convened: The petition of the subscribers, inhabitants of the said city,

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Respectfully sheweth,

"That as the present mode of furnishing this city and shipping with water, is in many respects subject to many inconveniences, we do hereby declare our approbation of a design for supplying the same by means of water works and conduit-pipes and will (as soon as the same shall be completed) be satisfied to pay our respective proportion of a tax for the purpose, provided the same does not exceed twenty-six shillings for each house per annum, at an average.

"May it therefore please your honors to take the premises into consideration, and to adopt such measures for effecting the same as you shall judge most expedient, for the advantage, convenience and safety of the city.

Calculation

"Supposing 3200 houses in the city, at 26s is....	£4160
of which	
1000 houses rated at 45s per ann.	2250
1000 houses rated at 26	1300
1200 houses rated at 10 2d.	610
	£4160"

Nothing, however, came from this petition and "tea water men" continued to carry water around the city in carts built for the purpose, selling the same at 3d. a hogshead of 130 gallons at the pump. The well in which this pump stood was fed from the Collect Pond and was about twenty feet deep and four feet in diameter.

From 1789 to 1798 various propositions were made to the city for an adequate water supply all of which held the Collect Pond for the source of supply.

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On July 2, 1798 Dr. Joseph Browne proposed furnishing the city with water from the Bronx River and with far-sightedness and good judgment argued his point in the following language:

"The large stagnating, filthy pond, commonly called the Collect, which now is, or soon will be, the centre of the city, has been looked to by some of the people as a fund from whence an adequate supply might be obtained, by means of a steam engine, for the purposes already spoken of. I cannot undertake to say that this source would at present be incompetent to all the preceding purposes for which a supply of water is wanted; but if the quantity naturally discharged from this pond be the whole that is furnished by its springs, then I might say with propriety, it is infinitely too small for those uses. But admitting that at present it might be competent, the time will come, and that very shortly, from the growth of the city, when this source will most certainly be very inadequate to the demand. And again, supposing the pond to contain and furnish enough, it is a consideration well deserving attention, whether a pond, into which the filth from many of the streets must, without very great expense and care, be constantly discharged, and to which the contents of vaults, etc., will continually drain, is a desirable source from whence we should like to take water for drinking, cooking, etc., without taking into account its noxious qualities, medically considered; although it may be laid down as a general rule that the health of a city depends more on its water than on all the rest of the eatables and drinkables put together."

Dr. Browne's plan met with approval and Mr. William Weston, an engineer, was engaged by the city to study the proposed plan. His report favored the tapping of the

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Bronx River and was adopted by the Common Council and a bill was prepared and introduced in the Legislature granting the City of New York the necessary powers for constructing water works. At this point opposition arose from such men as Alexander Hamilton and Gulian Verplank, and from Aaron Burr and others who had in mind the forming of a private company and on April 2, 1799, the Legislature passed an act for supplying the City of New York with pure and wholesome water, and incorporated the Manhattan Company with a capital stock not to exceed two million dollars divided in shares of fifty dollars each, to which the city subscribed for two thousand shares. The water was to be introduced into the city within ten years of the passage of the act.

Although the charter of the Manhattan Company gave them the right "to erect any dams or other works across or upon any stream or streams of water, river or rivers, or any other place or places" in order to obtain an ample supply of water for the city, it did not avail itself of the privileges granted and only sank a large well twenty-five feet in diameter at the corner of the present Reade and Centre Streets and pumped the water into a reservoir on Chambers Street from which it was distributed through wooden pipes.

From this time until the construction of the Croton Reservoir a period of over thirty years, nothing of permanent good was accomplished toward solving the question of supplying the city with pure and wholesome water in abundance and during all these years its need was ever apparent. In 1819 Robert Macomb was granted the privilege of bringing water from the Bronx River to a reservoir on Manhattan Island but nothing came of it. In 1821 a committee with Mayor Stephen Allen as chair-

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Old time advertising card distributed among shippers by the ship people. 1859

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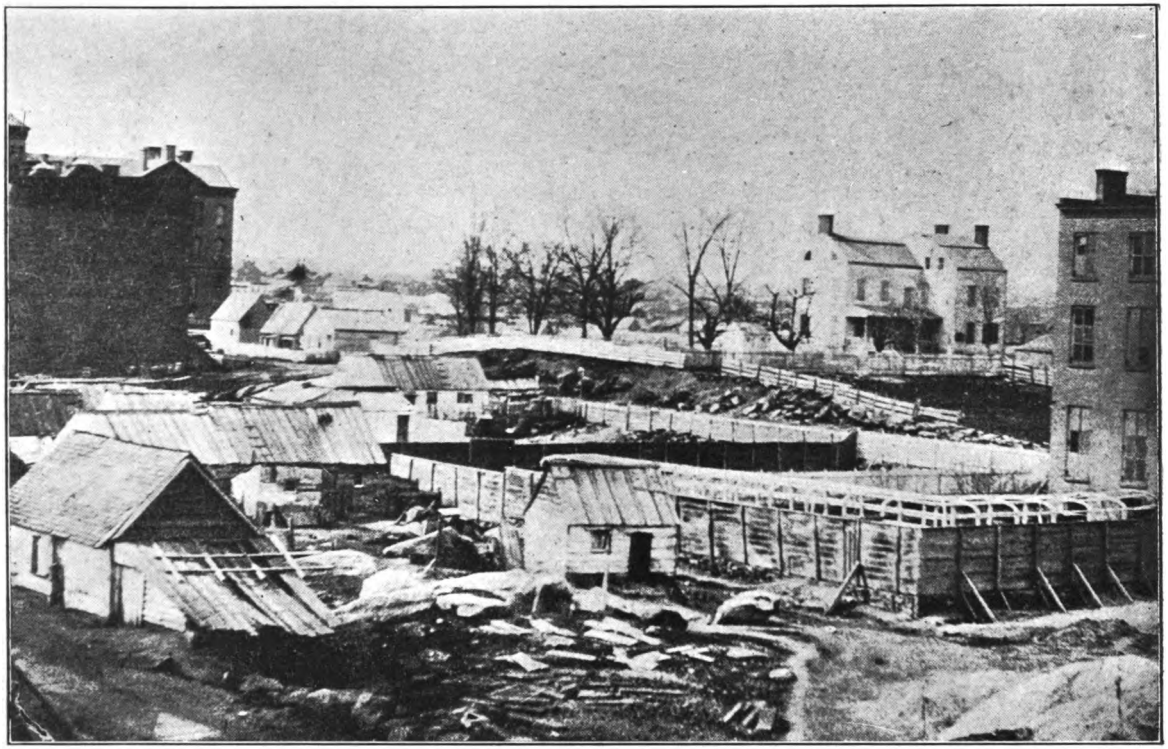

Park Avenue and 50th Street in 1859. Now the site of the Grand Central Terminal improvements. Collection of Mr. Theo. H. Schneider.

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man again considered securing water from the same source, without result. The next proposition was to construct an open canal from the Housatonic River, and another scheme suggested a canal from the Oblong River at Sharon, Conn., to New York, a distance of fifty miles. In 1825 the New York Water Works Company was incorporated to carry out the plan of Mr. Canvass White who was selected in 1822, as engineer to make investigations concerning the Bronx River supply on which he had reported favorably. This company dissolved in 1827 as its charter conflicted with those of the Sharon Canal Company and of the Manhattan Company. In 1827 the New York Wells Company was incorporated to bore wells, but soon abandoned the task realizing that sufficient water could not be obtained from that source. Several wells were bored by Levi Disbrow who had invented and patented improved tools for the work, but it was estimated that two hundred wells would be necessary to obtain a sufficient supply of water and the expense of operating pumps for the same ended further consideration of that scheme.

In 1829 Alderman Samuel Stevens urged the city to build a reservoir for fire purposes on high ground on Thirteenth Street, and to lay an iron pipe line down the Bowery and Chatham Square and another down Broadway to Canal Street. This was actually carried out and the reservoir constructed on the South side of Thirteenth Street near the present Fourth Avenue, and it was the first public reservoir and the beginning of the public water works of the City of New York. It had a capacity of 233,169 gallons. Twelve inch mains were used with branches of ten and six inches and by January, 1833, 34,646 feet of pipe had been laid.

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It was not until 1830 that the Croton River had been mentioned as a possible source for the city's water supply and in that year Mr. Francis B. Phelps suggested it in a memorial, as one of four sources, the others being Rye Ponds, Passaic River and wells on Manhattan Island.

On November 10, 1832, a joint committee of the Common Council on Fire and Water engaged DeWitt Clinton to examine the various sources and routes of water supply thus far suggested. His conclusions determined upon an aqueduct from the Croton Valley to the city and on May 2, 1834 the final act for constructing the Croton Aqueduct was passed. Work was begun in 1837 and completed in 1842 when on October 14th a great civic celebration was held in honor of the event. The Murray Hill Reservoir now the site of the New York Public Library was completed that year and served as the distributing reservoir for the city. On June 1, 1883 the Legislature passed an act authorizing the construction of a new aqueduct, reservoirs and dams "for the purpose of supplying the City of New York with an increased supply of pure and wholesome water." On July 15, 1890 water was turned into the new aqueduct from Croton Lake to the Central Park Reservoir.

Eastchester—A Half Forgotten Capitol

Eastchester Creek in the early days was very different from what it is to-day. Then its waters, rising and falling with the tides of the ocean, were pure and limpid and on its surface could be seen the shallops of the settlers floating calmly toward the East River. It was sometimes dignified by the name of Hutchinson River although only a little shallow stream. The country all about was a

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beautiful landscape and the little hamlet of Eastchester nestled amid the low hills and wooded lands forming its source. Scattered over the plains on either side were the homes of the settlers and the lands were well under cultivation. Quite an ideal settlement was gathered here comprising the descendants of several nationalities all compounded into 100 per cent. Americans.

The quaint old church of St. Paul's which is still standing—a relic of a beautiful and romantic past—was the center of the life and activity of the surrounding country. History records how this old church, which had ministered to the wants of the people away back in Colonial times, fell on evil days during the Revolution and was used by the Hessian troops as a hospital. Disease broke out among them and many died. Thousands were buried unceremoniously in what is designated as the sand pit in the grounds of the church. When the trouble was all over and the young republic got fairly under way the church was rehabilitated and stands to-day a beautiful and enduring monument of Christian faith and service. The bell, the bible and the prayer book which were used in Colonial days may still be seen in the church. The old bell still sounds the call to prayer and the groups of worshippers still wend their way to the old church just as of yore.

Perhaps some of our readers will be surprised to know that the village of Eastchester was the seat of government for a brief period during the administration of the second President. A fearful epidemic fell upon Philadelphia and President John Adams with many other officials took refuge in places far removed from the scourge. Here in the home of his daughter the wife of Col. William Stephen Smith the President lived until it was safe to

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return to the capital. In this house many state papers were written, and those referring to the calling of Congress to meet in New York City were of a specially interesting nature. There is still a house in Eastchester which goes by the name of the Adams house, but it is only in part an old house and of the one the President lived in nothing remains.

Eastchester was the latter day home of Anne Hutchinson after the stress and storm of her life in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. For years she had kept these two neighboring states in a turmoil by her ceaseless zeal in the propagation of new and peculiar doctrines. But it availed her little in spreading the new faith. Her struggle however brought her into a position she did not seek and did not even know she occupied—that of a torch bearer in the great movement for liberty of conscience and liberty of speech. The saying that a prophet has honor except in his own country was exemplified in this instance, for this devoted woman was banished from her former homes and sought shelter in her later years within the peaceful borders of Eastchester. Strange is it not that this quiet and unobtrusive little settlement should become, even in this indirect way, connected with the great principle of freedom of speech and conscience, or "soul liberty" as it was called, which ultimately found its complete expression in the constitution of the United States. The house in Eastchester was burned by the Indians in their raid against the Dutch and the entire family, with the exception of one daughter, met their fate in the flames.

There still remains in Eastchester the old homestead of Col. Joseph Fay who fought under Washington and was commended by him for loyalty and devotion to the cause.

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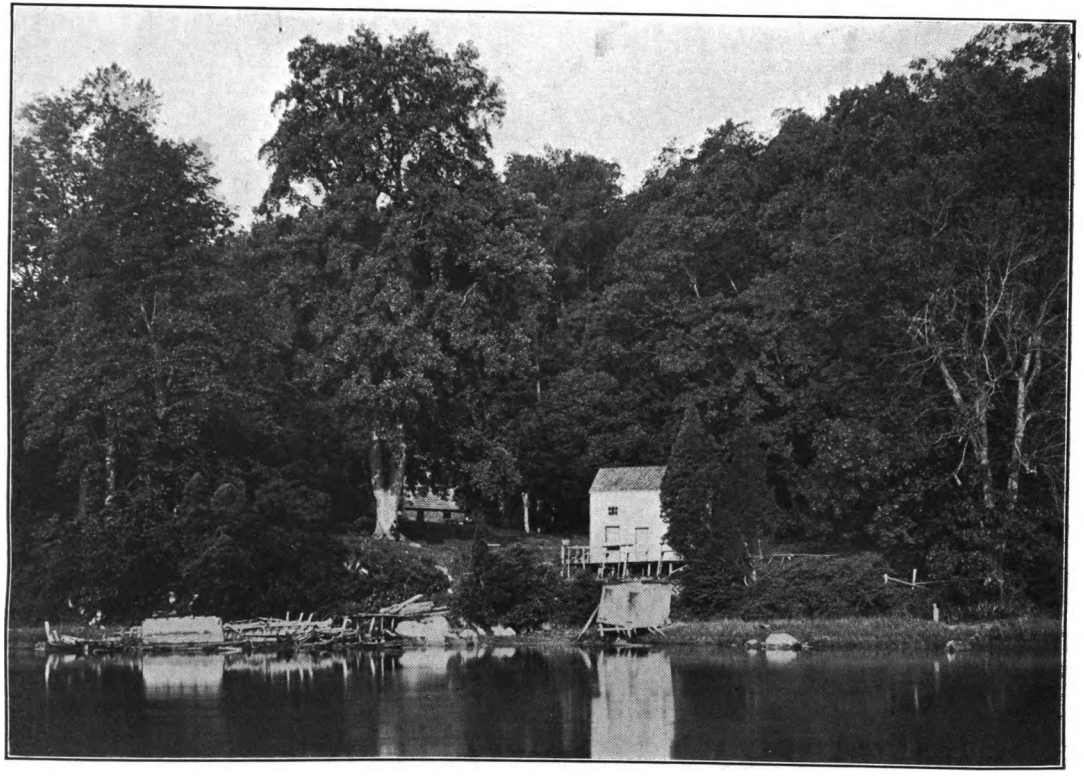

The Inwood Tulip Tree, famous for its great age and size, said to be over 300 years old—a natural beauty spot. A bronze tablet near here records a landing by Hudson and his crew.

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The old house is still occupied, although showing the marks of time and age, but should be preserved for its connection with the early history of our country. It was one of the few houses that constituted the original hamlet of Eastchester and is the only one remaining. It had its trials during the revolution, being a tavern for a while, and being used by the Hessians in connection with their hospital in St. Paul's just opposite.

The most exciting event which happened in Eastchester in those early days was the arrival and departure of the coaches that plied between New York and Boston. At Guion's Inn on the Boston Post Road where they stopped, a group of people, eager to hear the news was always gathered, and for the moment there was bustle and excitement, then all was quiet again until the arrival of the next coach. Mr. Guion's reputation for good cheer spread far and wide, and he certainly must have been worthy of his good repute, for it is related that Washington slept there one night and referred to his visit afterward in a letter, saying "I proceeded to Eastchester where I slept all night in a good bed at Mr. Guion's."

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Pacifists in 1776 Refuse to Declare for Independence

The first movement toward the Declaration of Independence was set afoot in some of the colonies by compiling a list of those who were in favor of this action and giving the reasons of those who were opposed to it. The excuses these pacifists of 1776 give, bear a close resemblance to what we are accustomed to hear to-day, and let us hope their influence on the result may be as innocuous:

"Benjamin Herbert, Jr., refuses to sign through religious principles.

"Richard T. Hargrove refuses to sign through religious principles.

"William Wilson, son of John, refuses to sign through religious principles.

"Benjamin Harboard refuses to sign through religious principles.

"Michael Bosed don't sign by reason he signed before.

"Thomas Gilbert don't sign by reason he don't chose.

"Thomas West don't sign by reason it is a mystery to him.

"Philip Cummins don't sign by reason he don't understand the matter.

"John Ward don't sign by reason the congress don't sign and by reason he thinks that if the English gain the day then the congress and the great people will turn the scale and say the commonality of people forced them to stand in opposition to the English.

"John Clark don't sign by no reason he can give.

"Ephraim Arnold don't sign for fear it would fetch him into a scrape.

"Isaac Penrose don't sign for reason he don't choose to fight for liberty and never will.

"Benj. Fleetwood refuses to sign. He says he will go in a vessel, will not fight for land.

"Samuel Gallion says if he should sign he may fetch on himself that he cannot go through.

"Richard Spencer says he can not write nor read and shall not sign any paper."

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Random Notes

To the Old New Yorker the items given below will bring back memories of a very different city from the one we live in to-day, and yet it must be quite apparent that the spirit which animated the people then was not very different from that which animates them to-day—a spirit of striving after progress and improvement. These items are from an old New York note book of 1858 in the possession of Mr. George H. Sargent of Chicago, made by his father.

Packet and Clipper-Ships

The ships of New York, and especially the clippers, are objects of interest to the stranger. Splendid vessels of both kinds are always to be found at our docks, and may be examined at all times without inconvenience. Their elegant cabins, vast size and exquisite models, excite the admiration and wonder of those unused to such things. Their cabins are often fitted up at a vast expense, and their whole build and finish render them superior to any other vessels in the commercial world.

Among the finest of the packets may be mentioned the American Congress, Star of the West, and Alfred the Great. The largest and finest clippers are the Challenge, The Invincible, The Flying Cloud, The White Squall, and The Queen of the Clippers.

Bloomingdale

A remarkably neat village of New York county, situated on the left bank of the Hudson, five miles above the City Hall. The New York Asylum for the Insane and the Orphans Asylum are established here. The village consists chiefly of country-seats. Many persons are tempted to drive in this direction by the beauty of the

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road. About two miles from Bloomingdale, on the same side of the river, is Manhattanville.

St. George's

On the corner of East Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place is St. George's Church (Episcopal), under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. Tyng. The church itself is very fine, containing seats for about three thousand persons, whose view of the preacher is not hindered by the interference of a single column. The whole interior is therefore quite unique, and has been well compared by a nautical friend to the strong, well timbered frame-work of a great ship. The eloquent divine who here officiates, possesses a voice capable of filling the house apparently without effort.

Ship Yards

The extensive ship yards in the Northeast part of the city, in the region called Dry Dock, are very interesting places of resort. Here may be found ships of the largest class, and steamers of every dimension in progress, and a vast variety of naval operations, rendering it a scene of infinite variety and interest. Extensive machine-shops, for steam engines, will be found here also.

The Pavements

The citizen of New York, weary at length of being jolted over the old fashioned pavements of cobble-stones which still maintain possession of most of the streets, determined to find relief. In 1846, a great improvement was made by the introduction of what was called, from the name of its inventor, the Russ pavement; and which, thus far, has met all the opposition of heat and cold, sudden changes and immense use, without injury.

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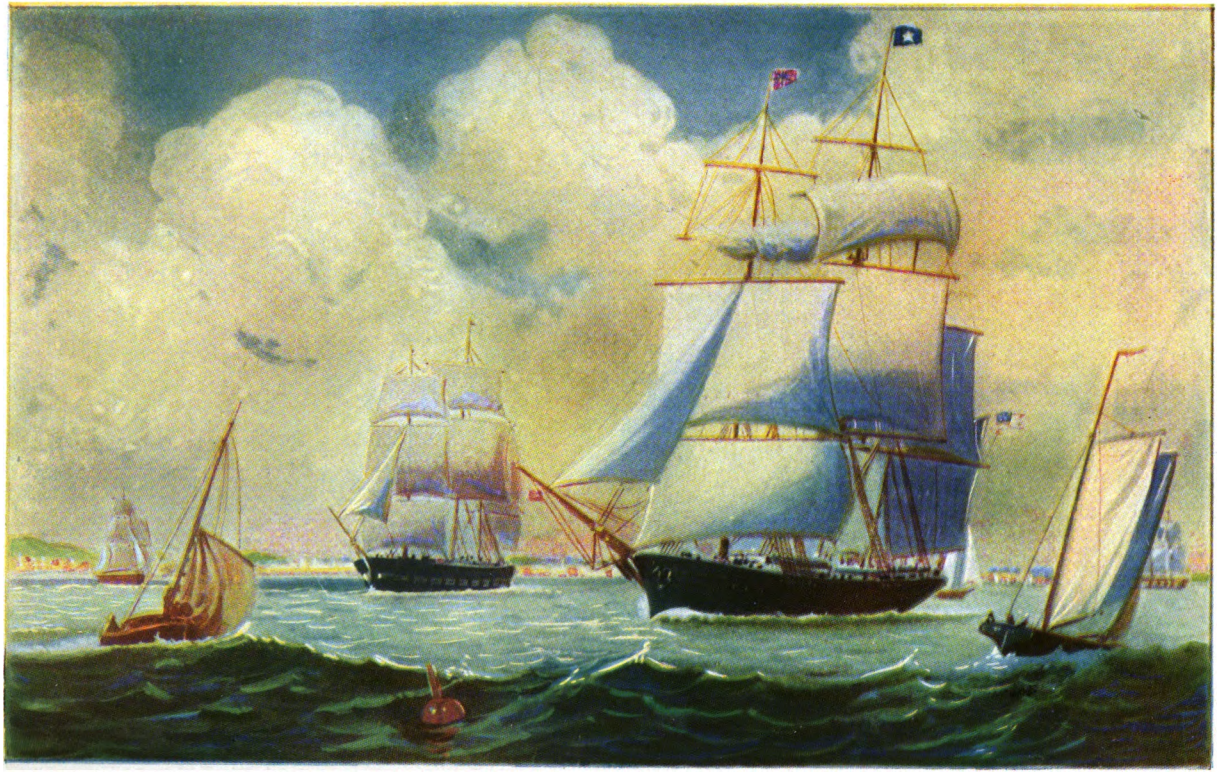

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Black Prince 1854

The home of the clipper is originally said to be Baltimore, and the Ann McKin, the first of the new type, hailed from that port in 1832. She was purchased by Howland and Aspinwall of New York, who added the Rainbow of similar design. To the success of these two ships is credited the beginning of the clipper ship Era, and New York as the port which created the type.

The Black Prince is a type of the clipper ship built in Baltimore at a later date and sailed in the China Tea and California trade.

From the private collection of Mr. Robert Bacon.

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The plan, however, is very expensive. It requires large blocks of stone about ten inches in depth, laid diagonally with the wheel track, and resting on a substratum of concrete, which again rests upon a foundation of granite chips; the whole forming a consolidated mass eighteen inches thick, so arranged as to afford access to the gas and water pipes. It has been fairly tested on Broadway. Another pavement is called, also from the name of its inventor, the Perrine. The popularity of this consists in combining a smooth wheel-track with a rough way for the horses, as may be seen, should there be any yet remaining, in Broadway, between Franklin and Canal Streets.

The cobble-stone portion of the Perrine is to be replaced with granite block, laid by Deghue; an experiment, the success of which is yet to be achieved.

The cost of the Deghue is $3.85 a yard; that of the Perrine, about $6.00; while the Russ, costing nearly as much as both together, is probably the cheapest of the three.

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NEW YORK OF TODAY

American Artists and the War

A. E. GALLATIN

IN the olden days, the sphere of action in which the artist, in times of war, could make use of his talents was extremely limited; to-day the situation is vastly different. As one writer on art matters has said: "Art never has had a more inspiring opportunity, and artists are gaining constantly in appreciation of the service possible for them to render." Another has written: "Never since the Middle Ages, when the church taught its lessons by means of pictures to people who could not read the written word, has art been called upon to serve in so many ways."

Leonardo da Vinci is probably the most conspicuous example of the artist of the Middle Ages who, while his country was at war, was able to be of service. Leonardo always considered that he attained a greater excellence as an engineer than as a painter or a sculptor. His designs for fortifications may be found by searching through a set of Ravaisson-Mollien's folio volumes en-

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titled "Les Manuscripts de Leonard de Vinci" (Paris, 1883). Among these many sketches will be discovered even a design for an aeroplane. Dürer was another artist much interested in military matters; a work by him, printed in Nuremberg in 1527, contains many engravings which he drew on the wood, depicting fortifications, cannon and various military objects. This book, which is of great interest to the student, was reprinted in Paris in 1535, but has not been reprinted since.

American painters and illustrators, it is gratifying to know, have come forward with an eagerness to be of service to the country that has not been excelled by any other group. The services that they can render are manifold, as I shall endeavor to suggest.

In the first place, many artists are needed for the designing of the innumerable posters required by the government for recruiting purposes, for Liberty Loan, War Savings Stamp, Red Cross and other drives, for posters to speed up ship-building, as well as to urge the conservation of food and coal. And it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every prominent artist in America has designed at least one poster to be used for patriotic purposes.

Last spring a group of illustrators and painters went to Washington and offered their services gratis to the government. At that time commercial artists and firms of lithographers were getting the orders for posters. At first the efforts of these artists did not meet with much encouragement, but finally George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, became interested, with the result that he established a Division of Pictorial Publicity. Charles Dana Gibson is the chairman of this committee, which has headquarters at 200 Fifth Avenue,

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New York, while F. D. Casey, art editor of *Collier's Weekly*, is vice-chairman and secretary. Artists wishing to draw posters for the navy should communicate with the U. S. Navy Publicity Bureau, whose offices are at 318 West 39th Street, New York.

Owing to the efforts of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, our posters, which in the beginning of the war were most inartistic and made but a small appeal, have steadily improved. Many of the posters now being issued in this country reach quite a high plane of artistic excellence, although extremely few bear comparison with those which have been issued in France and in Italy. Among the finest posters which have been designed in this country are the "Feed a Fighter" by Wallace Morgan and Henry Raleigh's "Halt the Hun": their fine draughtsmanship reminds one of Steinlen. Excellent also is Albert Sterner's "Over There" poster for the navy, Henry Reuterdahl's "Help Your Country" and W. T. Benda's "Stand Behind the Country's Girlhood," which was drawn for the Y. W. C. A. Others worthy of note have been drawn by Adolph Treidler, C. B. Falls, Charles Livingston Bull, and Joseph Pennell. Over the New York Treasury Building, N. C. Wyeth and Henry Reuterdahl painted a decoration for the Third Liberty Loan, a canvas measuring ninety by twenty-five feet. Robert Reid painted a large poster on a Chicago hoarding for the Navy League.

Eight members of the committee of which Mr. Gibson is chairman were commissioned captains in the Engineers' Reserve Corps of the army and they are now in France depicting our activities. Ernest Peixotto, Walter Enright, W. J. Aylward, Harry Townsend, Wallace Morgan, Walter J. Duncan, Harvey Dunn and André Smith

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The Lorillard Mill, Bronx Park, near the famous rose garden.

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are the men whom the government has selected to make what should prove to be an invaluable historical record.

The Camouflage unit of the Corps of Engineers of the National Army has attracted many artists, and a number also have taken up naval camouflage, which in these days of the submarine is an extremely important study. In making her famous fleet of dummy battleships, England's naval camoufleurs certainly showed great ingenuity. Every regiment has its camouflage squad, and already over five hundred men belonging to this corps are in France with our armies. I understand that each regiment in each training camp in America has sixteen camoufleurs to train other men. In this unit, are artists, architects, sculptors, scene painters, sign painters, house painters, carpenters, ornamental iron workers, tinsmiths, plasterers, photographers, stage carpenters and property men. Their work in general, the War Department informs me, deals with the concealment of gun emplacements, trenches and sheds of military value; the screening of roads and the manufacture of materials for this purpose; the painting of roofs and large areas of canvas for the covering of ammunition storage and the like; the making of various devices and clothing for the concealment of observers and snipers and occasionally the painting of a scenic drop or screen.

Abbott Thayer and Louis Fuertes, two painters, as well as Dr. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, have studied bird life and protective coloration; modern camouflage is based upon their studies and conclusions. Some familiar examples of nature's camouflage is the frog, spotted like a tree; the polar bear, with his white coat, and the tiger, striped in such a way as to make him invisible in a bamboo forest.

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At present no more enlistments are being made in the Camouflage corps and no expansion in this service is contemplated in this country. One of the several schools of camouflage which have been established is that at Columbia University, which is directed by the School of Architecture. In it are taught, under the instruction of Lieut. H. Ledyard Towle, N. Y. G., the elements of military concealment and military training. The extremely interesting Military Camouflage float in the Independence Day Pageant-Parade held in New York this year, under the direction of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense, was constructed by this school. This parade with its one hundred and nine thousand marchers, representing forty-two different nationalities, but carrying only the American flag, was the greatest and most impressive parade ever held in New York. Artists, decorators, sculptors, sign painters and property men cooperated in making the very beautiful and instructive floats, about one hundred in number, as well as the decorations.

Still another way in which the artist may employ his talents is the painting of what are known as designation targets. These are large landscapes depicting typical French rural scenery and are used in our military schools to train the embryo artillery officer to locate quickly a given point in the landscape. The *sine quo non* is correct perspective. The prominent features should appear to be at two hundred, three hundred, and five hundred yards from the observer. The Art War Relief, whose offices are at 661 Fifth Avenue, New York, has directed much of this great work, which is in charge of Mrs. H. Van Buren Magonigle.

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The cartoonist wields a most powerful weapon. It can be truly said of him, as of the author, that "the pen is mightier than the sword." I doubt if any general has better served the Allied cause than Louis Raemaekers. His wonderful drawings have penetrated to all the corners of the world, showing Germany in her true light as have no other pictures or books. The French government has circulated two million sets of Raemaekers' cartoons among the army. The drawings of Forain and Steinlen are valuable documents, besides being works of art of a high order. It is to such pictures as these that the historian of the future, overwhelmed with conflicting material, will turn for guidance. The best history of the Napoleonic wars are the contemporary broadsides and no one could ask for a better political and social history of England than the drawings in *Punch*.

Nor should one forget to mention a way the artist, at least in England, has found to use his talents for war work. At several of the Red Cross sales held in London blank canvases have been contributed by some of the most famous portrait painters and the highest bidder is entitled to have his or her portrait painted by the artist contributing the canvas. Last April Sargent contributed a picture of this character. Early in the war a canvas contributed by him was bought by the late Sir Hugh Lane, who perished on board the Lusitania, and on it he commissioned Sargent to paint one of the now famous portaits of President Wilson, paying $50,000 for it.

The chance for the sculptor is in the designing of war medals and memorials. Very recently Congress has authorized a Congressional Medal of Honor, a Distinguished Service Cross and a Distinguished Service Medal. These were designed by Captain André Smith

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and Captain Aymar Embury, 2d, and modelled by Gaetano Cecere. Paul Manship has recently modelled three medals—"Kultur," "French Heroes Fund" and "Red Cross." An English artist, Captain Derwent Wood, has constructed masks to cover facial injuries. Professor Henry Tonks also has worked with the plastic surgeon.

Many architects have found employment in the Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation, of the Department of Labor, for problems of industrial housing—and these towns for ship-builders and munition makers contain churches, schools and hospitals. Others, who have commissions in the Engineer Corps, have designed portable houses for the Red Cross and the army, which have been sent to France and to England.

I understand that plans have been submitted to the Committee on Public Information with regard to establishing in this country a department of exhibitions. The British government has already created such an organization. Last March there was held in New York an official exhibition of lithographs under the auspices of the British government. This exhibition reflected Britain's efforts and ideals in the great war. The section of the exhibition showing Britain's efforts contained such titles as "Making Soldiers," "Making Sailors," "Making Guns," "Building Ships," "Women's Work," "Work on the Land," and "Tending the Wounded." The section entitled "Britain's Ideals" contained such subjects as "The Triumph of Democracy," "Poland, a Nation," and "The Re-birth of the Arts." These lithographs, some in black and white, others in color, were drawn by some of the most highly gifted of England's artists, including William Rothenstein, Charles H. Shannon, Muirhead Bone, Edmund Dulac, C. R. W. Nevinson, Charles Ricketts, Wil-

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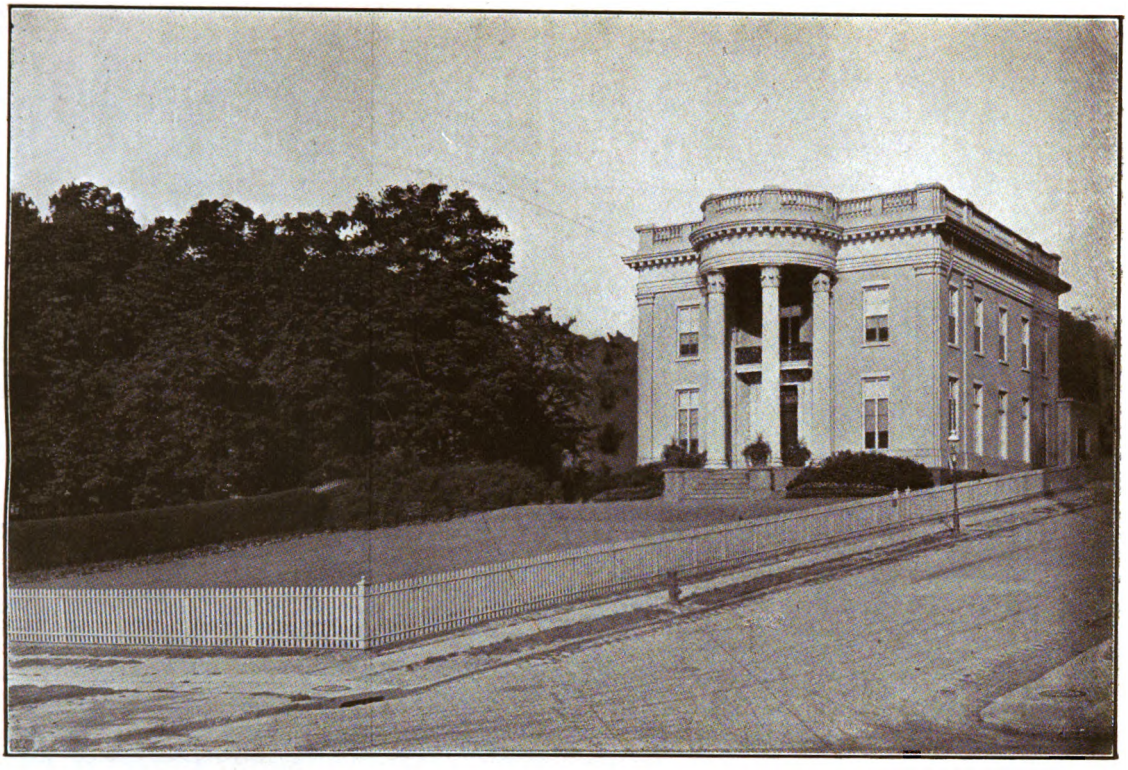

The Rudd Mansion, Riverside Drive and 110th Street, where Hamilton once lived. Relic of the old Colonial days, now the site of a huge apartment house named after the statesman.

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liam Nicholson, Frank Brangwyn, and Augustus John. During June this exhibition was held at the Brooklyn Institute of Art, and during the first two weeks of August it was shown at the Print Room of the Jesup Memorial Library in Bar Harbor, Maine.

For the past two years William Orpen, one of England's greatest painters and draughtsmen, has been depicting events at the front. These drawings and paintings, which were shown in London recently, have been presented by the artist to the nation and are destined for Great Britain's ultimate War Museum.

The French, too, have been fully alive to the great value of pictorial propaganda. Extremely interesting were the paintings by Lieutenant Farré of actual engagements in aerial combat, and most valuable as records because technically accurate, which were exhibited in New York last winter. These pictures I believe are now being shown throughout the country under the auspices of the Aero Club of America. At the Library of Congress last winter were shown the lithographs by Lucien Jonas entitled "Les Grandes Vertues Françaises." Such drawings as these, with those of François Flameng, Georges Scott, and Charles Huard, all official artists, together with the drawings which have been published in *L'Illustration*, form one of the most valuable histories of the war. They are comparable in some ways to the etchings of war scenes by Callot and Goya. Certainly they command much more attention than the studio-painted works of Meissonier, Detaille and Neuville.

In this country but little has been done so far as regards the holdings of exhibitions of what may be termed war pictures, if we exclude posters. An excellent move in this direction was the exhibition of pictures of this

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character shown in New York last spring; the artists represented were Augustus Vincent Tack, John Sloan, W. Ritschel, Charles S. Chapman, I. Mortimer Block, H. B. Fuller, Guy Pène du Bois and George Luks. Interesting also are the lithographs by Joseph Pennell showing America's war preparations, which have been shown at many of the art museums throughout the country.

At my suggestion, in August, 1918, the Division of Pictorial Publicity established a department of exhibitions. This was an excellent move, for in the words of Mr. Duncan Phillips: "More important even than the issue of pamphlets which the Committee on Public Information is already dispensing, more important than the war photographs supplied by the Divisions of Films and Pictures, is the distribution of original drawings, paintings and prints which minister to the morale of our people."

As chairman of the Committee on Arts and Decoration of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense Mr. A. E. Gallatin supervised the floats and decorations of the Independence Day Pageant-Parade and established a bureau to direct and advise artists desiring to apply their talents to war work. He is also associate chairman of the Committee on Exhibitions of the Division of Pictorial Publicity.

At the request of the British Government, Mr. Gallatin arranged an official exhibition of British lithographs reflecting Britain's Efforts and Ideals in the Great War, at Bar Harbor, Me., in August. He also plans exhibitions of war pictures by American artists, designed to acquaint the American public with the extent of our activities and to strengthen their morale. (Editor.)

The members of the Committee are as follows:

Albert Eugene Gallatin, *Chairman*
Lloyd Warren, *Vice Chairman*
Edward P. Gaston, *Secretary*

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Executive Committee

Butler, Nicholas Murray
du Bois, Guy Pène
Glackens, William J.
Hastings, Thomas
Manship, Paul
Phillips, Duncan
Sedgwick, Henry Renwick
Sherrill, Adj. Gen. Chas. H.

General Committee

Abbe, Robert
Alexander, Charles B.
Adams, Herbert
Adams, John Quincy
Bartlett, Paul W.
Bertron, S. Reading
Burroughs, Bryson
Chamber, Robert W.
Clark, William A
Crowninshield, Francis W.
Cutting, R. Fulton
de Forest, Robert W.
Gay, Capt. Charles M.
Gibson, Charles Dana
Guerin, Jules
Hassam, Childe
Hoppin, William Warner
Huntington, Archer M.
Iselin, Ernest
James, Arthur Curtiss
Knoedler, Roland F.
Kunz, George F.
Lawson, Ernest
Mackay, Clarence H.
Mansfield, Howard
Nelson, W. H. de B.
Scribner, Arthur H.
Schieffelin, William Jay
Sloane, John
Stevens, Joseph E.
Tack, Augustus V.

The Brick Presbyterian Church 150th Anniversary

In 1706 Presbyterianism in this city had its birth when a few persons assembled in private houses to worship. They were mostly Scotch. Their numbers increased until they were able in 1719 to build the first Presbyterian church in this city. It was erected in Wall Street on the North side between Broadway and Nassau Street about where the Astor building now stands. This church may be regarded as the mother church of the Presbyterian denomination in New York. The Brick church branched off from this church and, according to the interesting historical review of Dr. Albert R. Ledoux, consisted of the more liberal and aggressively American element of the congregation. The building was erected on Beekman Street at the corner of Nassau Street in 1767 and became

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known as the Brick church in contradistinction to the Stone church in Wall Street. It was dedicated January 1st, 1768 and from the beginning took a leading position in the religious life of the city—a position it has held ever since.

The movement of population up-town and the encroachment of business rendered it necessary to move from the Beekman Street site to a more suitable location and the present site at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street was chosen. The building erected there is almost a duplicate of the original and in the material of its construction is the same, preserving its prerogative to the name of the Brick church. It was dedicated October 1st, 1858.

On January 6th and 10th, 1918, the 150th anniversary of the dedication of the church was celebrated. On Sunday, the 6th, appropriate services were held; Dr. Henry van Dyck, who was the minister of the church from 1883 to 1900, and very recently United States minister to Holland, preached in the morning, and the present minister Dr. William Pierson Merrill in the afternoon. On the evening of the 10th a special historical service was held and the church was filled to its capacity.

Robert Fulton Cutting delivered the opening address at the evening service and made some interesting references to the changed spirit of the church since it was first organized. In contrasting the early with the later period Mr. Cutting very strikingly showed how the leaven of democracy had permeated the religious life of the people and changed the attitude of the church from the paternalism of its early years to the fraternal spirit and co-operation which we find to-day, or to use his own words "instead of working upon the people working with them."

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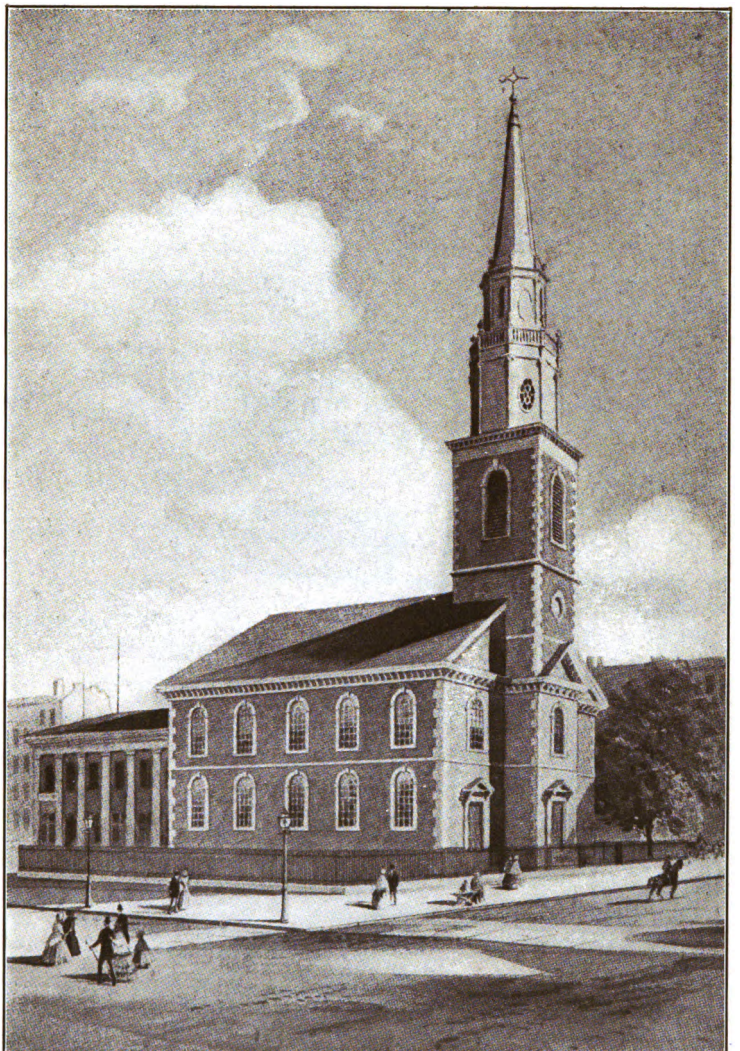

The First Brick Church, Beekman and Nassau Sts., 1767

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Dr. Albert R. Ledoux in an interesting address on the history of the church in its relation to the nation, showed how closely our governmental structure corresponds to that of the Presbyterian church. He also gave an account of the work of the ministers who have served the church and of the more prominent members of the congregation; and perhaps it will not be without interest to that large body of Scots who still exert a great influence in the Presbyterian fold to know that the petitioners for the first charter described themselves as the "Undersigned Scots of North Britain."

The churches of those days seem to have had their little differences just as they have to-day. In this case it proves the old contention that differences and friction promote growth and progress, for the Brick Presbyterian church is surely a fine testimony to its truth. To those who are connected with this church and in fact to all Presbyterians, Dr. Ledoux's historical address will be not only interesting and informative, but most valuable as a record of one of the most important religious institutions of our city.

Dr. Merrill concluded the celebration in an eloquent address on the Invisible Brick Church, which is the spirit of "a broad and generous fellowship of men who differ widely on details, but are one in loyalty to some great essential principle." The address was one which honored the occasion and stamped Dr. Merrill as a preacher who abundantly sustains the traditional force and eloquence of the Brick Presbyterian Church pulpit.

Perhaps the thing that appeals most strongly to the average layman in a celebration of this kind is not so much the evidence of power and influence, as shown by

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the crowded audiences and the demonstrations of appreciation, but rather the humble and unobtrusive beginnings of the church and the simple faith of its founders. Dr. Howard Duffield in whose opening prayer these words occur "we thank Thee for the great city in which Thou hast placed us to solve the problems and perform the duties of this mortal life" epitomizes not only what the founders had in mind, but also what their successors have in great part accomplished.

India House; New York's Reminder of our Ancient Maritime Supremacy

JOHN FOORD
of the *American Asiatic Association*

London has had its East India House since the early seventeenth century. Amsterdam has been the home of the Dutch East India Company since 1595. Salem, Mass., still maintains its East India Marine Hall, and now New York has also its India House. The building has for three-quarters of a century occupied the block on the south side of Hanover Square. In other days the structure looked out upon the collection of tiny brick buildings that lined Old Slip. Across this vista could be seen the thicket of spars and masts that marked the docking place of the clipper ships. But the spars and masts are gone for the most part, and in their place today may be found the sooty funnels of the coasters and the globe-girdling tramp steamers. The little, dormered brick neighbors of what is now India House have given way

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to tall business structures, and the elevated railroad succeeds in hiding in its shadows what is left of the past. This structure of seventy odd years ago was once the home of the Cotton Exchange, and later, when that institution moved to its new quarters a little way up William Street, it housed the firm of William R. Grace & Company. New York's India House is the headquarters of men who represent the leading foreign trade interests of the country; a place where these men can gather and talk over trade conditions, formally or informally as the case may be. It is the club house of the import and export merchants of today, and one of the direct results of the creation of the National Foreign Trade Council whose executive officers are, indeed, housed within its walls.

To the question of "Why India House?" perhaps the best answer that can be given is that for centuries, to men of our race, "India" and the "Indies" stood for all that was greatest, boldest, most alluring and most profitable in commerce. It was in seeking the western route to that older and more spacious world the fame of whose surpassing riches had stirred the imagination of adventurers, navigators and traders for long generations before, that Columbus stumbled on America. To the Elizabethans, the Indies, East and West, were a synonym for all that was rare and precious, and the names were constantly at the end of their tongue and pen. It was not long before any place to which a profitable voyage could be made came to be known as the Indies, and it was a natural sequence that they should have also included Far Cathay. An atmosphere has been created in India House of the old days when American ships were the carriers of the world. Its walls are covered

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with pictures of the most famous clipper ships, like the "Sovereign of the Seas" that covered the distance between Hongkong and New York in ninety days, and the gallery is rich in representations of the ocean greyhounds of the 50s. It has been eloquently said by one of the expositors of this collection: "You may conjure romance from these walls, and you may also derive from the story they tell inspiration for a greater, broader, more prosperous future for American shipping and American commerce. They have in Salem the original home of the romance of the old seafaring life of the United States. * * * The East India Marine Hall of Salem is the abode of great memories; this India House is to be the home of new achievement."

As a matter of fact, in organizing a club whose dominant idea should be that of seagoing commerce, the founders of India Houses builded better than they knew. They had a robust faith in the revival of the American Merchant Marine, and it was quickly demonstrated that their faith was, in sober truth, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. It must be said that it was by feeling, rather than by sight, that they were assured of the coming of the new day. The recrudescence of the old spirit of maritime adventure was felt like a stirring in the blood; a quickening of the pulse of enterprise; a new capacity to respond to the influences that had gone to the making of a glorious past, and which had only to reassert themselves to be contributory to a more glorious future. In India House the scene was set in preparation for the approaching event; in India House was spoken the prologue to the swelling act; from the great organization domiciled in India House emanated the wise counsel and sympathetic co-operation which re-

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Fidelio 1848

Another of the great Black Ball line's famous fliers. The opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 gave great impetus to the packet ships and several lines were started to compete with the Black Ball—the Red Cross, the Collins, the State, the Swallow Tail, the Dramatic.

Blow high, blow low, one of the Black Ball liners sailed from New York to Liverpool the first and sixteenth of every month. These dates for years were known as "steamer days" throughout the whole country. *—Collection of Mrs. C. H. Marshall.*

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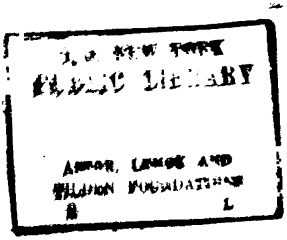

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moved some serious perils from the coming to life of our new merchant fleet. And so, when the shipyards of the United States became resonant with the din of preparation for a new mercantile marine, the men who had longed and labored for just such a consummation, were prone to rub their eyes and wonder if it was not too good to be true.

Nowhere is it realized more clearly than in India House that there will be something of the miraculous in the apparition of the myriad hulls of steel and wood bearing the American flag once more to every port of the seven seas. For the war period of course their function has already been prescribed; the demand for their employment is only too imperative. This first act of our renascent sea-power has been carefully rehearsed, and each actor knows his part. The second act will open with the transfer of all this tonnage to the control of private owners, and with its employment in carrying the products of the United States to the markets of a world at peace. The vital question is, and this is one to which even the sages of India House can give no confident answer; "Will the impulse that called it into being lose none of its strength, and will a new generation of owners, captains and sailors prove equal to the task that for over half a century another generation of Americans successfully performed?" There can be no question that all the external conditions favor a magnificent send-off in the coming year of peace for our merchant fleet. It may be hoped that, profiting by past experience, the Congress and Government of the United States will impose on the business of owning and operating American ships no needless burdens. The determination to keep the flag on the ocean,

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even as it was when the Republic was still young, is deep-seated and pervasive. Let any one who is in danger of faltering in this faith be sent for his better edification to breathe the bracing air of India House.

A Winter Long to Be Remembered

The winter of 1917-18 will be remembered as one of the coldest and most severe ever experienced in this city. It is in the class with the extraordinarily cold winters we have read about in the annals of the early settlement of the country. We have to go back to tradition to find its equal, for our official records have nothing to match it. In snowfall too this winter ranks high among the blizzard years. It commenced early and lasted long. The high winds and low temperature of the early days of December gave us a foretaste of what was coming and these conditions continued with increasing severity until the climax of 13 below zero was reached, marking the lowest temperature in the coldest winter since the weather bureau was established forty-seven years ago. This low record was made just as the year was expiring, December 30, 1917, a date to be remembered.

It is something unusual for the coast cities to experience such extreme cold, and it should be borne in mind that zero weather with us, accompanied as it almost invariably is with high winds, makes the cold here of quite a different quality from that of the interior places. The biting and cutting winds of our zero weather are far more trying than the still cold which obtains in interior parts of the country.

This winter too was remarkable for the lack of thaws. The mid-winter breathing space, when the New Yorker

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gets a chance to primp up his feathers a little and sort of loosen out before another hibernation, was entirely cut out. He was simply snowed under and never got a chance of coming out like the ground hog to size things up. Blast after blast swept over the city with cumulative destructiveness. Railroads were tied up, water ways were choked with ice, tow boats and barges were caught in the ice floes and damaged or carried away altogether, elevateds, subways and street cars were hampered for want of power and ran irregularly. Our transportation facilities were all higgledy-piggledy, sometimes running and sometimes not, very often stopping between points without any apparent reason, and then crawling along at a snail's pace toward their goal. And all this without any heat in the cars, for coal was scarce and in fact could not be had at any price. The black diamond was certainly a precious article during the winter of 1917-18 and the New Yorker who struggled through that remarkable period will ever have a keen appreciation of the tremendous value and indispensability of our friend King Coal. Starting out shivering from a coalless home and facing the wintry blast at the corner while waiting for a car was enough to try the patience of the most long suffering citizen, but amid all his unprecedented discomfort and suffering the New Yorker was rarely heard to make a complaint. Sometimes he would say complaisantly "these are war times, you know, and we've just got to stand it." And it was true, for the weather and the war together made a large draught on his patience and endurance. It was the most trying winter the New Yorker has ever gone through—and the most memorable.

On February 5th, just at a time when the government was making herculean efforts to ship food and other sup-

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plies to our men in France and to the Allies, another and fiercer blast swept over the country rendering transportation of all kinds almost impossible. The temperature this time fell to seven degrees below zero and the wind raged at the rate of 50 miles an hour. Freight trains were impeded by the piles of snow and railroad cuttings were so full that even snow ploughs stuck in them. Switches were frozen, freight depots and terminals were congested, ships were tied up in the harbor for want of coal and everything was in a tangle. The splendid courage and endurance of our workingmen and the fine genius of the management ultimately conquered all difficulties, as these same qualities will ultimately overcome the enemies in the field.

Heatless Days and the Coal Famine

The coal famine was one that came very close to us all. There was scarcely a family that did not suffer and many, both rich and poor, were obliged to use one or two rooms of their home as living apartments which could be kept moderately warm by the use of oil stoves. Of course oil was scarce too and had to be used with care. Coal dealers had a constant stream of people trying to buy even a little portion of the precious mineral, and any day one could hear entreaties for the babies and the old and sick. These of course were cared for first. Occasionally some coal yard would offer what little they could obtain to the poor in small quantities, and a long line would form to get 50 or 100 pounds and carry it home in boys' sleds or baby carriages or in bags. Perhaps the most memorable thing of all was the visit of the policeman to examine your stock of coal and see if you could spare any for those who needed it most. The re-

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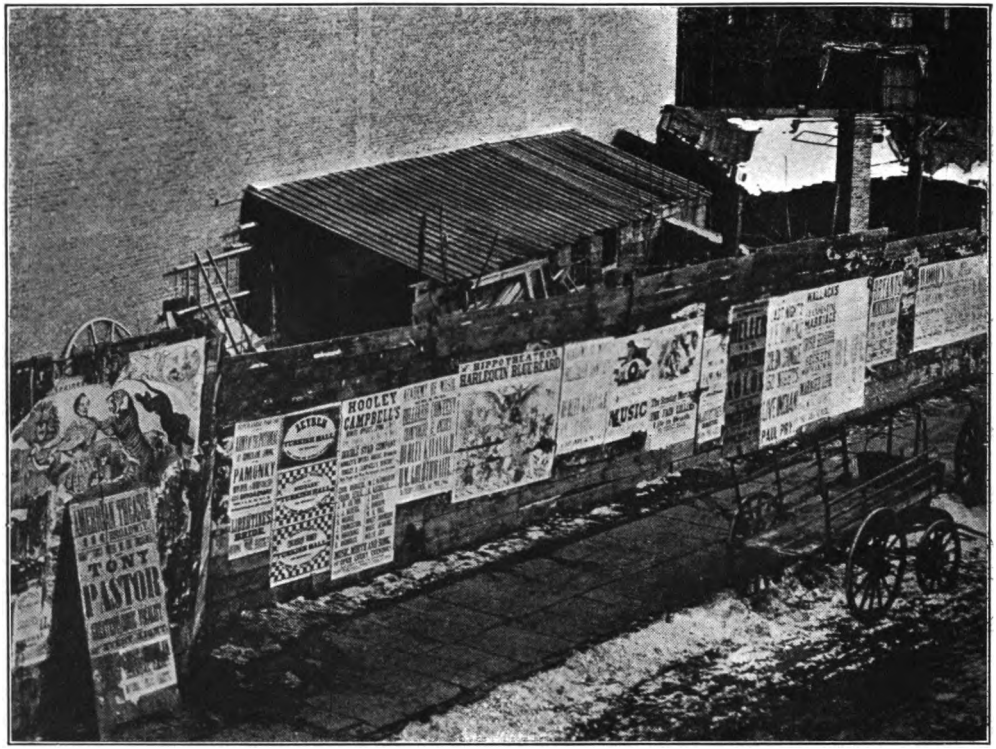

Ramshackle corner Broadway and 13th Street (1865). A favorite hoarding for theatrical posters. Collection of Theo. H. Schneider.

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sult was to show that the famine had reached almost every home.

This condition was largely the result of underproduction to which was added an unprecedented ice jam in the North River stopping delivery from the mines completely. This seemed the acme of discomfort and suffering, but as if to show that we could endure still further misery the Government suddenly ordered the cessation of all business activities requiring the use of coal. Office buildings, theatres, public institutions and to a very great extent apartment houses and homes were compelled to exist without heat. These Heatless Days will long be remembered. Nothing in modern experience had ever happened like it before and the discomfort experienced by New Yorkers was something better imagined than described. After a few cruel Heatless Days the Government added the last straw by compelling a general shut down of all activities for a period of ten days. With Heatless and Workless Days the town shivered and suffered. And it was astonishing to see with what philosophy and public spirit this privation was endured. A great volume of protest was expected but to the credit of New York be it said that the Government's request was complied with almost without a murmur.

Added to the heatless and workless days came lightless nights. The great White Way became a yawning black chasm. Streets like Fifth Avenue which fairly blazed with brightness and good cheer by reason of their myriad electric lights, suddenly became bleak, desolate and forbidding. The change was a great shock. For awhile it almost seemed as if we were doomed to live in Philadelphia.

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It seemed as if the limit of inconvenience had now been reached when the Government suddenly decided to ask certain additional sacrifices, this time in the direction of another creature comfort—eating.

Not only were we asked to eat less but to abstain entirely from just those things we liked best—nice hot Parker house rolls, fat juicy steaks, etc., etc.

Nevertheless all these requests were lived up to and if any one thinks the fighting line never reached New York, he surely didn't know New York during the winter of our first year in the great World War.

The reward of this self denial came in the middle of the present summer when the first great offensive of the Allies proved successful. But for this sacrifice by all the people of our country it is now clear that we could never have prepared the way for the great blow which fell on the Boche in July.

New York's Water Supply System

The value of the city's entire water works system is $367,000,000—this includes the Catskills, Croton and Brooklyn water-sheds.

The water revenue is approximately $13,455,000.

The Catskill Aqueduct

The Esopus water-shed in the Catskill Mountains is 257 square miles in area.

The waters of the Esopus water-shed are collected in the Ashokan Reservoir.

The Ashokan Reservoir has a capacity of 128,000 million gallons.

The water of Ashokan is sent by gravity to the five boroughs of the city.

The Catskill Aqueduct is 92 miles in length from the Ashokan Reservoir to the northern city limits.

The tunnel of the aqueduct at Storm King Mountain is 1,114 feet below sea level.

The aqueduct is known as the City Tunnel from the city limits through Bronx and Manhattan.

The City Tunnel is 200 to 750 feet below the street surface.

The City Tunnel runs under the East River to Brooklyn.

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There are two terminal shafts of the City Tunnel in Brooklyn.
Steel and iron conduits carry the Catskill water from the terminal shafts in Brooklyn to Queens and Richmond boroughs.
The terminal of the Catskill water system is Silver Lake Reservoir, Staten Island.
The Catskill Aqueduct from Ashokan Reservoir to Silver Lake is 120 miles in length.
The water takes three days to pass through the Aqueduct from Ashokan to Silver Lake.
The water flows through the Aqueduct at the rate of 1¾ miles per hour.
The Kensico Reservoir has a capacity of 29,000 million gallons.
The Kensico Reservoir holds enough water to supply the city for two months.
Hill View Reservoir in Yonkers holds 900 million gallons.
Hill View Reservoir regulates the flow of water as between the Aqueduct where it is steady and the city mains where it varies greatly from hour to hour.
Hill View Reservoir has an elevation of 295 feet and determines the "head" of the Catskill supply.
The "head" of the Catskill supply is 2½ times greater than the Croton.
The Catskill Aqueduct is circular or horse-shoe on sections with a maximum height of 17½ feet.
Its capacity is 500 million gallons daily at the lowest.
There are nineteen waterway shafts to deliver water in Manhattan and Bronx.
The Catskill Aqueduct is three times as long as the Panama Canal, and twice as long as the most famous Roman Aqueducts.
Its construction covered a period of ten years—from June 20, 1907 until January, 1917.
The total length of water mains in Greater New York is 2,955 miles.
The mains vary from 4 to 66 inches in diameter.
The mains are controlled by 66,300 gates.
There are 45,100 fire hydrants.
The mains are estimated to last 100 years—they are made of cast iron.
The cost of laying 8 in. mains is about $6,000 a mile.
Seventeen repair companies, with 675 men employees are required to keep the mains in condition.
Greater New York consumes 600 million gallons of water daily —over 100 gallons for each person.
The water-sheds are all patrolled by a uniformed force.
All water is treated with chlorine to destroy bacteria.
Two laboratories are constantly examining samples of the water taken at eight separate points.
Pumping stations are maintained at 179th Street and Harlem River and at 98th Street and Columbus Avenue.

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Earlier Systems

In 1880 a private company—the Manhattan Company—sunk a well at Reade and Centre Streets, and pumped the water into a reservoir on Chambers Street. The water was distributed through wooden mains to a part of the community. The amount supplied was 700,000 gallons a day.

The initial step for public water works was taken in 1830.

The first reservoir was constructed at 13th Street and Broadway in 1830.

Brooklyn's public water supply system began in 1859.

The Croton Aqueduct was opened in 1842.

The second, or new Croton Aqueduct was opened in 1893.

The first, or old has a capacity of 90 millions of gallons daily.

The second, or new has a capacity of 300 millions of gallons daily.

The water-shed has an area of 375 square miles.

It yields an average of 400 million gallons daily.

Its waters are collected through ten reservoirs, the largest being Croton Lake.

The total capacity of these ten reservoirs is 104,400 million gallons.

The two Croton (old and new) Aqueducts have a capacity of 390 million gallons daily.

The length of each to the city limits is 24 miles.

The old Croton Aqueduct crosses the Harlem at High Bridge.

The new Croton Aqueduct passes under the Harlem at 180th Street, 300 feet below the surface of the river.

The Central Park Reservoirs have an elevation of 119 feet.

Wells of a depth of 30 to 100 feet yielded 73 millions of gallons daily in Brooklyn in 1916.

There are still 400,000 people in Brooklyn dependent on private water companies. They consume 40 million gallons daily.

The Flatbush Water Works Company and the Blythebourne Water Company supply these people.

In Queens the Citizens' Water Supply Company and the Urban Water Company furnish water for the second ward and the Jamaica Water Supply Company and the Woodhaven Water Supply Company for the fourth ward and the Queens County Water Company for the fifth ward.

These companies in time will be embraced in the city's great systems.

There are 49,200 fire hydrants in Greater New York—4,100 on the high pressure service.

One high pressure hydrant equals five fire-engines.

The pressure is great enough to reach the top of a 40-story building.

The length of the high pressure mains in Manhattan is 128 miles —in Brooklyn 44½ miles.

A pressure of 125 pounds per square inch can be maintained, and may be increased to 300 pounds when necessary.

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Van Cortlandt Mansion in the Bronx, built 1748—now a Museum in care of the Colonial Dames.

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Early History of Riverdale

EUGENE L. DELAFIELD

The first historical mention that we have of the Riverdale section of the city is by Henry Hudson, who speaks in his diary of the Indians from the heights of Nipinichsen coming out in their canoes to attack the "Half Moon." The title history begins with the purchase from the Indians by Dr. Adrian Van der Donck, of all that vast tract bounded approximately, by the Croton River, the Bronx River, the Harlem River and the Hudson River, and confirmed to him by a patent by Governor Kieft in 1645. After Van der Donck's death, his widow married Hugh O'Neale, and he and Alias Doughty her brother, divided the property by an east and west line and transferred the lower half to William Betts and George Tippett, and the northerly portion to Thomas Delaval, Frederick Philips and Thomas Lewis. This latter portion formed part of the Philipse Patent and Manor of Philipsburgh. This east and west line the southerly boundary of the manor, ran from a point on the Albany Post Road, opposite the parade grounds of Van Cortlandt Park to a point on the Hudson River some 300 feet south of the Dogwood brook. The line is even now, in many places well defined, as it was marked by a stone wall of immense boulders that must have required two yoke of oxen to move. The property on both sides of this line was again brought under one ownership by William Hadley by deed from James Van Cortlandt and by purchase from the Commissioners of Forfeiture of the Philipse Manor after the Revolution; the title to most of the property in the Riverdale section goes back to this William Hadley.

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When the blue pigeon—now but a memory in the sporting world—were flying, a certain rich man who lived in New York City would make the long journey (for of course there were no motor cars or subways in those days) out to this enchanting grove and spend a few days with his friends in a small lodge. He loved that high ridge carpeted with moss, ground pine and partridge berries, painted with wild pinks, trilliums and violets, with its views of the silver flowing Hudson between white birch trunks or beneath dark pine boughs and obtained the possession of it, determining to hold its beauty inviolate—for all time. The city has now burrowed and pushed its way up to the outer edge of this wild retreat, but cannot penetrate within; its dust and noise, its rush and confusion are held at bay by the will of that man who insisted upon reserving it as a sanctuary for man as well as birds, trees and flowers.

Few people know that within the limits of New York City is a grove lovely as it was before man first discovered it, where dogwoods and every native plant and tree grow luxuriously in their own chosen way, untrained by man.

This man's descendants have set aside this grove as a retreat for men who love the silence, who love to sleep within the sound of rustling leaves yet who must spend their days in the thick of Broadway and Wall Street traffic.

During the Revolution this section of the city saw its share of fighting, for both the Americans and the British had their forts at Tippett's Hill and on Valentine Hill, to the easterly, but the central part of Riverdale was a ground more for the activity of the so-called cow-boys who found refuge among the trees, hills and rocks of the

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district. Possibly the best known action was when the Stockbridge Indians after their defeat by Emery's English chasseurs, hid themselves on the steep hillsides where the cavalry could not follow them. Although there was no well known action of this time, relics of those days are still quite frequently found, such as small cannon ball, rifle bullets and a few Indian skeletons besides many Indian arrow heads, ax heads, etc.

High Cost of Living During the War of 1812

The following excerpts are from a letter written October 25th, 1813, by a member of the Brick Church to her sister, and were read by Dr. Albert R. Ledoux in his address at the 150th Anniversary celebration reviewing the history of the church, January 10, 1918:

"My Dear Sister:

"The times are very hard. Money almost an impossibility. The necessaries of life are very high. Brown sugar $25.00 per cwt., Hyson tea, 17 shillings per lb. . . . We are obliged to use beans steeped in hot molasses. Many people are living upon black butter-pears, apples and quinces stewed together."

* * *

"It is high time that this cruel war was at an end . . . Many have been made widows and orphans through the cruel realities of this war. Provisions dear, the necessaries of life so high that the poverty in the city is great; so I think that the money had better be distributed among them than wasted on tallow, sperm, and candlesticks" (for the illuminations in honor of Perry's victories).

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Isham Park

Isham Park is one of the most beautiful of all the lesser sized parks of the city and occupies an unparalleled site on the Hudson, a region noted for its rare beauty and magnificent views, and it is doubtful if a more desirable acquisition by the city could have been made. It commands a splendid view across Spuyten Duyvil and up along the river. The Palisades opposite are also in full view. On the east the valley of the Harlem stretches out with University Heights beyond and Fort George Hill. The park is the gift of Mrs. Julia Isham Taylor and was presented to the city in 1911, to be called Isham Park in memory of her father William B. Isham, who purchased the property in 1864 and used it as a place of residence till his death in 1909. It is situated west of Broadway on the crest of the hill between Isham Street and 214th Street. About a year after Mrs. Taylor presented the land to the city Miss Flora E. Isham, another daughter of William B. Isham, in order to preserve the view of Inwood Hill and of the Palisades, purchased several acres of land contiguous and presented it to the city as an addition to the park. And now this beautiful little park is complete and compact in itself and is a real joy to many New Yorkers who have found its shaded walks and splendid prospects a constant and continuing pleasure.

It is still the hope of New Yorkers that the city will take possession of that superbly beautiful piece of land known as Inwood Hill comprising about 150 acres of fine wooded land, and make of it a park for the nature loving New Yorker. It not only retains most of its original wooded character which makes it peculiarly attractive for

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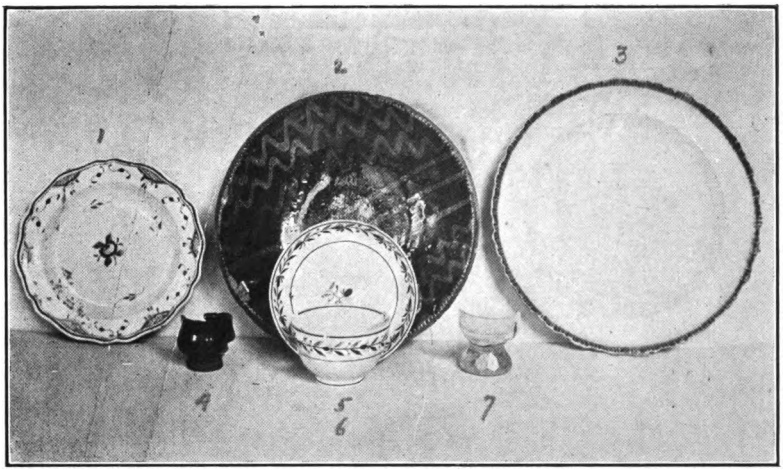

Pottery found in pit at the site of the Van Oblienis house, 176th Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, 1913. Restored by Mr. R. P. Bolton. Collection of Mr. W. L. Calver.

Porcelain found in the vault of the original Lewis Morris mansion, near Willis Avenue, 1912. Restored by Mr. R. P. Bolton. Collection of Mr. W. L. Calver.

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a public park, but it also possesses historical interest as the site of the Cock Hill Fort during the revolution and shelters interesting archæological remains of the aboriginal inhabitants. It is the most commanding hill on Manhattan Island and would supplement and enhance the value of beautiful Isham Park.

Old English Pottery

W. L. CALVER

The interesting subject of ceramics has many phases. The study and collection of old chinawares cover a wide range of periods and materials, but there is an additional interest to be gained by the association of some particular class of manufacture or special ware, with a locality such as New York. Such materials are usually sought in homes where they may have been preserved, or in stores where a business is made of their purchase and sale. The objects gain in value as their associations or record are more definite, and the assurance of their genuine character becomes more decided. But complete as that may be, they are no more valuable than some less perfect object, the possession of which can be traced with positiveness to some period, that may thus decide its antique character.

The discovery of such objects in excavations on ancient sites, whether complete or capable of partial restoration, lends peculiar value to them. Thus the unearthing of numerous fragments of wares among the military debris found in the barrack and camp sites of the War of Independence, indicated that the precision with which the period of their use was thus determined, would make

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them of special value, if enough could be secured to afford the means of comparison with other objects of similar character.

A systematic preservation of all scraps, so located, was therefore followed in explorations made in such places, and the results have been both successful and instructive.

The wares used, fractured and cast away by the officers and soldiery of the American, British, and Hessian troops are found to represent a variety of those utilized in households of the Colonial period. Some of them were evidently abstracted by the soldiers from abandoned homes, being too fragile and expensive for regular camp service, for which much of the dainty ware was indeed wholly unsuited. The treasures of the housewives of many a Colonial residence and farm homestead are doubtless represented by these fragmentary remains, and could tell a tale of the raid of Westchester County, or the neglected homes of the village of Harlem, and abandoned residences of New York.

A gradual accumulation of materials afforded an education in the nature of the wares and designs, and also sharpened the eyesight, and added to the interest of the explorers, so that more attention was devoted to pursuit of the whole of the parts of broken vessels, with the result that not a few have been secured whole, or nearly complete.

The wares found on these military sites have been supplemented by a number of objects and fragments found on the sites of dismantled dwellings on the Heights, the Bronx, and elsewhere. The age of these materials is also definable, by the known history of the dwelling, the date of its original occupation and abandonment.

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Sometimes such an old site will yield from its garden plot, its rubbish hole, or even its cess pits, a variety of pottery and chinawares, extending over a long period of time. In the case of the Oblienis farmhouse, built in 1703-4, and burnt during the War of Independence, the wares discovered, buried around the old site, are limited in their one-time use to the period of about seventy years of Colonial life, and gain greatly in definiteness by that circumstance.

Another farm building having a parallel history, was that of the Kortright family at Sherman Avenue and Arden Street, also destroyed in the early years of the war. Its occupants were poor, and therefore, the broken household-ware is found to be of much humbler character than that of their neighbors.

The site of the Lewis Morris Mansion, near Willis Avenue, Bronx, afforded wares of much more expensive character, and as they had been cast into a cess-pit, some of them were remarkably preserved. They included choice porcelains, china and wedgwood basaltic ware, of character and period later than the Revolution, as the occupation of the house continued into the nineteenth century.

In this way the history of a dwelling-place is associated with and confirmed by the ceramic materials of its occupancy, and the waste and broken vessels assume an interest and acquire a definite antiquity.

The pleasure and interest of china collection is enhanced by the circumstances of discovery in such out-of-the-way places as a soldiers' dug-out, a camp kitchen-midden, or an ancient well or waste pit. The fractured ware may not have the intrinsic value of a complete piece, but it has a history all its own, and in a restored

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state is equally as valuable as a demonstration of form, color and material. To the joy of possession is added the pleasure of restoration, often involving much patience and labor, but resulting in an artistic production that bespeaks the interest of the observer and the collector. It is observable that such restored objects are very attractive of the attention of visitors in the museums in which they have been placed. The evidence thus given of the value placed upon the fragments appeals to the imagination in a way that a complete object would fail to do.

The wares found around camp sites and old dwellings of the Colonial period, comprise:

(1) Hard paste white porcelain of Chinese or Japanese manufacture and decoration.
(2) Dutch and English Delft-ware, in soft paste pottery, over-glazed and decorated to imitate the Chinese porcelain.
(3) Stoneware, glazed with lead, Flemish, German and English, and some of pater period, glazed with salt.
(4) Slip-decorated pottery, English and American, including "sgratiato" decorations.
(5) Opaque red and black hard paste pottery, unglazed and salt-glazed.
(6) Salt-glaze ware, of white and cream clays, including "scratched blue" decorations.
(7) "Tortoise-shell" earthenware, or decorated pottery. Agate-ware or marbled clays.
(8) Cream-ware, of clay with flint admixture, also "Cauliflower" ware, colored by stains of green and yellow.

Most of the foregoing are English manufactures or processes, and all of them antedated the development of modern porcelain ware.

The latest form of ceramic art, at the time of the War of Independence, was the cream-ware, which Astbury's invention of the use of flint as a binder, rendered possible.

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Charles H. Marshall 1845

One of the later day ships of the famous Black Ball line, the pioneer of all packet ships to Liverpool. Established in 1816 by Benjamin Marshall, this line grew in number and importance of ships till its Black Ball on the foresails was known the world over. The first ships were only of 300 or 400 tons register but became larger as trade increased.

For years the Black Ball line maintained its supremacy in the packet trade and its ships were found in all the ports of the civilized world. It was perhaps the best known line sailing from New York.—*Collection of Mrs. C. H. Marshall.*

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Study of these processes, and of the products of old time potters, as represented by the examples discovered in our city, is now made possible by the accumulation and comparison of specimens, the result of the past ten years of exploration, in the Jumel Mansion, the Dyckman house, and the Lorillard Mansion collections, formed by the writer.

Educational Features of the American Museum of Natural History

One of the institutions of New York which is becoming daily a more popular resort for the New Yorker is the American Museum of Natural History. Visitors to the city flock to this most interesting place in ever-increasing numbers, which shows that its fame has spread abroad and that its wonderful collection of rare and interesting objects has a value and influence extending far beyond the city itself. While many people go there simply to spend an hour or two pleasantly, they never come away without feeling that the time has been well spent.

Could anyone, for instance, view the exhibit which illustrates the habits and habitats of every species and variety of birds without feeling a broadening of his mental horizon which is well worth his while to acquire? Or is there any child or young person who would not be perfectly fascinated to see these beautiful denizens of the air, just as they are in real life with their brood of little ones about them, and their carefully built and guarded little homes just as they appear far up in the tree tops, or snugly tucked away in rocky crevasses, or hidden in the tall thick grasses of the field? There is also the

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realistic representation of Indian life which has a special and peculiar interest. Here is the tent or adobe house with the totem pole in front, and the chief sitting at the entrance on a rude bench smoking his famous pipe of peace. His wife with her papoose strapped to her back is lumbering toward the hut with a load of some kind, gathered from the field, and the youngsters just like children everywhere romping and jumping about the door.

A section of the Museum that attracts the curious on the one hand and the studious on the other, is the collection of manlike animals of which there are specimens of every kind. Some of them are so much like ourselves that it gives one good cause to think, or wonder, or laugh according to his humor. How often we have seen old men in the country leaning on their sticks and looking up, just like one of those anthropoids in the case. Is the use of the stick any proof of our lineage from these marvellously human looking animals? The great collection of woods and minerals have an interest and an educational value for everyone. But perhaps a department which appeals to our wonder and imagination more than these is the marvellous specimens of animal life of pre-historic ages, which have been built up by the wonderful genius of man from fossil remains found in various parts of the world. It is something to be able to look at these huge animals, which lived perhaps a million years ago, as for instance the Dinosaur, even though they are only made up by the art of man. The Museum is managed by a body of public-spirited men who are alive to every means of increasing its usefulness. Architecturally it is one of the fine buildings of New York.

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A Few Salient Features of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

When one views the magnificent buildings of this great institution and considers their extent as well as their architectural beauty and significance, together with the priceless collection of objects within, one is amazed to learn that only forty-seven years ago the institution was organized and the first officers elected. There was no building, not even a site, no collections as a nucleus, only a small body of officers with the clearly defined purpose of creating a museum of art and the will to accomplish it. How well the purpose was conceived and carried to its present point of development is attested by the size and beauty of the buildings as we see them to-day. There are no great buildings in our city more artistically designed and none that add more to the architectural enchancement of New York.

But it is of course the interior which makes the Museum of priceless value to the people and a tour through the various departments is a liberal education. The collection of sculptures includes examples of ancient and modern art, and where it has been possible replicas of the most famous works have been procured. Paintings of the modern schools fill several rooms, whole collections having been bequeathed to the Museum by collectors. Many examples of the most famous French painters are to be seen in the Wolfe collection. And the recent gift of Mr. Altman contains some of the most famous paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The old masters are also represented.

It is perhaps the section containing reproductions of ancient architecture which attracts the greatest number

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of people. Those are made in quite a large size, some of the models being almost like little houses. These are intensely interesting and have the rather pleasing effect of transporting you back to the days of ancient Greece, when the youths and maidens used to loiter in the beautiful gardens of their homes and listen to the recitals of Homer's tales or the story of the brave deeds of Theseus. Here you can see the Parthenon and other edifices as they were in the hey-day of their glory. There are also replicas of many famous buildings still extant. The room of antiquities and the collection of Egyptian relics are greatly interesting, revealing many phases of life in the long long ago. The site of the Museum was excellently chosen, facing Fifth Avenue and within the Park, where no other structures can interpose to destroy the view. The city is proud of this institution. Its work is of the highest practical value, and the officers are deservedly held in high esteem.

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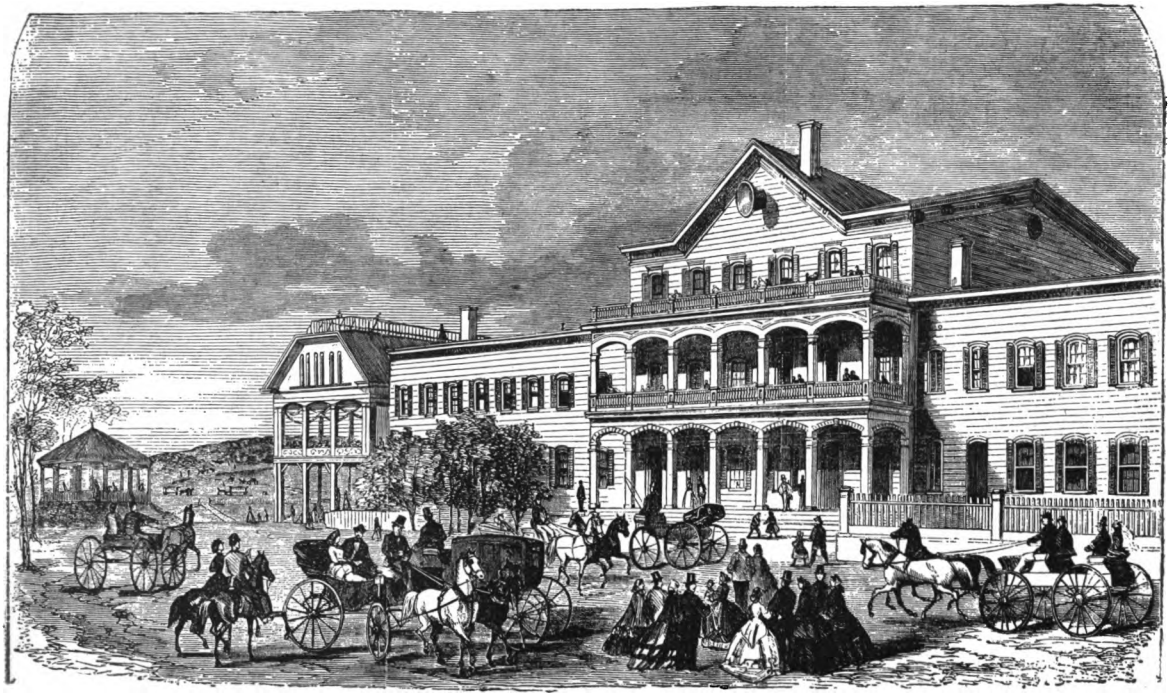

Lion Park Casino, 8th Avenue and 110th Street, once a popular suburban resort.

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New York City's War Activities

EARLY in the morning of April 6th, 1917—3:12 A. M.—the Senate of the United States passed the resolution that a state of war existed between the United States and the Imperial German Government. The House of Representatives took similar action as soon as the resolution was received from the Senate. This joint resolution was signed by the President at 1:11 P. M. The same afternoon the President issued the proclamation to the American people announcing the existence of a state of war. The Secretary of the Navy signed the order to mobilize the navy and the Secretary of War conferred with the House Military Committee in regard to army plans. Thus we formally entered Armageddon.

Our declaration of war was made on Good Friday—the most sacred and solemn day in Christian chronology—a coincidence which many good people think augurs well for our cause. Far-seeing statesmen believe that it is the most momentous event in the history of the United States and marks the beginning of a new time for the entire world. The task we have undertaken in conjunction with our brave Allies is not alone the defeat of the Central Powers, but also the liberation of many nationalities and the creation of several new and independent States. This is to be done without any aggrandizement to ourselves. We shall pay the price in lives and treasure without reimbursement in any form. This is a new principle in international relations, and indicates that the future place of the United States may be that of molder and director of world politics and policies. The poets' dream that some time the world would be controlled by peaceful influences and love of right and justice is coming

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near of realization, and we who live in this wonderful though sorrowing age may see the first gleams of this beneficent and all-pervading power through the intermediary of our own country.

President Wilson is the incarnation of this spirit and is recognized all over the world as such. He has formulated and expressed in most clear and forceful phrases what was in the heart of the American people and for which they have willingly pledged their all.

We are putting in chronological form the events and activities of New York City in its relation to the great World War, as a record not only for our present readers but also for those who are to come. We begin from April 6th, 1917—the date of the declaration of war:

1917

April 7—27 German ships were seized in the harbor of New York —91 in all in the country.

April 7—19 German spies were arrested.

April 20—The great "Wake Up, America!" parade on Fifth Avenue took place; 60,000 people paraded—men, women, and some children.

April 21—Announcement was made that Great Britain's War Commission had arrived, but at what port is not named.

April 24—The French War Commission was announced as having arrived in America.

May 5—The Home Defense League, 8,500 strong, paraded down Fifth Avenue, preceded by the Honor Regiment of the Police Department. Sixteen regiments took part. They were reviewed by the Mayor and officers of the Army.

May 9—Marshall Joffre, M. Rene Viviana, and the other members of the French War Commission arrived from Washington at the Battery, Pier A, accompanied by Mr. Joseph H. Choate and the committee appointed by the Mayor to welcome them. They proceeded by Battery Place and Broadway to the City Hall, where Mayor Mitchell received them in the Governor's Room, assisted by General Wood, General Bell and Admiral Usher and the civilian members of the Mayor's committee. On leaving the City Hall, they proceeded up Broadway and Fifth Avenue through cheering crowds to the residence of Mr. Henry Clay Frick at Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

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May 10—Henry P. Davison, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., was appointed chairman of the Red Cross War Council by President Wilson.

Presentation was made of a golden miniature of the Statue of Liberty to Marshall Joffre in the North Meadow of Central Park, 60,000 people participating.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Marshall Joffre, M. Viviana, Lord Cunliff and by proxy on Mr. A. J. Balfour by President Nicholas Murray Butler at Columbia University.

Marshall Joffre visited Brooklyn and unveiled the statue of Lafayette in Prospect Park. He lunched with the Merchants' Association. He visited Grant's Tomb and placed a wreath upon it, and then attended a brief ceremony at the Jeanne d'Arc statue.

In the evening the "Joffre Cheque" was presented to the Marshall at the Metropolitan Opera House. The cheque was for $100,000, to be used for the Commission of Relief in Belgium and the Society for Relief of French War Orphans. Marshall Joffre and M. Viviana received cordial greetings of their own people at the reception in the Public Library, just previous to the Metropolitan Opera House event.

May 11—Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour and the other members of the British War Commission arrived from Washington at the Battery, Pier A, and proceeded up Broadway, which was lined on both sides with enthusiastic, cheering crowds, to the City Hall. Troops E and F, First Cavalry, and a number of mounted policemen escorted them. Mayor Mitchell received them at the head of the steps and escorted them to the Aldermanic Chamber, where Mr. Balfour took his place in the centre of the dais. The Mayor made an eloquent speech of welcome from the floor, and Mr. Balfour replied in words which convinced his hearers of the warm feelings of friendship he had for this country and his deep appreciation of the enthusiastic reception the Commission had received. Mr. Choate, head of the welcoming committee, then led the party to the waiting automobiles, which proceeded through great crowds of enthusiastic spectators, waving flags and cheering as they passed, up Center Street to Broadway and Fifth Avenue to the residence of Mr. Vincent Astor at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street.

In the evening a great banquet was given by the Mayor's committee at the Waldorf-Astoria to the French and British War Commissions. Mayor Mitchell spoke for America, Mr. Balfour for Great Britain, M. Viviana for France, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate for the citizenry of New York. Ex-President Roosevelt and ex-President Taft were present.

May 12—Mr. A. J. Balfour addressed the Chamber of Commerce in the Assembly Room of the Chamber at noon, and spoke of

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the dream of his life, which had now been realized, that the two "English-speaking, freedom-loving branches of the human race" might be drawn closer together and past differences seen in their true proportions. The guests included the members of the British Commission, Mayor Mitchell, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Military and Naval officers, and a host of representative New Yorkers, crowding the Assembly Room to its capacity. Mr. E. H. Outerbridge, president of the Chamber, presided.

May 13—Mr. A. J. Balfour visited Col. E. M. House and afterward motored to Oyster Bay to see Colonel Roosevelt.

May 14—Joseph H. Choate, head of the Mayor's committee to welcome the War Commissions, died suddenly at the age of eighty-five.

May 15—Elihu Root was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary of the United States on special mission.

May 21—Captain Franz von Rintelen was convicted of conspiracy in the Federal District Court.

May 22—Mayor Mitchell named the War Draft Boards—a Central Board of Control and five subordinate boards, one for each Borough.

June 1—The first arrests for violation of the Selective Draft Act were made. Five men were arrested.

June 4—First Liberty Loan campaign commenced, to last one week; $2,000,000,000 to be raised; New York's quota, $600,000,000.

June 5—Registration day for all males born between the 6th day of June, 1886, and the 5th day of June, 1896, citizens and aliens.

June 11—State Military Census began. Every man and woman between the ages of 16 and 50 were registered.

Cleveland H. Dodge contributed $1,000,000 to the Red Cross Fund.

June 18—Red Cross Fund campaign for $100,000,000 began; New York's quota, $40,000,000.

June 21—The Italian War Commission arrived from Washington at the Battery, Pier A, headed by the Prince of Udine. The Commission was received by Nicholas Murray Butler and Lloyd C. Griscom, former Ambassador to Italy, and the other members of the Mayor's Committee. They proceeded by way of Battery Place and Broadway to the City Hall, where they were received by the Mayor and Senator Marconi.

June 22—The Merchants' Association entertained the Italian War Commission at luncheon. Many prominent business men were present.

In the evening a dinner was given at the Waldorf-Astoria by the Mayor. Nearly a thousand representative citizens attended.

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OBSERVATORY SALOON

42d STREET,

Opposite the Crystal Palace,

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E. GREENFIELD & CO.

Would give notice to the public that they have fitted up the second floor of the

LATTING OBSERVATORY

AS A LADIES'

Ice Cream & Refreshment SALOON,

Where they are now prepared to serve ladies and gentlemen with

BREAKFAST, DINNER AND TEA,

And all the various kinds of refreshments of the best the market affords.

Private Parties served on the shortest notice.

N. B.—This is the largest and best ventilated Saloon in the city, extending from 42d to 43d streets, 200 feet in depth.

ENTRANCE ON 42d STREET.

E. GREENFIELD & CO.

New York, July 12th, 1853.

Baker, Godwin & Co., Printers, Tribune Buildings, 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Latting Observatory, north side of 42nd Street, opposite Crystal Palace, 1855. Interesting old hand bill of the period. The bird's-eye view of New York by Hill, shown in our supplement, was made from this tower.

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June 23—Announcement was made that New York City subscribed the total of $1,186,788,400 for the First Liberty Loan, being $586,788,400 over her quota. The total for the country was $3,035,226,850, being $1,035,226,850 oversubscribed.

June 27—The Red Cross Campaign closed with the full amount subscribed—$100,000,000, New York's quota being well oversubscribed.

July 3—New York City's registration in the State Miliary Census reached the total of 3,100,000 persons, not including New Yorkers who were out of the city. These were estimated at 150,000.

July 4—The most serious celebration of Independence Day in half a century. No exultation or festivity was shown. Meetings were held in all parts of the city, making appeal to the patriotic sentiments of the people. Mayor Mitchell addressed a large assemblage at the City Hall.

July 5—A test mobilization of the Home Defense League was made. Of Class A, comprising 16,000 men, 8,258 reported ready for duty in four hours. Class B, numbering 5,000, comprising special organizations of employees of large mercantile concerns; and another class of 4,000 assigned to clerical work on account of physical disabilities were later. The League numbers 25,000 members.

July 6—The city welcomed Russia's War Commission, headed by Ambassador Boris A. Bakhmetieff. The Commission was entertained at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. Mayor Mitchell presided.

July 7—A great meeting was held at the Madison Square Garden to honor the Russian Mission; 12,000 persons were present.

July 9—The Socialist Party gave evidence of disruption. The Phelps-Stokes' resigned, following the example of John Spargo and other leading members.

July 14—Orders for the mobilization of the entire National Guard of New York were received by Gen. John F. O'Ryan.

July 16—The Canadian Highlanders, 200 strong, arrived and received an enthusiastic welcome.

July 24—The Local Exemption Boards, numbering 189, began their work.

July 25—The Independent War Relief Organizations announced their willingness to become auxiliaries of the American Red Cross.

July 27—Sixty Dutch ships were refused export licenses by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, most of them in the port of New York.

July 30—The first men to appear for examination as to fitness for service in the First National Army reported at Board 145, which met in the main building of the College of the City of New York.

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Aug. 7—Number of persons in the city between 16 and 50 years of age registered in the State Military Census was 3,277,366. Number of male citizens between 18 and 45 years of age eligible for service in the State Militia was 798,005. Alien males between 16 and 50 was 443,545.

Aug. 11—Board of Appeals for drafted men met in the Federal Building and organized for work.

Aug. 14—The Twenty-third Infantry, formerly the 23rd N. G. S. N. Y., of Brooklyn, pitched their tents in Van Cortlandt Park preparatory to going to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Aug. 15—Elihu Root and his colleagues of the Special Mission to Russia were welcomed home by the city.

Aug. 20—The 165th Infantry Regiment, formerly the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," N. G. S. N. Y., started for Camp Mills, Mineola.

Aug. 21—The Belgian Commission, headed by Baron Moncheur, was received in the Aldermanic Chamber by Mayor Mitchell and the chairman of the Committee of Welcome, Mr. Frederic R. Coudert.

Aug. 23—Baron Moncheur and members of the Belgian Mission reviewed the 7th Regiment on South Field, Central Park.

Aug. 28—President Wilson's reply to the Pope was published.

Aug. 30—Great parade of New York troops. The 27th Division of the United States Army, comprising 25,000 men, marched down Fifth Avenue from 110th Street to Washington Square. About 2,000,000 people crowded the sidewalks to bid them godspeed.

Sept. 1—The city's army quota of 38,572 men was filled.

Sept. 4—National Army Day. Great parade of drafted men, about 20,000, marched down Fifth Avenue. In Brooklyn about 8,000 marched.

Sept. 6—Lafayette Day. Exercises were held at Lafayette Monument, Union Square.

Sept. 7—Soap box rioters were sent to prison.

Sept. 10—New York's first contingent for the National Army left for Camp Upton.

Sept. 11—The 7th Regiment paraded down Fifth Avenue on their way to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Sept. 27—The Imperial Japanese Commission arrived and were enthusiastically welcomed. Viscount Ishii headed the Commission. Two troops of Squadron A escorted the Commission from the Battery to the City Hall, where they were received by the Mayor.

Oct. 1—The Second Liberty Loan campaign opened. Soon after midnight church bells were rung in all parts of the city. The bonds salesmen marched from Wall Street to the City Hall, where a great assemblage was gathered. Mayor Mitchell, Allen B. Forbes and Mortimer L. Schiff made brief addresses.

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Oct. 4—A great parade of the Red Cross War Nurses on Fifth Avenue. The most picturesque spectacle seen in New York during these war times. The paraders were all dressed in white, while occasional units wore the Red Cross navy blue coats with red lining. The War Council headed the procession, with the chairman, H. P. Davison, leading. Fifth Avenue was ablaze with red crosses, and banners fluttered everywhere. The flags of the Allies were conspicuous all along the route.

Oct. 24—The President proclaimed this day as Liberty Day, but on account of the weather it was postponed to the 25th. About 20,000 persons marched up Fifth Avenue from Washington Square with flags and banners and various devices, many of them having strikingly clever and interesting mottos. Almost all trades were represented. The big British tank *Britannia* caterpillared all the way up to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park to the great amusement of the onlookers. The Liberty Loan Committee, comprising many business men of the city, among them Benjamin Strong, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, J. P. Morgan, Jacob Schiff and other well-known men, marched in the procession.

Oct. 27—The Second Liberty Loan campaign ended with the city's quota of $900,000,000 greatly oversubscribed. The entire amount for the country, namely, $3,000,000,000, was also well oversubscribed. There were several large single subscriptions, the greatest being that of J. P. Morgan & Co. for $50,000,000.

Nov. 1—The new War Taxes became effective for the first time.

Nov. 3—A statue to commemorate the victory of the Marne, to be presented to France, was decided upon by a committee of representative citizens, Thomas W. Lamont, chairman. Frederic MacMonnies was commissioned to do the work.

Nov. 8—Complete figures for the Second Liberty Loan were announced as follows: The city subscribed $1,550,453,450 as against its quota of $900,000,000. Total for the country, $4,617,532,300, or $1,617.532.300 oversubscribed. Number of persons subscribing, 9,500,000.

Nov. 8—The Hamburg-American Line Building, 45 Broadway, was seized.

Nov. 9—Broadway lights were ordered to be out hereafter by 11 P. M.

Nov. 13—Work on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was stopped until the end of the war.

Nov. 20—The city's subscriptions to the Y. M. C. A. War Fund of $35,000,000 was $10,518,592. Total for the country, $49,209,411. Amount asked, $35,000,000.

Nov. 24—Orders to place New York's piers under military guard were issued.

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Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Day. Citizens welcomed men from the Army and Navy to their homes for Thanksgiving dinner. They were also fêted in clubs, hotels, and restaurants. The entertaining of these men was general and most generous in every quarter of the city.

Nov. 28—Enemy insurance companies were prohibited from doing business.

Dec. 3—Jewish War Relief Fund campaign for $5,000,000 opened.

Dec. 5—City papers published President Wilson's address to Congress calling for war with Austria.

Dec. 7—President Wilson signed the Resolution passed by Congress declaring that a state of war existed between the United States and Austria-Hungary.

Dec. 10—First news received of the capture of Jerusalem by the British.

Dec. 14—Coal shortage becomes acute.

Dec. 15—New draft rules go into effect.

Dec. 16—The Red Cross campaign for 500,000 new members opened.

Dec. 30—Coldest day on record—13 below zero. All war activities hampered and shipping suspended.

1918

Jan. 1—The Bush Terminal Buildings in Brooklyn were requisitioned by the Government.

Jan. 3—Seventy-five schools were closed for lack of coal.

Jan. 4—War activities absorb labor so that railroads have to eliminate parlor cars.

Jan. 6—Passenger trains were cut one-fifth.

Jan. 7—Liberty Week was declared by labor organizations.

Jan. 12—Railroad traffic was completely tied up everywhere by a great blizzard and extreme cold, and all war activities were greatly hampered.

Jan. 14—Crippled railroad service and coal shortage compelled the Director General of Railroads to issue orders for the movement of food and coal to New York City to avert a threatened famine.

Jan. 16—The Fuel Administrator ordered the suspension of all businesses consuming coal for one week. Also that no fuel should be used on Mondays from Jan. 21st till March 25th—otherwise heatless Mondays.

Jan. 21—Only food and drug stores were open—no heat or light.

Jan. 23—Ships which were unable to sail on account of want of coal were supplied with sufficient to send them on their way at last.

Jan. 22—Not a theater or place of amusement was opened and Broadway was dark.

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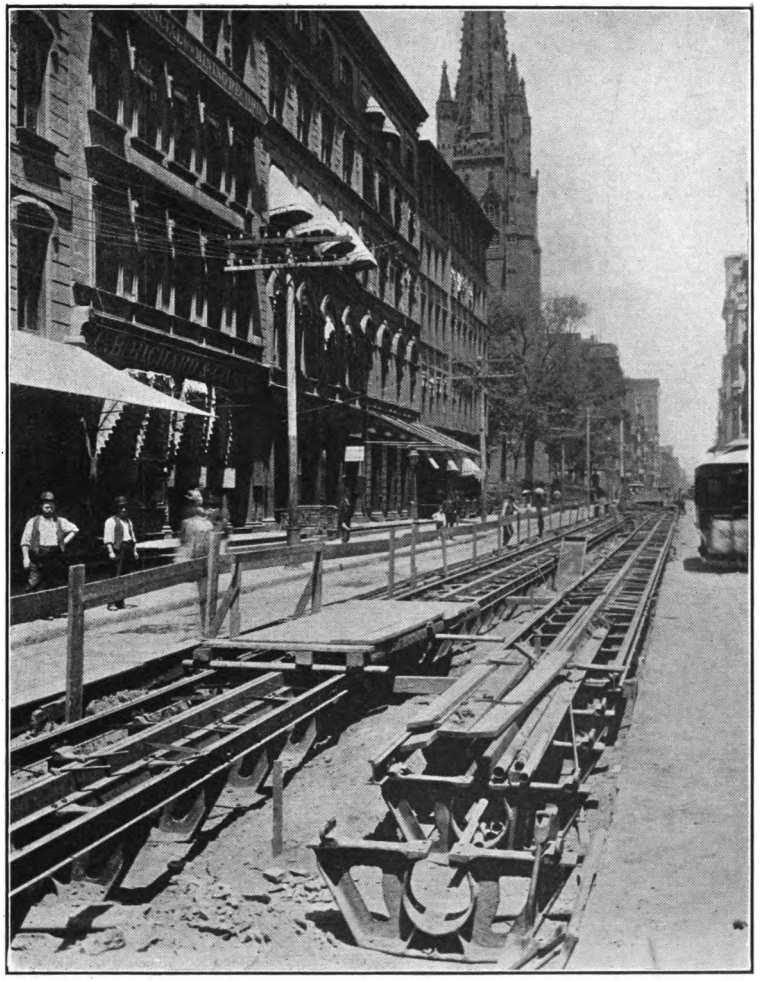

Broadway below Trinity Church. Replacing of the old cable with the underground trolley. (1900.)

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Jan. 26—All one-cent newspapers were advanced to two cents.
Feb. 1—Regional Director of Railroads Smith reported that "coal is still frozen in cars and heavy drift ice prevents towing."
Feb. 2—Fifteen hundred soldiers' wives applied for work at the U. S. Employment Service office.
Feb. 4—The Merchants' Association asked the War Department for troops to guard ship construction plants.
Feb. 5—Parade of the 308th Infantry on Fifth Avenue.
Feb. 16—The Food Board appointed committees to promote the City Garden Movement for the increase of food.
Feb. 20—The reorganization of the Home Defense League into regiments to assist the police was begun.
Feb. 22—Great parade of the city's Selective Draft soldiers on Fifth Avenue took place; 10,000 men were in the procession. The capture of Jericho by the British created great interest.
March 1—The Archbishop of York arrived in response to the invitation of the War Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, seconded by Ambassador Page.
March 9—Fifty-seven restaurant men were punished for violating meatless days.
March 11—Plans were made for another Red Cross Fund of $100,000,000 at a meeting in the library of J. P. Morgan, 33 East Thirty-sixth Street.
March 12—The First Regular Naval Reserves from Pelham Bay marched down Fifth Avenue.
March 18—All Dutch vessels in New York harbor were commandeered.
March 26—The Catholic War Fund drive for the Knights of Columbus ended with over $4,000,000 contributed.
March 27—The German Club was seized by the government.
March 28—$20,000 was raised at the Strand Theater by Miss Anne Morgan for the Committee on Rebuilding Devastated France.
March 29—All preparations were completed for floating the Third Liberty Loan.
March 31—Easter Sunday. The church throngs on Fifth Avenue were marked by simplicity in dress, and every third or fourth man was in uniform.
April 6—The Third Liberty Loan opened. New York City's quota, $667,125,300; New York Federal Reserve District, $900,000,000.
April 6—The anniversary of the declaration of war. The President made his famous "force to the utmost" speech at Baltimore.
April 11—The Director General of Railroads took control of all coastwise steamship lines.
April 16—Charles M. Schwab was placed in full control of shipbuilding.

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April 20—First parade of the new State National Guard on Fifth Avenue, Gen. George R. Dyer, Commander.

April 26—Great "Win the War" parade on Fifth Avenue. Fifty mayors were in the procession besides Naval Reserves, Police Divisions, Wall Street bankers, representative business men, employees of all industries and a great representation of the mothers of soldiers.

April 30—The "Blue Devils" of France—every one a wearer of the French War Cross—arrived and were received at the City Hall.

May 6—The Salvation Army opened a campaign for $250,000 for war purposes.

May 7—President Wilson issued a proclamation appealing on behalf of the Red Cross Fund for $100,000,000, and fixing the week of May 20th as Red Cross Week. New York City's quota, $25,000,000.

May 15—First airplane mail service in the world was inaugurated between New York and Washington.

May 18—Red Cross Parade—the most dramatic spectacle ever witnessed in the city. President Wilson unexpectedly headed the procession and created immense enthusiasm. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., headed the bankers and brokers' division.

May 18—President Wilson made a stirring appeal for general support for the Red Cross War Fund at the Metropolitan Opera House. A great audience was inside the building and an enormous concourse of people kept moving about on the outside trying to get in.

May 23—The final figures for the Third Liberty Loan were given out. New York City subscribed $773,641,850—oversubscribed $106,516,300. New York Federal Reserve District, $1,114,930,700—oversubscribed $214,930,700.

June 3—*The Herbert L. Pratt* was sunk by a submarine.

The American Red Cross Mercy Fund totaled $166,439,291. The city's quota was oversubscribed $8,455,764, totalling $33,455,764.

June 4—The port of New York was closed to shipping by order of the government on account of submarines.

June 14—Flag Day was celebrated by local parades and meetings in school buildings. The Sons of the Revolution met on the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." A great throng of bankers and brokers took part and Wall Street was crowded.

June 15—The city's Income Tax was estimated to net $700,000,000.

June 21—President Wilson proclaimed the day as National War Savings Day. New York's quota, $100,000,000. The whole country, $2,000,000,000. Noon-day rallies were held at the Public Library Building, Fifth Avenue.

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June 27—Italian Festa was held on the terrace of the Public Library for the benefit of blinded soldiers.

June 29—New York City troops—the 77th Division, trained by Maj.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell and commanded by Maj.-Gen. Evan Johnston took over a sector of the front in France—the first of the National Army to have this honor.

The War Savings Stamp campaign ended with New York's quota of 2,000,000 regular weekly purchasers registered, assuring the United States Treasury $1,000,000 weekly to the end of the year.

July 4—Independence Day was celebrated by a great parade of over 100,000 persons, comprising 42 nationalities. The city was gay with flags and bunting, and the streets thronged with enthusiastic crowds. The bells of old St. Paul's in London rang out simultaneously with those of old St. Paul's in New York. Seven countries officially named July 4 as a national festival for all time. President Wilson's speech at the Tomb of Washington was published in the afternoon and eagerly read by the people.

July 5—Lieut. Commander Bruce R. Ware, who fired the first shot of the war, April 19, 1917, was presented a bronze medal at the Yale Club by the American Defence Society.

July 6—John Purroy Mitchell, former mayor of the city, was killed by falling from his airplane at Gerstner's Field, Lake Charles, La. He was a major in the service of the United States.

July 8—Dr. Edward A. Rumely, publisher of the *Evening Mail*, was arrested.

July 11—The military funeral of former Mayor Mitchell took place. The cortège made its slow progress from the City Hall to St. Patrick's Cathedral, while flowers were dropped from airplanes all along the way. The body was taken to Woodlawn and buried with military honors.

July 14—Bastile Day was celebrated by a great meeting at Madison Square Garden, attended by representative men, and at the Statue of Joan of Arc, where the committee, headed by J. Sanford Saltus and George F. Kunz and a great concourse of people were addressed by the French Ambassador.

July 14—Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt was killed in action in an airplane.

July 28—The old 69th (now the 165th Infantry) were the first to cross the Ourcq River in the pursuit of the Germans in their precipitate retreat from the Marne.

Aug. 3—A number of brigadier generals were ordered back from France for the purpose of instructing new units of the U. S. Army. Among them was Brig.-Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Aug. 4—Remembrance Day—anniversary of Great Britain's entrance into the war. It was generally observed by all nationalities.

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Aug. 7—Quentin Roosevelt's grave was found at the edge of a wood near Chamery, east of Fere-en-Tardenois. On a wooden cross at the head of the grave is this inscription: "Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, Buried by the Germans."

Long lists of the heroes fallen in the Second Battle of the Marne were published, including New York and Brooklyn boys.

The day was the hottest in the history of the city—102 degrees in the shade.

Growth and Work of the Municipal Art Commission

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

When the Art Commission was established by the first Greater New York Charter it was practically a new departure in municipal government in the United States. Although Connecticut had organized a State Capitol Commission, Boston had made provision for an Art Commission in 1890, and Baltimore in 1895, these last two were only in the experimental stage, not yet having been accepted as integral parts of the city government. Consequently, there was no data by which to judge of the effect and efficiency of such a body. True, there were the examples of nearly all large European cities which had departments to pass on the artistic quality of designs of monuments and buildings. For years they had considered such a department as a necessary branch of government and upon the recommendation largely of Mr. John M. Carrere the present Commission was established. During the first four years the Art Commission had very little regular work.

While to-day its work is esteemed not only in our own city but highly appreciated throughout the country, in its early years it was regarded with distrust. The general

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New Hampshire 1845

One of the early Liverpool packets, contemporaneous with the Black Ball and other lines (1830-50). A beautiful ship and for a long time one of the noted square rigged beauties of South Street. She belonged to a line whose ships were all named after the States.

Afterwards in the California and Australian trade. Her sister ship, the Louisiana, commanded by Capt. Ichabod Sherman, is well remembered.

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public supposed it to be composed of men with their heads in the clouds, far removed from practical affairs. The press usually referred to it in a gay and light-hearted manner as "The Beauty Commission." A prominent city officer recently said, in speaking of the value of its work and of the position it now holds: "Why, in the beginning the Art Commission was looked upon as a joke." Being an innovation in municipal government, without precedents, supposedly composed of impractical dilettante, it was naturally expected to set up ideal and impossible standards and to be exacting on unimportant details. The small number of matters which came before it during these years was not sufficient evidence to change preconceived notions as to its character. Although the Commission had but little work, was without any clerical staff, and had only peripatetic meeting places, nevertheless it cheerfully accepted its full responsibilities and conscientiously performed the duties imposed upon it by the City Charter. This charter, in constituting the Commission, provided that when a structure is under the special jurisdiction of a commissioner or a department of the City, such commissioner or head of department shall be a member of the Art Commission during the consideration of the designs.

This provision was an important factor in establishing confidence in the Commission among City officers. Beginning in 1902, when it was settled in offices in the City Hall, and the Mayor began to request it to pass on the designs for many public structures, opportunities were continually offered for heads of departments to attend the meetings of the Commission, and they availed themselves of these occasions in constantly increasing numbers. These meetings together soon made it plain to City officers

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that the Art Commission was not an obstructionist. It was evident that it did not expect nor attempt to secure masterpieces and that its requirements were not based solely on ideal and artistic qualities, but that it always took into account the practical questions involved. Moreover, it was soon seen that what the Commission did accomplish was to prevent the erection of the ugly and unsuitable, and in each case to secure the best possible structure under the circumstances. Even when their designs were disapproved, they perceived that it was not an arbitrary and perfunctory judgment, but that good reasons were given for the adverse decision. Moreover, it was a pleasant surprise for them to find that for utilitarian structures the simple, dignified and well-proportioned buildings desired by the Commission not only were more attractive, but cost less than they would have if built according to the more ornate designs at first proposed. Consequently, the aim of the City officers responsible for the buildings and of the Art Commission was the same, which was to get the best possible for the funds available. In all of this work heads of departments soon learned that they could always depend upon a cordial spirit of coöperation from the Commission. Perhaps the best testimonial to the discretion and wisdom shown in the exercise of its powers was an amendment to the Charter, which went into effect on January 1, 1902, extending the jurisdiction of the Commission to the designs of all structures which were to cost one million dollars or more. Additional evidence of the growing confidence in the value of the Art Commission's work was shown by the Mayor, who requested the Commission to pass upon the designs of no less than 36 structures during the year 1902.

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While the Commission passed upon only 5 matters in 1901, in 1902 the number rose to 64, so that in the fifth year the number of matters was nearly three times as many as had been submitted during the first four years, the aggregate of which was only twenty-three.

During the year 1903 the Commission passed upon 117 matters submitted to it—nearly double the number of the previous year. The number of submissions continued to increase yearly.

An amendment to the Charter, which went into effect in July, 1907, extended the mandatory jurisdiction of the Art Commission to the designs and locations of all structures, public or private, which were to be built over or upon land belonging to the City, except that in case of any such structure which shall hereafter be erected or contracted for at a total expense not exceeding $250,000 the approval of said Commission shall not be required, if the Mayor or Board of Aldermen shall request said Commission not to act.* This was in no sense an academic innovation, as it merely embodied a common practice into law. For it has become an established custom for the Mayor to request the Art Commission to pass upon the designs for nearly all public structures.

The number of submissions does not tell the whole story of the growth of the Commission's work. Experience led to many improvements in procedure, which were all in the direction of greater thoroughness and a more cordial coöperation with the various City departments.

For more than 100 years there had gradually been assembled in the public buildings, on the streets, and in the parks many works of art, consisting of portraits, mural

* Only one such request has ever been made.

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decorations, monuments, statues, fountains and tablets. In all, there were about 400 of these. Important as this collection had been, no attempt had ever been made to keep or prepare an authentic record of them. Portraits were acquired by the City by purchase or gift and hung in public offices; statues and monuments were dedicated, but records of such acquisitions were only to be found scattered through the public documents of the past 120 years.

Lists of the portraits and monuments in the City's collection had appeared from time to time as a page or two in some guide or manual. In recent years similar lists of the sculpture had been given in some of the almanacs issued by newspapers.

When this investigation was begun very little was known concerning the one hundred and seventy-five portraits, and nothing was known concerning the monuments, except the information contained in the inscriptions, and these in many cases were lacking. In order to establish the time and method of acquisition, the year painted, and name of the artist, a thorough search was made through the proceedings of the Common Councils of New York and Brooklyn, which was corroborated and supplemented by an examination of the books in the office of the Comptroller. To procure the biographical data concerning the subjects and artists, every available source of information was made use of, such as descendants, wills, and letters of administration, newspaper files, genealogies, and biographical dictionaries almost without number. As much time was devoted to the investigation as could be spared from the regular work of the Commission, so that this catalogue is the culmination of several years work. The catalogue for the Borough of Manhattan was published in 1904,

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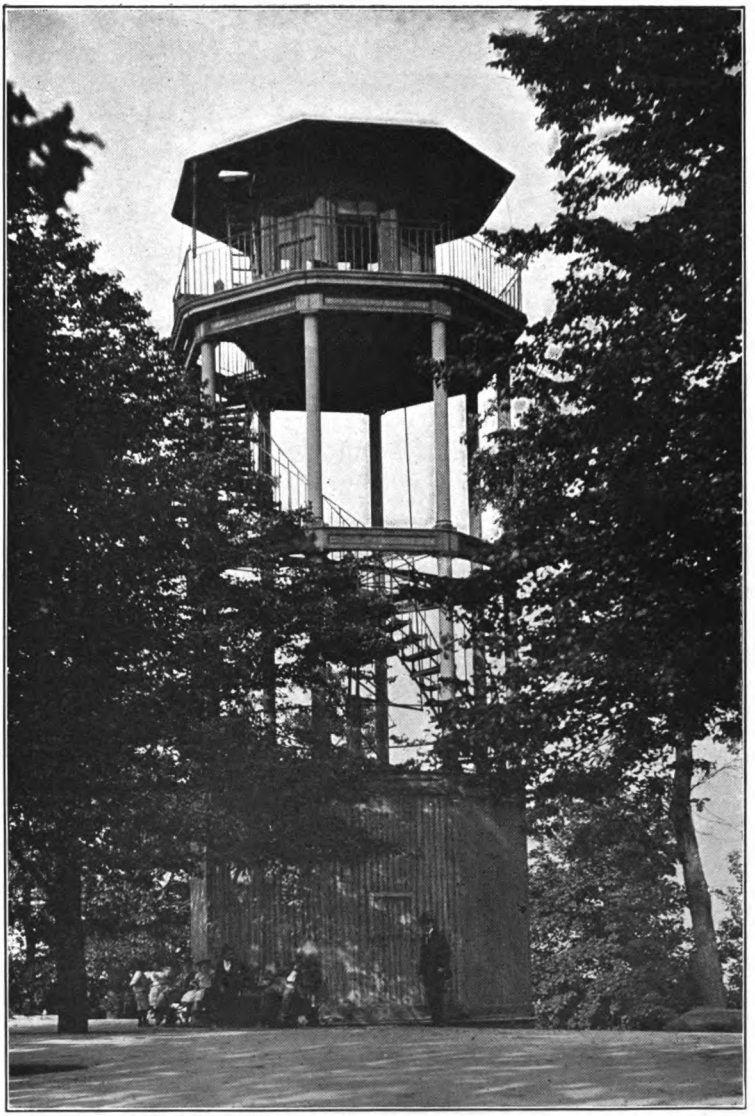

An old Fire Tower in Mt. Morris Park. One of the last relics of Volunteer Firemen days.

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and a similar list for the Borough of Brooklyn was published in 1905.

In the year 1902 the Commission began also to assemble a reference library, primarily for the use of its members, but also for the use of the public. Naturally, this library is limited in the scope of the subjects, dealing mostly with art, artists, architecture, sculpture, city planning and history of New York City. It now consists of about 1,000 volumes.

The Commission also has collected and has on file in its office one thousand photographs of views, in American and foreign cities, dealing chiefly with civic improvement.

In 1913 the Commission engaged an expert to photograph fifty Colonial buildings still standing in the various boroughs of New York City. These photographs are on file in the Art Commission library and have been frequently consulted by architects and others.

This brief account of the development of the Art Commission would not be complete without a paragraph on its effect on the Art Commission movement. Its success has influenced many other cities to establish similar departments, many of them using the New York City Charter provision as a model, and often copying its language verbatim. Members of legislatures and public-spirited citizens, in advocating a bill for this purpose, have pointed to the achievements of the New York Art Commission as one of their chief arguments. After a new commission has been established, it has used our experience in methods of procedure as a guide for conducting its business. As may be readily surmised, the Art Commission's office has been a bureau of information for cities desiring to exercise control over public art and architecture. In order to further assist such cities, in May, 1913, upon the

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invitation of the Art Commission of the City of New York, members of nine city, two state, one national art commission and delegates from seven cities met for a conference in New York. Before the close of this meeting a representative committee was appointed to draft model laws for cities of different classes and also for States. This report was printed by the New York Art Commission and has been in great demand.

The Museum of the American Indian—Heye Foundation

This recently established museum has become one of the most important institutions of research in American ethnology and archæology on the continent, and is of particular interest to the people of the Latin-American republics because its interests and activities are confined exclusively to the aborigines of the two Americas. The Museum had its inception about fifteen years ago, when its founder, Mr. George G. Heye, of New York City, first realized the importance of gathering objects illustrating every phase of the life of the American Indian. It was not until 1916, however, that the Museum was definitely organized under a board of trustees, with Mr. Heye as chairman and director. About this time a gift of land by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, founder of the Hispanic Society, made possible the erection of a building which forms one of the harmonious and beautiful group of structures occupied in addition by the Hispanic Society, the American Geographical Society, and the American Numismatic Society, besides a Spanish church.

The collections in this Museum, notwithstanding the brief period of its existence, number nearly a million ob-

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jects illustrative of the arts, customs, religions, and ceremonies of the aboriginal peoples of the Americas from the Arctic shores to Patagonia. Many of the objects have been gathered from obscure and unexpected places, including Europe, where they have been sent many years ago; others have been collected from the Indians themselves after many difficulties, for Indians are usually averse to parting with sacred objects that seem to form a part of their very lives. The advent of civilization throughout the North American continent long ago resulted in the replacement of many aboriginal artifacts with objects of trade, and in numerous instances wars with the Indian tribes in former times caused the destruction of thousands of specimens that can never be replaced.

The Museum realizes the importance of its task of gathering the material illustrative of the life of one of the great races of man before it is too late. Not alone have its endeavors been directed toward the preservation of the comparatively modern things, for these relate only a part of the story of the Indian; but it has done much toward archæological research in North America, Central America, South America and the West Indies. Commencing in 1904, expeditions were sent to Porto Rico, Mexico, Panama, and Costa Rica, and two years later the first systematic scientific work of the Museum was initiated in South America by Professor Marshall H. Saville, of Columbia University, New York, the object of which was an exhaustive survey of a portion of the Andean and coast regions beginning with the southernmost limits of Ecuador and extending northward to the Isthmus of Panama, and ultimately to include the northern and northeastern portion of the continent as well as the West

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Indies. Altogether, six expeditions have been sent to the Ecuadorian and Colombian fields, the expedition of 1910 being assisted by Señor Dr. Manuel Gamio, now inspector of Ancient Monuments in Mexico. While these archæological researches were being conducted, ethnological investigations were not neglected, for in 1908-09 Dr. S. A. Barrett was commissioned to study the habits, customs, and language of the Cayapa Indians, an Ecuadorian coast tribe which still retains its aboriginal traits in marked degree. Some of the results of Professor Saville's investigations are embodied in two illustrated quarto volumes of "Contributions," and the ethnological material gathered by Dr. Barrett is ready for publication.

While archæological researches were in progress in northwestern South America, similar investigations were conducted in Venezuela and the West Indies, almost every island inhabited in early times being visited for the purpose of locating and mapping sites of occupancy, and of gathering collections. Excavations of equal, if not of greater, importance have been conducted also in many parts of the United States, as well as in Central America, notably in British Honduras, Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica, so that the collections in the Museum are already adequately representative of numerous American aboriginal culture areas. Notably among the collections from Costa Rica is one of several thousand specimens of ancient earthenware vessels presented by Mr. Minor C. Keith. In its work in Central America, as well as in Venezuela, the Museum has had the fortunate coöperation of the president of those republics.

In addition to the researches in Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela, archæological work has been done also

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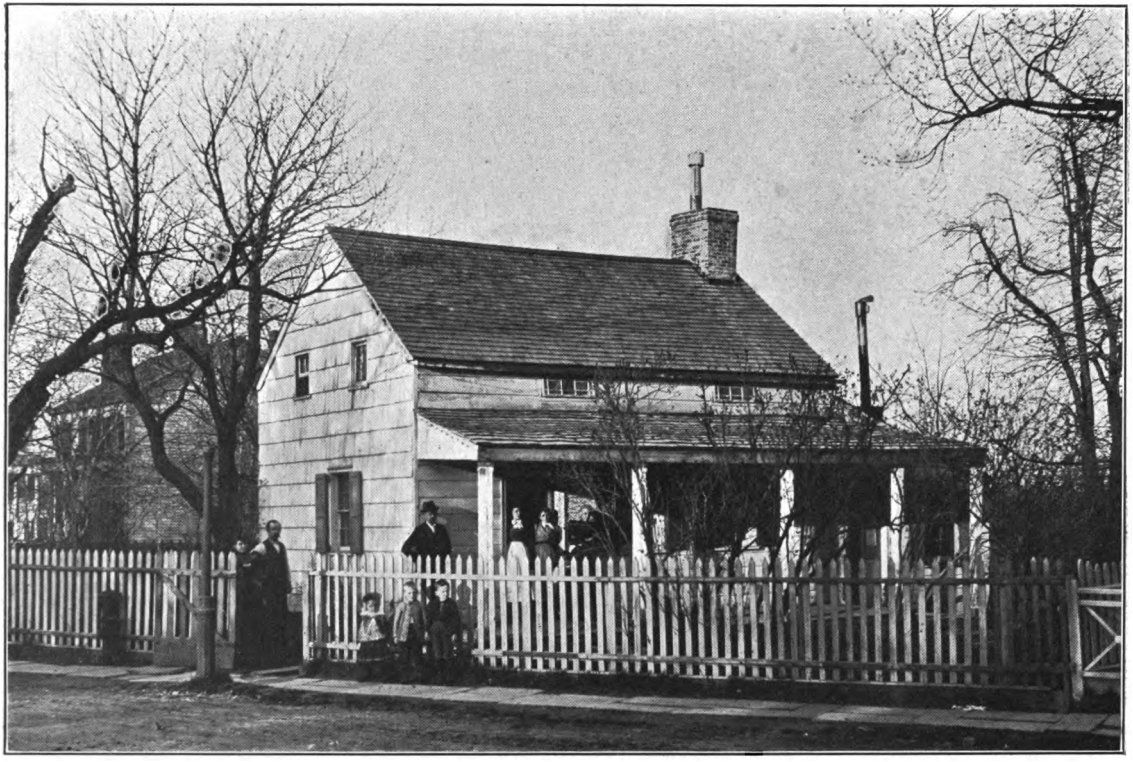

The Poe Cottage as it originally stood on Kingsbridge Road at Fordham.

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in Peru and Chile, but thus far this has been of limited extent. As time goes on, however, it is expected that the Museum will extend its operations in these as well as in other fields of scientific promise in South America, in order that its collections may illustrate every distinctive Indian culture throughout the Western Hemisphere.

John Purroy Mitchell

Death on the field of honor came to our young ex-Mayor a few short months after leaving his high office as Chief Magistrate of New York. The following partial account of his funeral is taken from the New York *Sun:*

Perhaps it were worth dying to gain in death such honor as New York paid yesterday to the body of John Purroy Mitchell, for his was probably the greatest funeral ever given to an American citizen.

Nothing is or ever can be so impressive as the perfect silence of a great mass of human beings, for it is an expression which sounds higher than the rolling of drums or the crying of bugles. In Fifth Avenue, a little after 10 o'clock, on the morning of Thursday, July 11th, when the black-draped gun caisson, drawn by eight black-draped horses and bearing the coffin so significantly outlined by the folds of the Stars and Stripes, rolled slowly and heavily between the masses banked from curb to wall and extending for half a block back into the side streets, there was silence extraordinary. Not even the figure of men nationally or even internationally distinguished could divert the reverence of these people. Once, far downtown, when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt passed among the honorary pallbearers, something like a cheer and a stir of handclapping was heard, but it needed not the

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Colonel's reproving glance to silence the thoughtless ones. They were thrust back into their crowd, submerged by swift indignation.

This bearing, this attitude, was obvious to the most casual observer from the hour that City Hall Park began to fill with those having the opportunity to view the departure of Major Mitchell's body from the City Hall and the ceremonies attendant thereupon.

It was 1:30 when the funeral party grouped about the grave and the eight soldier pallbearers lifted the heavy casket and bore it to the edge.

The Rev. Father Terence S. Shealy, Father J. H. Smith of St. Francis Xavier's, and Father Thomas White sprinkled holy water over the casket, the flag and the dead Major's service cap were removed, the Catholic burial service was intoned by the priests, and at 1:47 the body was lowered into the grave.

Mrs. John Purroy Mitchell, supported by the Rev. John Mitchel Page, and Mrs. James Mitchell, the mother, on the arm of Justice George V. Mullan, stood near the head of the grave, other relatives and friends behind them and at their side.

As the last Latin phrase was sounded by the officiating priest a detail of seventeen soldiers from Company B, Twenty-second Infantry, commanded by Lieut. W. T. French, who had been standing at attention, responded with automatic precision to the quiet commands of their officer:

"Load!"

"Ready!"

"Aim!"

"Fire!"

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The volley rang out, disturbing the echoes of the Bronx River Valley, and then came a second and a third volley.

"Unload. Attention!" was the next command, and Bugler James O. Painter, of Company B, Twenty-second Infantry, walked to the edge of the flower-covered grave.

Two airplanes had been circling over the gathering, and as Painter sounded "Taps" the burial service for John Purroy Mitchell came to an end.

Old Time Marriage and Death Notices

COMPILED BY A. J. WALL

Assistant Librarian of The New York Historical Society

The following list of the marriage and death notices which appeared in The Weekly Museum from January 6th to May 5th, 1798 inclusive, is a continuation from page 314 of the previous Manual. They were copied from the file in The New York Historical Society which is complete covering this period:

1798—Saturday, January 6. DUNLAP JAMES and MRS. MAURICIA RODMAN, widow of the late John Rodman of Flushing, L. I., both of this city, married some time since.

1798—Saturday, January 6. JACOB ROZEO and LUCY HOMES, both of Staten Island, married at Staten Island.

1798—Saturday, January 6. JOHN BEATTY and BETSEY LAKE, married at Staten Island.

1798—Saturday, January 6. JUSTICE HALL, of this city, and LYDIA ORCUTT, of Boston, married ——.

1798—Saturday, January 6. EDEN HAYDOCK, merchant of this city, and MARGARET SHOTWELL, daughter of John Shotwell, merchant, of Bridgeton, N. J., married Thursday the 28th.

1798—Saturday, January 6. WILLIAM THOMSON and JANE WARNER, both of this city, married Sunday last.

1798—Saturday, January 6. DAVID LYONS, of Fairfield, and HANAH WARSIN, of Stamford, married Sunday last.

1798—Saturday, January 13. REAR ADMIRAL MURRAY, formerly commander of the British squadron on the Halifax Station. Died lately in England.

1798—Saturday, January 13. BENJAMIN HOLMES, died Monday, the 1st, inst., in this city.

1798—Saturday, January 13. MRS. MARY HENSHAW, late of this city. Died Friday last week, at her house in New Rochelle, in her 48th year.

1798—Saturday, January 13. MRS. JANE HOUSEAL, wife of Michael Houseal, Captain in his Britannic Majesty's service, died on Saturday last at Bedford, L. I., in the 24th year of her age.

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1798—Saturday, January 13. Mrs. Van Pelt, died on Sunday last in her 70th year. This is the unfortunate lady who was run over in Vesey Street, on the 24th ult. through the carelessness of M. Gerard's coachman.

1798—Saturday, January 13. Solomon Hewett and Patty Eams, married at Norwich, Conn., after a short, and, it is expected, agreeable, courtship of 22 years.

1798—Saturday, January 13. Captain Thompson Baxter, of Quincy, aged 66 years, and Ann Whitman, of Bridgewater, aged 37, married at Bridgewater on the 16th. After a long and tedious courtship of 28 years, which they both have borne with uncommon Christian fortitude.

1798—Saturday, January 13. John Cruger, son of Henry Cruger, and Patty Ramsay, daughter of John Ramsay, of this city, married Saturday last.

1798—Saturday, January 13. Col. Samuel Green, editor of Connecticut Gazette, and Sally Pool, daughter of Thomas Pool, of this city, married Thursday, the 4th, at New London.

1798—Saturday, January 13. Jesse Hunt and Lydia Hallett, both of this city, married Monday last.

1798—Saturday, January 13. Peter Townsend and Alice Cornell, both of this city, married Wednesday last.

1798—Saturday, January 13. Capt. John King, of England, and Mary Doughty, daughter of Charles Doughty of Flushing, married Thursday last at the Friends' Meeting House, Flushing.

1798—Saturday, January 20. John Young, author of several pieces against the Christian Religion, died Sunday, December 17th, at Concord, N. H.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Benjamin Townsend. Died in the city of Hartford, aged 62.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Thomas H. Smith and Margaret Masterton, both of this city, married Sunday, the 7th.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Amasa Jackson, of this city, and Mary Phelps, daughter of Hon. Oliver Phelps, married Wednesday, the 10th, at Suffield, Conn.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Francis Titus and Ruth Crooker, daughter of William Crooker, both of Wheatly, L. I., married Friday, the 12th.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Nicholas Brower, of Fishkill, and Ruth Prince, of this city, married Saturday last.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Henry Jager and Jane Van Gelder, both of this city, married Saturday last.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Nicholas Schweighauser, merchant, of this city, and Madame Dumyrat, late of Bourdeaux, married Monday last.

1798—Saturday, January 20. Eliakim Raymond and Pamela Ketchum, both of this city, married Wednesday last.

1798—Saturday, January 27. Hanjoost, an Indian warrior, died at Albany, Sunday, the 14th. This Chief distinguished himself as a volunteer, under General Gansevoort, during the siege of Fort Stanwix.

1798—Saturday, January 27. Mrs. Lucetta Graham, wife of Dr. C. Graham of this city, died on Monday, the 15th, at Newark.

1798—Saturday, January 27. Hon. Lewis Morris, Major General of the Southern Division of the State, died Monday last at his seat at Morrissania in his 72d year. Interred in the family vault at Morrissania.

1798—Saturday, January 27. Capt. Henry King and Polly Jerry, both of Oyster Ponds, L. I., married Sunday, the 14th, at the Oyster Ponds.

1798—Saturday, January 27. David L. Haight and Ann Kip, both of this city, married Saturday last.

1798—Saturday, January 27. Uriah Swain, of Nantucket, and Mary Haswell, of this city, married Saturday last.

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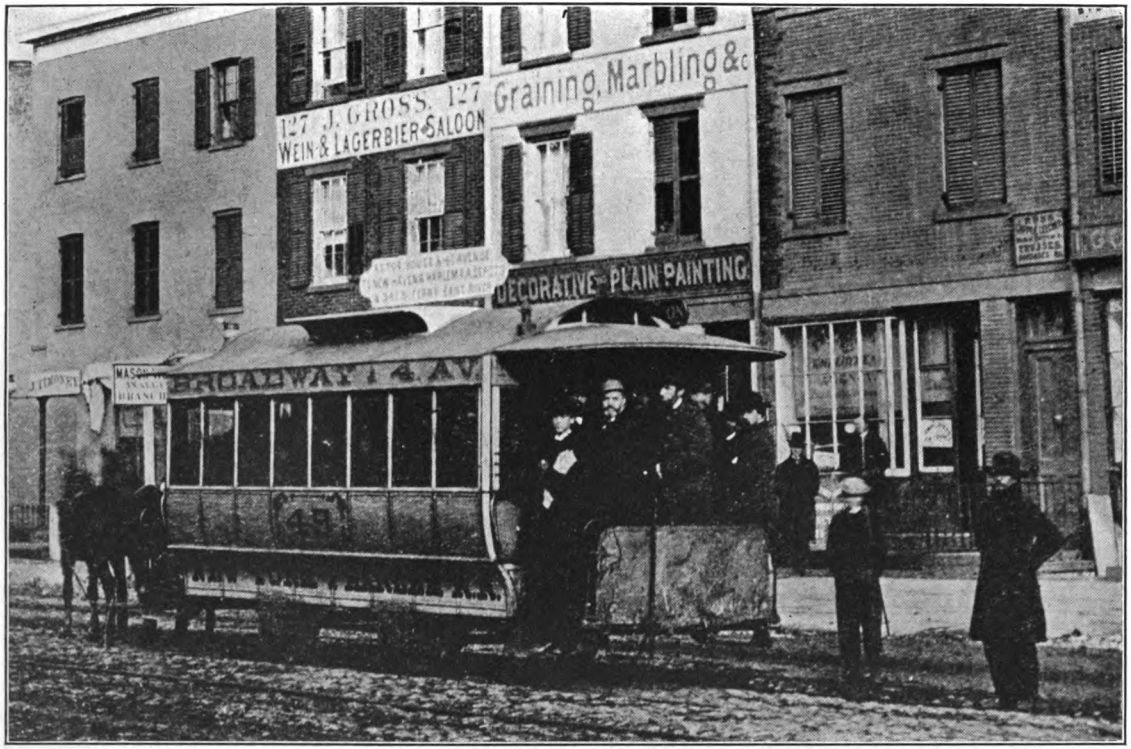

Fourth Avenue at 13th Street, 1860. An old N. Y. & Harlem R. R. car carrying passengers to the Depot at 26th Street. Collection of Mr. Theo. H. Schneider.

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1798—Saturday, January 27. Capt. Oliver Smith, of the schooner Eglantine, and Patty Hanmer, of Wethersfield, Conn., married Wednesday last.
1798—Saturday, January 27. William Robertson, Esq., of Canada, and Miss Brookes, daughter of the late Captain Brookes, in the British service, married Thursday.
1798—Saturday, January 27. Smith Van De Water and Nancy Sharp, daughter of Jacob Sharp, both of that place, married Thursday last at Brooklyn.
1798—Saturday, January 27. Jacob Duryee and Fanny Sutphen, both of Bushwick, married Thursday last at Bushwick.
1798—Saturday, February 3. G. O. Lansing and Catlina Schermerhorn, both of Schodack, married Saturday, the 20th.
1798—Saturday, February 3. Robert Bulliod, printer, and Jane Kip, both of this city, married Sunday last.
1798—Saturday, February 3. William Minaugh and Maria Radan, both of this city, married Wednesday last.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Julia Wadsworth Knox, second daughter to General Knox. Died at Boston in her 14th year.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Miss Meriam Combes, died Sunday, the 28th, aged 23 years 6 months.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Mrs. Elsie Dunscomb, an old and respectable inhabitant, died on Monday, the 29th.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Abraham Ogden, Attorney for the United States for the district of New Jersey, died Thursday, the 1st, in his 55th year.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Mrs. Jane Ustick, died Thursday, the 1st, aged 65 years.
1798—Saturday, March 24. John Leary, Jr., died Monday, the 12th, at his house, near the five-mile stone in the 7th Ward of this city.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Nicholas Bayard, died Saturday last in the 63rd year of his age.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Capt. Thomas Roach, wine merchant, died Saturday last, aged 67 years.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Lewis A. Scott, Secretary of State, died ———.
1798—Saturday, March 24. George Garland, died Monday, aged 63 years.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Obadiah Brown, merchant, of Providence, and Dorcas Hadwen, married at the Friends Meeting-House in Newport.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Ebenezer Briggs and Polly Hunt, both of this city, married some time since.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Barlow Rowe, of Canaan, and Abigail Bennett, of Stockbridge, Mass., married Thursday, the 15th.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Dr. Zeiss and Mrs. M'Gill, both of this city, married Thursday, the 22d.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Richard Ward and Deborah Briggs, of Westchester, married Tuesday, the 6th, at Westchester.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Daniel Hull and Deborah Brown, both of Mendham, N. J., married Thursday, the 8th, at Mendham, N. J.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Capt. John Gray and Mary Chapman, married Sunday, the 11th, at Boston.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Richard Slack, of this city, and Catharine Conway, of Woodbridge, married Thursday, the 15th.
1798—Saturday, March 24. William Smith, of Rhode Island, and Ann Kennedy, of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Dr. Ebenezer Graham and Mrs. Graham, of Greenwich, Conn., married Sunday, at West-Chester.
1798—Saturday, March 24. Eldad Porter and Urana Abanather, both of this city, married Sunday last.
1798—Saturday, March 31. Mrs. Charles M'Carty, died Friday, the 23d.
1798—Saturday, March 31. Capt. John Stakes, died Saturday, a brave and gallant officer in the late American Army.
1798—Saturday, March 31. James H. Hurtin, merchant, and Cornelia Paine, both of this city, married Saturday last.

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1798—Saturday, March 31. WILLIAM RICHARDSON and MISS BARDIN, daughter of Edward Bardin, of Beaver Hill, married Saturday last at Beaver Pond.
1798—Saturday, March 31. JOHN MATHESON and MRS. CATHARINE GRAY, married Tuesday last.
1798—Saturday, March 31. ROBERT STEWART and ABIGAIL CRANE, both of this city, married last evening.
1798—Saturday, April 7. JOSIAH FROST and ABBY JONES, both of Orange, N. J., married Sunday, the 25th.
1798—Saturday, April 7. CAPT. EBENEZER TUTTLE, of Mount Pleasant, and MRS. WURTS, widow of John Wurts, married Tuesday, the 27th.
1798—Saturday April 7. JAMES GRIEG and MARIA MARGARET CATHARINE HEAFORD, both of this city, married Tuesday, the 27th.
1798—Saturday, April 7. NOAH BEACH, of Hanover, and ELIZABETH LINDSLY, of Orange, married Tuesday, the 27th, at Newark.
1798—Saturday, April 7. DAVID BOWERS, of North Farms, and COMFORT SAYRES, of Orange, married Tuesday, the 27th.
1798—Saturday, April 7. HON. PETER BROWN, of this city, and PERTHENIA DUSENBURY, married Tuesday, the 27th, at Harrisontown.
1798—Saturday, April 7. ABRAHAM PURDY and REBECCA CRONK, married Thursday, the 29th, at Mount Pleasant.
1798—Saturday, April 7. DR. WATERHOUSE, of Colchester, and MRS. LOIS WOODBRIDGE, of Lyme, married Thursday, the 29th, at Lyme.
1798—Saturday, April 7. JAMES CAMPBELL and REBECCA CRANE, both of Newark, N. J., married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, April 7. ABRAHAM DURYEE and ABIGAIL GLEAN, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, April 7. JOHN RAPER and CATHARINE FINK, both of this city, married Sunday last.
1798—Saturday, April 7. GEORGE MINUSE and MARIA CRAIG, both of this city, married Tuesday last.
1798—Saturday, April 7. DR. DANIEL D. WATERS and ABIGAIL ALLEN, both of this city, married Tuesday last.
1798—Saturday, April 7. DR. WILLIAM HAMERSLEY, of this city, and ELIZABETH DEPUYSTER, of Jamaica, L. I., married Wednesday last.
1798—Saturday, April 7. ABEL CLARKSON, of Woodbridge, and SALLY LANGSTAFF, married at Piscataway, N. J.
1798—Saturday, April 14. REV. JOHN CLARKE, D.D., died at Boston, Monday, the 2d. Minister of the First Congregational Church.
1798—Saturday, April 14. MRS. BENJAMIN GATFIELD, died Monday last in this city.
1798—Saturday, April 14. MRS. JANE MOTT, died Wednesday, at Brooklyn.
1798—Saturday, April 14. JOSHUA SMITH, JR., and DEBORAH SMITH, both of Smithtown, L. I., married Wednesday, the 4th.
1798—Saturday, April 14. DON CARLOS MARTINEZ D'YRUJO and MARIA THERESA SARAH M'KEAN, daughter of Hon. Thomas M'Kean, married Tuesday last at Philadelphia in the Domicil of the Minister of Portugal.
1798—Saturday, April 21. PETER SHARPE, of Brooklyn, and CHRISTINA NOSTRAND, daughter of the late John Nostrand, of Cripple Bush, married Thursday, the 12th, at Cripple Bush.
1798—Saturday, April 21. EPHRIAM T. SILVER, merchant, and ELIZA ROGERS, both of Allentown, N. J., married Thursday, the 12th inst.
1798—Saturday, April 21. MRS. ANN SANDS, wife of Capt. Philip Sands, of this city, died Sunday last, in her 21st year.
1798—Saturday, April 21. MARIA ROBINSON, daughter of Colonel Robinson, died Tuesday last at Shawangunk, Ulster County.
1798—Saturday, April 21. JOSIAH FURMAN, died Thursday last, aged 43.
1798—Saturday, April 28. COMMODORE H. MOWAT, died Saturday, the 14th.
1798—Saturday, April 28. CAPT. ELISHA DURFEE, died Monday, the 16th, at Freetown, Mass., aged 77 years and 5 months.
1798—Saturday, April 28. MRS. CORNELIA DENNIS, died Wednesday, the 18th, at New-Brunswick, N. J., aged 31 years, wife of John Dennis, merchant, of that place.

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1798—Saturday, April 28. Mrs. Mary Peckwell, died Sunday last in this city, aged 67.
1798—Saturday, April 28. Richard M. Malcom, of this city, and Ann Henry, of Princeton, married Saturday, the 14th, at Princeton.
1798—Saturday, April 28. Mr. Paterson, of this city, and Louisa De Hart, of Elizabethtown, married Wednesday, the 18th.
1798—Saturday, April 28. Charles Stewart and Maria Davis, both of this city, married Wednesday, the 18th.
1798—Saturday, April 28. Jacob Simonton and Ann Harrison, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, May 5. John Robertson, of this city, and Eliza Haughton, married at Falmouth (Jam.) on March 18th.
1798—Saturday, May 5. Garret B. Van Nest, of Redhood, and Sarah Tappen, daughter of the late Peter Tappen, of Poughkeepsie, married Wednesday, the 18th, at Poughkeepsie.
1798—Saturday, May 5. George Shimeall and Ann Fleeming, both of this city, married Sunday last.
1798—Saturday, May 5. James Davison and Ann Cox, daughter of Nicholas Cox, all of this city, married Monday last.
1798—Saturday, May 5. John H. Remsen and Maria Brinckerhoff, both of this city, married Wednesday.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Mrs. Braine, mother of Capt. H. Braine, of the ship Fanny of this port, died Sunday, in an advanced age.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Madame Dessources, consort of Col. Dessources, of St. Domingo, died Monday last, aged 26 years.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Thomas Fairfax and Louisa Washington, married at Fairfield.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Jacob Hays and Catharine Conry, both of this city, married Sunday, the 14th.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Israel Horsefield, of North Hempstead, and Deborah Townsend, daughter of the Hon. Richard Townsend, of Cedar Swamp, married Wednesday, the 24th, at Long Island.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Joshua Cock, merchant, of this city, and Mary Ann Townsend, daughter of Henry Townsend, of New Cornwall, married Monday, the 29th, at New Cornwall.
1798—Saturday, February 10. John Morrison and Ruth Borrel, both of this city, married Thursday, the 1st.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Thomas M'Carty and Polly Peltrow, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, February 10. James C. Wilkinson and Patience Barns, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, February 10. James I. Margarum and Rebecca Thompson, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, February 10. Peter Strong and Jane Ealling, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, February 10. James Fereshe and Deborah Mead, both of this city, married Sunday last.
1798—Saturday, February 17. John Darley, of this city, died at Boston.
1798—Saturday, February 17. Mrs. Joseph Backhouse, died lately near Ribton Hall, Cumberland, England, aged 86.
1798—Saturday, February 17. John Ackerman and Elizabeth Peluse, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, February 17. Edward Meeks, Jr., and Hetty Gomez, both of this city, married Saturday last.
1798—Saturday, February 17. William Sands, formerly of Boston, and Margaret Garrison, of this city, married Sunday last.
1798—Saturday, February 17. Robert Barnes and Nancy Willis, both of this city, married Tuesday last.
1798—Saturday, February 17. William Ferguson and Elizabeth Oliver, both of this city, married Tuesday last.
1798—Saturday, February 24. William Frederick, died in the City of Berlin, the capital of Prussia, His Royal Highness ——, King of Prussia and Elector of Brandenburgh, aged 53 years.
1798—Saturday, February 24. G. Hunter, merchant, died at Alexandria, Virginia.

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1798—Saturday, February 24. Mrs. Rachel M'Laughlin, consort of Edward M'Laughlin and daughter of the Rev. Amzi Lewis, died Sunday, the 11th, at N. Stanford, Conn., aged 19 years.

1798—Saturday, February 24. Mrs. Mary Fox, consort of John Fox, collector of the Sixth Ward of this city, aged 34 years, died Thursday last.

1798—Saturday, February 24. Francis De Pau and Sylvia De Grasse, daughter of the late Count de Grasse, married at Charleston, S. C., on Tuesday, the 23d.

1798—Saturday, February 24. William Isaacs, of this city, and Polly Riley, of Goshen, Conn., married at Goshen, Conn.

1798—Saturday, February 24. Col. Theodorus Baily and Rebecca Talmadge, daughter of Col. James Talmadge, of this city, married at Poughkeepsie, Thursday, the 15th.

1798—Saturday, February 24. Dr. John Nelson, of New Brunswick, N. J., and Abigail Bleeker, daughter of Anthony L. Bleeker, of this city, married Monday last.

1798—Saturday, February 24. Daniel Tompkins, of Westchester County, and Hannah Minthorne, daughter of Mangle Minthorne, of this city, married Tuesday last.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Capt. Jonathan Malthie, commander of the Revenue Cutter of that District, died at Fairfield, Conn.

1798—Saturday, March 3. John Patterson, of Lansingburgh, formerly an officer in the British Army, died at Philadelphia in the 57th year.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Mary Arden, eldest daughter of James Arden, merchant, died Wednesday, the 21st, in this city.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Mrs. Charlotte B. Childs, wife of John Childs, printer, died Friday, the 23d, in her 19th year.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Mrs. Mary Watson, wife of Samuel Watson, merchant, died Tuesday last, aged 17 years.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Mrs. Hannah Shelmerdine, wife of John Shelmerdine, hatter, died Tuesday last.

1798—Saturday, March 3 (contradicted March 10). Benjamin Bates Smith and Sally Van Zandt, daughter of Peter P. Van Zandt, all of this city, married Sunday, the 18th.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Samuel Pennington and Sally Hays, youngest daughter of Major Samuel Hays, of Newark, married Sunday, the 18th, at Newark [N. J.].

1798—Saturday, March 3. John Buel, printer, of this city, and Catharine Carpenter, of Brooklyn, L. I., married Sunday last.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Ebenezer Doughty and Rachel French, both of this city, married Sunday last.

1798—Saturday, March 3. Samuel Corp and Ann Cramond, both of this city, married Monday last.

1798—Saturday, March 10. John Wilks, died in the City of London, aged 71 years.

1798—Saturday, March 10. Mrs. Jane Nichols, consort of Walter Nichols, died Thursday, the 1st, in this city, in the 50th year of her age.

1798—Saturday, March 10. Mrs. Maria Scriba, wife of George Scriba, of this city, died Sunday last.

1798—Saturday, March 10. Amos Munson and Hannah Humbert, both of this city, married Tuesday, the 27th.

1798—Saturday, March 10. Isaac Dodd and Mrs. Jane Smith, both of Bloomfield, N. J., married Thursday, the 1st.

1798—Saturday, March 10. John Haydock, Jr., and Mary Wright, both of Bridgetown, N. J., married Thursday 1st.

1798—Saturday, March 10. Samuel Gedney, merchant, and Nelly Peters, daughter of Harry Peters, merchant, of this city, married Saturday last.

1798—Saturday, March 10. Thomas Ten Eyck, of this city, and Margaret De Peyster, daughter of Nicholas De Peyster, married Tuesday last at Bloomingdale.

1798—Saturday, March 17. Merritt Brown, of this city, and Hannah Pine, of Kingstreet, Conn., married Sunday, the 4th, at Kingstreet, Conn.

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The Challenge 1851

A famous China Tea ship owned by N. L. & G. Griswold, built by Webb N. Y. Commanded by Capt. Waterman, another of the famous sailors and a man of remarkable ability. She later engaged in the California trade and made her voyages around 108 days.

Capt. Waterman was one of the most remarkable captains of his day. He retired and founded the town of Fairfield in California where he died in 1884.

The Challenge was a beautiful ship and enjoyed a great reputation and brought much profit to her owners.

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1798—Saturday, March 17. DR. NICHOLAS S. BAYARD and ANN LIVINGSTON BAYARD, daughter of Nicholas Bayard, all of this city, married Saturday last.

1798—Saturday, March 24. PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER, died Saturday, the 3rd inst., at his seat at Cherry Hill, near Albany.

The Old Mayors of New York

With this issue we begin the publication of all the Mayors of our city, taken from the portraits now in the City Hall, beginning in 1784 with Duane, Varick, Livingston and Clinton. This does not include the Dutch or Colonial periods, which will be considered at a later time. The full list of American Mayors is as follows:

Mayors	Terms	Mayors	Terms
James Duane	1784-1789	Jacob A. Westervelt	1853-1855
Richard Varick	1789-1801	Fernando Wood	1855-1858
Edward Livingston	1801-1803	Daniel F. Tiemann	1858-1860
De Witt Clinton	1803-1807	Fernando Wood	1860-1862
Marinus Willett	1807-1808	George Opdyke	1862-1864
De Witt Clinton	1808-1810	C. Godfrey Gunther	1864-1866
Jacob Radcliff	1810-1811	John T. Hoffman	1866-1868
De Witt Clinton	1811-1815	T. Coman (act'g Mayor)	1868
John Ferguson	1815	A. Oakey Hall	1869-1872
Jacob Radcliff	1815-1818	Wm. F. Havemeyer	1873-1874
Cadwallader D. Colden	1818-1821	S. B. H. Vance (Acting)	1874
Stephen Allen	1821-1824	William H. Wickham	1875-1876
William Paulding	1825-1826	Smith Ely	1877-1878
Philip Hone	1826-1827	Edward Cooper	1879-1880
William Paulding	1827-1829	William R. Grace	1881-1882
Walter Bowne	1829-1833	Franklin Edson	1883-1884
Gideon Lee	1833-1834	William R. Grace	1885-1886
Cornelius W. Lawrence	1834-1837	Abram S. Hewitt	1887-1888
Aaron Clark	1837-1839	Hugh J. Grant	1889-1892
Isaac L. Varian	1839-1841	Thomas F. Gilroy	1893-1894
Robert H. Morris	1841-1844	William L. Strong	1895-1897
James Harper	1844-1845	Robert A. Van Wyck	1898-1901
Wm. F. Havemeyer	1845-1846	Seth Low	1902-1903
Andrew H. Mickle	1846-1847	George B. McClellan	1904-1909
William V. Brady	1847-1848	William J. Gaynor	1910-1913
Wm. F. Havemeyer	1848-1849	Ardolph L. Kline	1913
Caleb S. Woodhull	1849-1851	John Purroy Mitchel	1914-1917
Ambrose C. Kingsland	1851-1853	John F. Hylan	1918-

Before the Revolution the Mayor was appointed by the Governor of the Province; and from 1784 to 1820 by the Appointing Board of the State of New York, of which the Governor was the chief member. From 1820 to the amendment of the Charter, in 1830, the Mayor was appointed by the Common Council. In 1898 the term of the first Mayor of Greater New York (Van Wyck) began.

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New York and Its School System

With the advent of Mayor Hylan, New York's educational system underwent a radical change. The old board of education, consisting of 46 members, ceased to exist and the small board of 7 took its place. Public opinion was not preponderatingly for the change, but on the whole the best thought in the educational world was in favor of the smaller board. The large board was cumbersome and unwieldy and could not accomplish its work without much waste of time and a great deal of friction. It is expected of the small board that it will be able to go at its object with much more directness and accomplish results more speedily. It is said that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but the public seem to be willing to take chances on that proposition for the sake of getting practical and businesslike action without so much circumlocution as we have had heretofore. Nevertheless, the people of New York appreciate what the old board has done. It existed during a period of reconstruction when the affairs of the schools were naturally in a confused condition and it was no easy matter to fit in and function all the parts. The task was irksome and difficult, and the members of the board deserve the gratitude of the people for the splendid determination and ability with which they applied themselves to the work and for the results accomplished. These will all look bigger and better in the years to come, and the foundational work done will no doubt bear a superstructure of surpassing usefulness and beauty. And now that we are approaching a more settled and quiescent condition, the small board should be able to manage the affairs of the schools with efficiency, and with less of the friction which existed before. The members have been selected for

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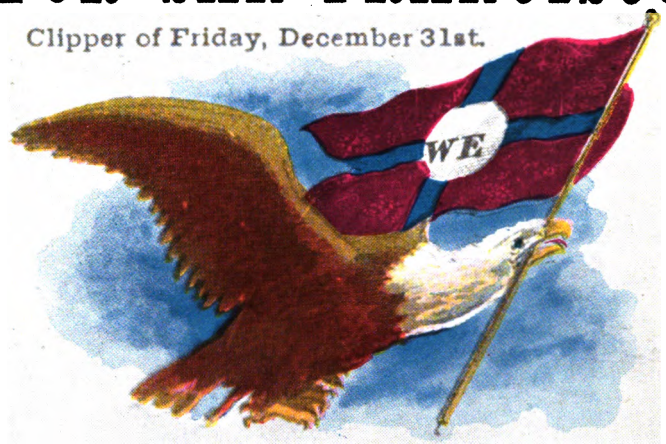
FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Clipper of Friday, December 31st.



The Out-and-out Extreme A 1 New-York built Clipper Ship

SWEEPSTAKES

Is [illegible] **Pier 27 East River,** *and will* [illegible] *dispatch.*

[illegible] favorite Clipper are well known, [illegible] to San Francisco in **93 *days*,** [illegible] splendid condition.

She is one of the [illegible] clippers afloat, and entirely unequaled by any vessel now loading for the above port.

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1851. Old time advertising card used by shipping firms in the 50s.

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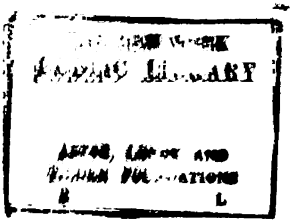
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their special fitness for and experience in educational affairs. Mr. Arthur Somers, the president of the board, had a long and valuable experience in the old board, and was esteemed for his constructive work and his earnest devotion to the schools. Mr. F. D. Wilsey was also a member of the old board all through its stormy career, and was known as one of the most industrious and valuable members. The others are new. All have settled down to their duties with an earnestness and enthusiasm which promises well for the system.

Coincident with the passing of the board was the retirement of City Superintendent Dr. William H. Maxwell, whose serious and continued illness compelled him to seek relief from the heavy duties of his position. With much regret the board accepted his resignation and made him superintendent emeritus at a salary of $10,000 per annum. He was superintendent during the entire period of the large board and furnished much of the propelling power and directing force which enabled it to accomplish things.

He is said to have ruled it with an iron hand, and it would appear that there must have been some truth in this claim, for the press frequently reported remarks by members to the effect that the superintendent was the creature of the board and not its master, and occasionally a member was reported as objecting to being merely a rubber stamp. One irreverent critic represented him as being the walls, floor and ceiling of the entire outfit, and these sidelights unquestionably reveal Dr. Maxwell as a very masterful man. Perhaps it was good for us that he was this sort of a man and that he rode rough-shod over less able and slower men, for the system at this formative period needed something of the autocratic spirit to speed it up and keep it right. Perhaps this au-

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tocratic spirit was also the cause of much of the friction which existed in all departments, reaching even to the ranks of the teachers. The continual wrangling in the courts and the contradictory decisions rendered helped to make confusion worse confounded. The public looked on with displeasure. Dr. Maxwell might have been gentler for his own good, but he was inflexible and severe, and his dictum, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, never altered. His weak spot was his literalness and exactness in interpreting rules. If in his examination a candidate could not quote the exact words of an author, or if he did not give the exact month and year of an event, the steam roller went over him without pity. No allowance was made or credit given for good work actually done, and it is easy to see that this was an evil which never should have been allowed to exist. In the later years of the board, however, this state of affairs was corrected, but only after a strenuous fight and by the insistent demand of the people. Oh, uprightness how many wrongs have been committed in thy name!

Theodore Roosevelt once referred to Dr. Maxwell as our great superintendent, and the people have heartily indorsed this description of him. Notwithstanding a few faults and failings, he was the best man to be found anywhere for the position, and this is best attested by his reëlection from term to term for about 20 years. His inexorableness was an inheritance no doubt from his stubborn ancestors who held the fort through so many centuries of Scottish history, but it would have been of greater service to the system had it been tempered with a broader and more generous judgment. We can forget his faults—his achievements place him among the great teachers of the country.

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Park Avenue, south from 53rd Street, 1860. The Harlem Railroad tracks as they appeared originally on the surface of the street. Collection of Mr. Theo. H. Schneider.

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Some Valuable New York Buildings

Name	Assessed Valuation
Equitable Building	$25,000,000
Mutual Life	9,500,000
Woolworth	9,500,000
New York Life	4,000,000
Bankers Trust Company	5,800,000
Hanover National Bank	4,000,000
American Surety Company	2,425,000
United Bank Building	2,375,000
American Exchange National Bank	1,800,000
Guarantee Trust Company	3,000,000
National Bank of Commerce	2,500,000
United States Realty and Improvement Company	6,000,000
Western Union Telegraph Company	6,500,000
City Investing Company	6,625,000
Singer Building	7,000,000
New York Telephone Company	5,060,000
Havemeyer Building	1,375,000
Broadway Building Company	2,650,000
Woodbridge Building	1,850,000
Washington Building	3,000,000
Bowling Green	3,250,000
American Express Company	3,800,000
Adams Express Company	6,500,000
Empire Building	4,100,000
Carroll Building	2,250,000
Standard Oil	3,200,000
Lower Broadway Realty Company	3,300,000
Columbia Trust Company	3,000,000
Manhattan Life	3,700,000
Stock Exchange	5,200,000
Commercial Cable Building	2,650,000
Produce Exchange	3,750,000
Mills	4,150,000
Morgan Building	5,100,000
Trust Company of America	2,225,000
American Mutual Insurance Company	2,850,000
National City Bank	5,500,000
Bank of Manhattan	2,700,000
Mechanics and Metals National Bank	2,800,000
United States Express Company	2,700,000
New York Telephone	2,700,000
Butterick	1,300,000
Western Electric	1,770,000
Havemeyer	1,080,000
Metropolitan Opera House	3,275,000

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Macy's Department Store	6,900,000
Johnson Building	3,300,000
Herald	2,500,000
Mills Hotel No. 3	1,235,000
Saks and Company	3,070,000
Gimbel Brothers Department Store	6,630,000
Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal	14,330,000
Printing Craft Building	2,700,000
National Cloak and Suit Company	2,300,000
Knickerbocker Hotel	3,700,000
Long Acre Building	2,375,000
Fitzgerald Building	2,100,000
Claridge Hotel	2,270,000
New York Theatre	2,550,000
Putnam Building	2,560,000
Astor Hotel	3,375,000
Strand Theatre	2,360,000
The Belnord Realty Company	3,500,000
John J. Astor	2,400,000
W. W. Astor	1,090,000
Rogers Peet Company	2,300,000
Hecksher Building	2,100,000
The Æolian Company	2,275,000
Stern Brothers	6,000,000
Harvard Club	1,250,000
Hippodrome	2,250,000
Plaza Hotel	3,100,000
Biltmore Hotel	3,700,000
Belmont Hotel	4,450,000
Manhattan Hotel	3,750,000
St. Regis Hotel	2,700,000
Gotham Hotel	3,700,000
Oceanic Investing Company	2,625,000
Postal Life Building	2,275,000
Andrew Carnegie	2,425,000
Electric Light and Power Company	5,910,000

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New York's Men of Affairs Serving the Government

It would be difficult to recall the time when so many New York men of wealth and of affairs have contributed so largely of their services to the Federal Government without money and without price.

It has been one of the most inspiring features of the War and will remove forever the old time prejudice that because a man is rich he has no common obligations with his fellow men.

They have given freely and without thought of sacrifice. Immense business interests have been set aside; and out of their large experience the general government has derived much benefit.

Active service in the ranks and in the front line trenches has been the portion of many. While the tremendous activities of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. have far exceeded anything heretofore thought of in the organization of these Societies.

We have attempted to collect a more careful analysis of this great work but the time is not yet here. When the War is won, we hope to place the record before our readers. Till then it must wait but the collecting of material will go on.

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Passing of the Old Post Office

To-day the General Post Office loses its long-enjoyed distinction and becomes a sub-station of the newer general office back of the Pennsylvania Station. The fact is primarily of interest as showing the gradual concentration of postal facilities at the city's great railroad terminals. But it also reflects the drift of business "uptown."

As time goes in modern Manhattan, the old Post Office is one of the borough's venerable structures. Opened in 1875, it is thus older than Brooklyn Bridge, itself a landmark, and in the latter part of its near half-century of existence it had become antiquated and inadequate.

As a sub-station and as a Federal Court House it doubtless has a further usefulness. But when will New York lose its old Post Office altogether? Having lost its prestige, its eventual physical passing would cause no dissatisfaction if that meant the return of the site to the city and the restoration of City Hall Park to its original proportions. The ugly old structure could well be spared for a bit more of green turf in Broadway.

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Wall Street, 1860. One of the earliest photographs of this famous Street, showing private residence stoops and the Morgan corner at Broad Street. Collection of Mr. T. H. Schneider.

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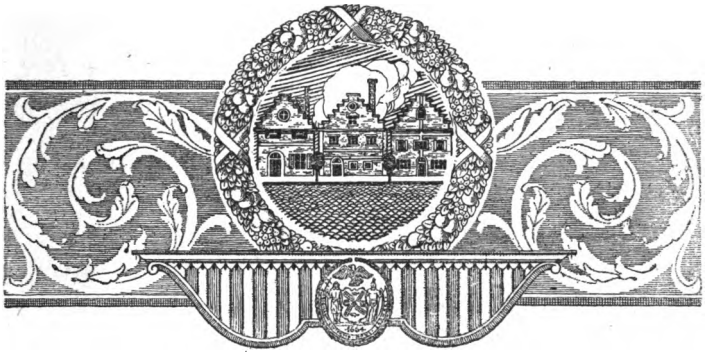

THE FOUNDERS OF VALENTINE'S MANUAL

OUR effort to revive this historical publication would have been unavailing but for the prompt support we received from many old New Yorkers. In years to come the City will look back with gratitude to those who have been as necessary to this revival as we ourselves. Below we print the list as far as we have been able to secure it. Some names are necessarily omitted as books were bought through dealers and we have not been able to obtain them. We shall be glad to add any omissions as rapidly as they are supplied.

The policy of the management is to make the MANUAL worthy of the great city whose annals it seeks to record. It should be conducted more as a public, than a private enterprise. As its revenues increase, the proceeds should be used to make the work more notable with each succeeding year. There is no reason why the MANUAL should not stand out unique—as the one particular publication in the whole world devoted to a city, and of such antiquarian excellence as to command the respect and affection of bibliophiles the world over.

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After the war, New York will stand out in many respects as the greatest city in the world; interest in its marvellous past already great, will become immeasurably greater. Among our foreign readers we already number Mr. Balfour and Lord Northcliffe in England with quite a contingent in France. No attempt has yet been made to reach the great libraries of Europe where we think it will ultimately find a warm welcome.

Comparatively few copies of the three volumes so far published have been printed and the available volumes still remaining are being rapidly called for by readers wishing to complete their sets. Notwithstanding the premium price brought at the Crimmins' sale we will supply the back volumes at the published subscription price while they last.

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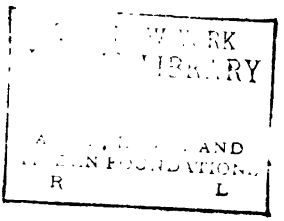
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